



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



No. 1238

Added by *Guilius D. Mosher, MD*

Date *before Sept. 1890*





THE  
CORNELIUS DUEL MOSH  
LIBRARY.

No. 1238

Added by *Cornelius D. Mosher*  
date *before Sept. 18*













## DRAMATIC WORKS.



# DRAMATIC WORKS

BY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

MONEY.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

|

WALPOLE.

DAENLEY.

LONDON,

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

NEW YORK: 9, LAFAYETTE PLACE

1883

2

823.6  
L991 km  
v4

617754

LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.

KNEBWORTH EDITION.

EUGENE ARAM.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

FELHAM.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

ALICE.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

THE CAYTONE.

DEVEREUX.

THE DISOWNED.

GODOLPHIN.

HAROLD.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

LEILA, AND THE PILGRIMS ON

THE RHINE.

LUCRETIA.

MY NOVEL. VOL. 1.

MY NOVEL. VOL. 2.

RIENZ.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

VOL. 1.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

VOL. 2.

SAFONI.

THE COMING RACE.

KENNELM CHILLINGLY.

THE PARISIANS. VOL. 1.

THE PARISIANS. VOL. 2.

FALKLAND AND ZIOOL.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN.

*Price 3s. 6d. each volume;*

*Or, the Complete Set, in 28 vols., Crown 8vo, cloth, £4 18s. od.*

BRAND 0070475

## CONTENTS.



	PAGE
MONEY . . . . .	7
THE RIGHTFUL HEIR . . . . .	93
WALPOLE . . . . .	159
DARNLEY . . . . .	207



**MONEY.**



"'Tis a very good world we live in,  
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;  
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."  
*Old Truism.*

"Und, es herrscht der Erde Gott, das Geld."—SCHILLER.

DEDICATED TO  
**JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.,**  
Author of "The Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

A SLIGHT MEMORIAL  
OF SINCERE RESPECT AND CORDIAL FRIENDSHIP;

ALTHOUGH  
(FOR WE ARE ALL HUMAN !)  
HE WAS, IN ONE INSTANCE, AND BUT ONE,  
SUFFERED HIS JUDGMENT TO BE MISLED BY TOO GREAT A REGARD FOR  
"MONEY !"



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

LORD GLOSSMORE.

SIR JOHN VESSEY, Bart., Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A.

SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

STOUT.

GRAVES.

EVELYN.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.

SHARP.

TOKE.

FRANTZ, *Tailor.*

TABOURET, *Upholsterer.*

MACFINCH, *Jeweller and Silversmith.*

MACSTUCCO, *Architect.*

KITE, *Horse-dealer.*

CRIMSON, *Portrait-painter.*

GRAB, *Publisher.*

PATENT, *Coach-builder.*

*Members of the \* \* \* Club, Servants, &c.*

LADY FRANKLIN, *half-sister to Sir John Vesey.*

GEORGINA, *daughter to Sir John.*

CLARA, *companion to Lady Franklin, cousin to Evelyn.*

*Scene—London, 1840.*



# MONEY.

---

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A drawing-room in SIR JOHN VESSEY'S house; folding-doors at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right, a table, with newspapers, books, &c.; to the left, a sofa writing-table.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

*Sir John* [*reading a letter edged with black*]. Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria,"—Hum!—that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

*Geor.* Well, as since her death?—

*Sir John* [*reading*]. "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely.—Henry Graves."

*Geor.* And you really feel sure that poor Mr. Mordaunt has made me his heiress?

*Sir John.* Ay, the richest heiress in England. Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. All the time he was making this enormous fortune in India did we ever miss sending him little reminiscences of our disinterested affection? When he was last in England, and you only so high, was not my house his home? Didn't I get a surfeit out of complaisance to his execrable curries and pillaws? Didn't he smoke his hookah—nasty old—that is, poor dear man—in my best drawing-room? And didn't you make a point of calling him your "handsome uncle"?—for the excellent creature was as vain as a peacock,—

*Geor.* And so ugly!—

*Sir John.* The dear deceased! Alas, he *was*, indeed;—like a kangaroo in a jaundice! And *if*, after all these

marks of attachment, you are *not* his heiress, why then the finest feelings of our nature—the ties of blood—the principles of justice—are implanted in us in vain.

*Geor.* Beautiful, sir. Was not that in your last speech at the Freemasons' Tavern upon the great Chimney-sweep Question?

*Sir John.* Clever girl!—what a memory she has! Sit down, Georgy. Upon this most happy—I mean melancholy—occasion, I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

*Geor.* And are you not, papa?

*Sir John.* Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! As you hazard a minnow to hook in a trout, so one guinea thrown out with address is often the best bait for a hundred. There are two rules in life—FIRST, Men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be. SECONDLY, If you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of £400 a year; on the strength of £400 a year I took credit for £800; on the strength of £800 a year I married your mother with £10,000; on the strength of £10,000 I took credit for £40,000 and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a week to go about everywhere calling me “Stingy Jack!”

*Geor.* Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

*Sir John.* But a valuable reputation. When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of £2,000 a year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear!—all humbug, upon my soul.

*Geor.* I must say that you—

*Sir John.* Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune,—as I spend more than my income, I can have nothing to leave you; yet, even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of “Stingy Jack.”—same with your education. I never grudged anything

to make a show—never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that's the way young ladies are educated nowadays, in order to become a pride to their parents, and a blessing to their husband—that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

*Geor.* Ah, papa, he is charming.

*Sir John.* He *was* so, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress such as you will be should look out for a duke.—Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

*Geor.* I've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is!—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

*Sir John.* A humorist—a cynic? one never knows how to take him. My private secretary,—a poor cousin, has not got a shilling, and yet, hang me, if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

*Geor.* But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

*Sir John.* There you are wrong; he has a great deal of talent: prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. My Report on the last Commission has got me a great deal of fame, and has put me at the head of the new one. Besides he *is* our cousin—he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world; and Benevolence is a useful virtue,—particularly when you can have it for nothing! With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—a mere useless encumbrance: so, you see, I got my half-sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

*Geor.* How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

*Sir John.* I don't know, my dear; the longer the better,—for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes!

---

## SCENE II.

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

*Sir John.* My dear sister, we were just loud in your praises. But how's this?—not in mourning?



*Lady Frank.* Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

*Sir John.* Still, there may be a legacy.

*Lady Frank.* Then there'll be less cause for affliction! Ha! ha! my dear Sir John, I'm one of those who think feelings a kind of property, and never take credit for them upon false pretences.

*Sir John.* [*aside*]. Very silly woman! But, Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum: yet you are very, very, VERY distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think?

*Clara.* Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

*Sir John.* Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

*Lady Frank.* So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill-fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

*Sir John.* The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! we shall see.—[*Aside.*] Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband.

*Enter EVELYN* [*sits himself, and takes up a book unobserved*].

*Sir John.* What a crowd of relations this Will brings to light! Mr. Stout, the Political Economist—Lord Glossmore—

*Lady Frank.* Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for everything popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

*Sir John.* Sir Frederick Blount—

*Lady Frank.* Sir Fwedewick Blount, who objects to the letter R as being too wough, and therefore dwops its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, intrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is

silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours, provided, on reflection, he does not see "what harm it could do him" to fall in love with your beauty and expectations. Then, too, our poor cousin the scholar—Oh, Mr. Evelyn, there you are!

*Sir John.* Evelyn—the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—Latin, you know?—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the Customs?—and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

*Geor.* And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last HB. and the Comic Annual?

*Lady Frank.* And did you see what was really the matter with my bay horse?—did you get me the Opera-box?—did you buy my little Charley his peg-top?

*Eve.* [*always reading*]. Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus—[*looking up*] Ma'am—Sir—Miss Vesey—you want something of me?—Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings—No apologies—I am quite at your service.

*Sir John.* Now he's in one of his humours!

*Lady Frank.* You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

*Eve.* You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else.—I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

*Lady Frank.* I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate that you never allow any one to detect it!

[*Walks aside.*]

*Eve.* I could not do your commissions to-day—I have been to visit a poor woman, who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, *very*—sick—dying—and she owes six months' rent!

*Sir John.* You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse—[*Aside.* Some people's nurses are always ill!]*]*—there are so many impostors about!—We'll talk of it to-morrow. This most mournful occasion takes up all my attention. [*Looking at his watch.*] Bless me!

so late! I've letters to write, and—none of the pens are mended.

[Exit.]

Geor. [taking out her purse]. I think I will give it to him—and yet, if I don't get the fortune, after all!—Papa allows me so little!—then I *must* have those earrings [puts up the purse]. Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

Eve. [writes and gives it]. She has a good heart with all her foibles!—Ah! Miss Vesey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn would not have been this beggar to your father.

[CLARA looks over the address.]

Geor. I will certainly attend to it—[aside] if I get the fortune.

Sir John [calling without]. Georgy, I say!

Geor. Yes, papa.

[Exit.]

[EVELYN has seated himself again at the table (to the right), and leans his face on his hands.]

Clara. His noble spirit bowed to this!—Ah, at least here I may give him comfort—[sits down to write]. But he will recognize my hand.

Lady Frank. What bill are you paying, Clara?—putting up a bank-note?

Clara. Hush!—O Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person—I would not have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it. Would you?—No,—he knows *her* handwriting also!

Lady Frank. Will I—what?—give the money myself? with pleasure! Poor Clara—Why this covers all your savings—and I am so rich!

Clara. Nay, I would wish to do all myself!—it is a pride—a duty—it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But, hush!—this way.

[They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.]

Eve. And thus must I grind out my life for ever!—I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down; I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools!—I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But no, no—if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter.

Lady Frank. [to CLARA]. Yes, I will get my maid to copy

SCENE III.]

MONEY.

and direct this—she writes well, and *her* hand will never be discovered. I will have it done and sent instantly.

[*Exit.*

CLARA advances to the front of the stage, and seats herself—EVELYN reading.—Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

SCENE III.

CLARA, EVELYN, SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

Blount. No one in the woom!—Oh, Miss Douglas!—Pwaw don't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey—Georgina? [Taking CLARA'S chair as she rises.

Eve. [looking up, gives CLARA a chair and re-seats himself]. [Aside.] Insolent puppy!

Clara. Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

Blount. Not for the world. Vewwy pwetty girl this companion!

Clara. What did you think of the Panorama the other day, Cousin Evelyn?

Eve. [reading].—

"I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume!"

Rather good lines these.

Blount. Sir!

Eve. [offering the book]. Don't you think so?—Cowper.

Blount [declining the book.] Cowper!

Eve. Cowper.

Blount [shrugging his shoulders, to CLARA]. Stwango person, Mr. Evelyn!—quite a chawacter!—Indeed the Panowama gives you no idea of Naples—a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there ewevy second year—I am vewy fond of twavelling. You'd like Wome (Rome)—bad inns, but vewy fine wuins; gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

Eve. [reading].—

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!"

Blount [aside]. That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things!—Humph!—it is beneath me to quawwell.—[Aloud.] It will not take long to wead the will, I suppose. Poor old

Mordaunt!—I am his nearest male relation. He was vewy eccentwic. By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemark my cwicle? It is bwinging cwicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you will allow me to dwive you out. Nay—nay—I should, upon my word.

[*Trying to take her hand.*]

*Eve.* [*starting up*]. A wasp!—a wasp!—just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

*Blount.* A wasp!—where!—don't bwing it this way,—some people don't mind them! I've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnably!

*Eve.* I beg pardon—it's only a gadfly.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Blount.* Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina—but if this one would take a fancy to me [*thoughtfully*]—Well, I don't see what harm it could do me!—*Au plaisir!* [*Exit.*]

## SCENE IV.

EVELYN and CLARA.

*Eve.* Clara!

*Clara.* Cousin!

*Eve.* And you too are a dependent!

*Clara.* But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

*Eve.* Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcombry of admiration—moregalling than the arrogance of contempt! Look you now—Robe Beauty in silk and cashmere—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds—fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless! oh, then the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

*Clara.* My cousin, you are cruel !

*Eve.* Forgive me ! There is a something when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter. Mortification for myself—it has ceased to chafe me. I can mock where I once resented. But *you*—*you*, so delicately framed and nurtured—one slight to you—one careless look—one disdainful tone—makes me feel the true curse of the poor man. His pride gives armour to *his own* breast, but it has no shield to protect another.

*Clara.* But I, too, have pride of my own—I, too, can smile at the pointless insolence —

*Eve.* Smile—and he took your hand ! Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly ! When others approach you—young—fair—rich—the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. No—speak not !—my heart has broken its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread purchased by toils that should have led me to loftier ends : yes, to see you—hear you—breathe the same air—be ever at hand—that if others slighted, from one at least you might receive the luxury of respect :—for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. Oh ! Clara, we are orphans both—friendless both : you are all in the world to me : turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words —I LOVE YOU !

*Clara.* No—Evelyn—Alfred—No ! say it not ; think it not ! it were madness.

*Eve.* Madness !—nay, hear me yet. I am poor, penniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True !—But I have a heart of iron ! I have knowledge—patience—health,—and my love for you gives me at last ambition ! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved you. With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smooth—and I—I poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune ! Do not withdraw your hand—*this* hand—shall it not be mine ?

*Clara.* Ah, Evelyn ! Never—never !

*Eve.* Never.

*Clara.* Forget this folly ; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both !

*Eve.* [bitterly]. Because I am poor !

*Clara.* And I too ! A marriage of privation—of penury—of days that dread the morrow ! I have seen such a lot ! Never return to this again.

*Eve.* Enough—you are obeyed. I deceived myself—ha !—ha !—I fancied that I too was loved. I, whose youth is already half gone with care and toil !—whose mind is soured—whom nobody *can* love—who ought to have loved no one !

*Clara* [aside]. And if it were only I to suffer, or perhaps to starve ?—Oh, what shall I say ? [Aloud.] Evelyn—Cousin ?

*Eve.* Madam.

*Clara.* Alfred—I—I—

*Eve.* Reject me !

*Clara.* Yes ! It is past !

[Exit.]

*Eve.* Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all ! Well, courage ! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break ! And now, that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune !

*Enter* LORD GLOSSMORE, preceded by Servant.

*Ser.* I will tell Sir John, my Lord !

[EVELYN takes up the newspaper.]

*Gloss.* The secretary—hum ! Fine day, sir ; any news from the East ?

*Eve.* Yes !—all the wise men have gone back there !

*Gloss.* Ha, ha !—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

---

## SCENE V.

STOUT, GLOSSMORE, EVELYN.

*Stout.* Good morning, Glossmore.

*Gloss.* Glossmore !—the parvenu !

*Stout.* Afraid I might be late—been detained at the Vestry—Astonishing how ignorant the English poor are !

Took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her three shillings a week was against all the rules of public morality.

*Eve.* Excellent!—admirable!—your hand, sir!

*Gloss.* What! you approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn? Are old women only fit to be starved?

*Eve.* Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my lord—to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation.

*Stout.* A very superior person that!

*Gloss.* Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times, when it was the duty of the rich to succour the distressed.

*Eve.* On second thoughts, *you* are right, my Lord. I, too, know a poor woman—ill—dying—in want. Shall *she*, too, perish?

*Gloss.* Perish! horrible!—in a Christian country! Perish! Heaven forbid!

*Eve.* [*holding out his hand*]. What, then, will you give her?

*Gloss.* Ehem! Sir—the parish ought to give.

*Stout.* No!—no!—no! Certainly not! [*with great vehemence*].

*Gloss.* No! no! But I say, yes! yes! And if the parish refuse to maintain the poor, the only way left to a man of firmness and resolution, holding the principles that I do, and adhering to the constitution of our fathers, is to force the poor on the parish by never giving them a farthing one's self.

---

## SCENE VI.

SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA,  
GLOSSMORE, STOUT, EVELYN.

*Sir John.* How d'ye do?—Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased! what a man he was!

*Blount.* I was chivvied after him! He was my first cousin.

*Sir John.* And Georgina his own niece—next of kin!—an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver!



I sent him twice a year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

*Stout.* And I, too, sent him the Parliamentary debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man—and a follower of Malthus: never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter way his money on his own children. And now——

*Eve.* He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Hush! Hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Graves—Mr. Sharp.

*Sir John.* Oh, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

## SCENE VII.

GRAVES, SHARP, SIR JOHN, &c.

*Chorus of* SIR JOHN, GLOSSMORE, BLOUNT, STOUT.

Ah, Sir—Ah, Mr. Graves!

[*GEORGINA holds her handkerchief to her eyes.*]

*Sir John.* A sad occasion!

*Graves.* But everything in life is sad. Be comforted, Miss Vesey. True, you have lost an uncle; but I—I have lost a wife—such a wife!—the first of her sex—and the second cousin of the defunct! Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh.

[*Servants hand round wine and sandwiches.*]

*Sir John.* Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

*Graves.* Thank you!—(very fine sherry!)—Ah! my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was *her* wine: everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! *you* knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now.—[*Aside.*] A monstrous fine woman that!

*Sir John.* And now to business. Evelyn, you may retire.

*Sharp* [*looking at his notes*]. Evelyn—Any relation to Alfred Evelyn?

*Eve.* The same.

*Sharp.* Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling: all the relations, however distant, should be present.

*Lady Fran.* Then Clara is related—I will go for her.

[*Exit.*

*Geor.* Ah, Mr. Evelyn; I hope you will come in for something—a few hundreds, or even more.

*Sir John.* Silence! Hush; Wugh! ugh! Attention!

[*While the Lawyer opens the will, re-enter LADY FRANKLIN and CLARA.*

*Sharp.* The will is very short—being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

*Sir John.* I wish there were more like him!—[*Groans and shakes his head.*]

[*Chorus groan and shake their heads.*

*Sharp* [reading]. “I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at the present date of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath—Inprimis, To my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London—

[*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*

Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay—the sum of £14 2s. 4d. [*Chorus breathe more freely.*

*Stout.* Eh, what?—£14? Oh, hang the old miser!

*Sir John.* Decency—decency! Proceed, sir.

*Sharp.* “Item.—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative—” [*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*

*Blount.* Poor old boy!

[*GEORGINA puts her arm over BLOUNT's chair.*

*Sharp.* “Being, as I am informed, the best-dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500 to buy a dressing-case.”

[*Chorus breathe more freely; GEORGINA catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.*

*Blount* [laughing confusedly]. Ha! ha! ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

*Sir John.* Silence, now, will you?

*Sharp.* “Item.—To Charles Lord Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried but-

terflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John." [Chorus as before.]

*Gloss.* Butterflies!—Pedigree!—I disown the plebeian!

*Sir John* [*angrily*]. Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency! Go on.

*Sharp.* "Item.—To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c." [Chorus as before.]

*Sir John.* Hush! Now it is really interesting!

*Sharp.* "Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death—I bequeath—the empty bottles."

*Sir John.* Why, the ungrateful, rascally, old——

*Chorus.* Decency, Sir John—decency.

*Sharp.* "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany——" [Chorus as before.]

*Graves.* Pooh! Gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear!

*Sharp.* The sum of £5000 in the Three per Cents."

*Lady Fran.* I wish you joy!

*Graves.* Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been *land*, now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

*Sharp.* "Item.—To my niece Georgina Vesey——"

[Chorus as before.]

*Sir John.* Ah, now it comes!

*Sharp.* "The sum of £10,000 India Stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess."

*Sir John.* And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

*Chorus.* Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!

*Sharp.* "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India Stock, Bonds, Exchequer Bills, Three per Cent. Consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta, (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.) to Alfred Evelyn, now, or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge——"

[Universal excitement.]

Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me; and, who having known privation, may the better employ wealth."

—And now, Sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased—I believe it is important.

*Eve.* [*crossing over to CLARA*]. Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

*Clara* [*turning away*]. And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us for ever!

[*Omnes crowd round to congratulate EVELYN.*

*Sir John* [*to GEORGINA*]. Go, child—put a good face on it—he's an immense match! My dear fellow, I wish you joy: you are a great man now—a very great man!

*Eve.* [*aside*]. And her voice alone is silent!

*Lord Gloss.* If I can be of any use to you——

*Stout.* Or I, sir——

*Blount.* Or I! Shall I put you up at the clubs?

*Sharp.* You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs.

*Sir John.* Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home *here*—always looked on him as a son! Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

*Eve.* Lend me £10 for my old nurse!

[*Chorus put their hands into their pockets.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*An anteroom in EVELYN'S new house ; at one corner, behind a large screen, MR. SHARP writing at a desk, books and parchments before him.—MR. CRIMSON, the portrait-painter ; MR. GRAB, the publisher ; MR. MAC-STUCCO, the architect ; MR. TABOURET, the upholsterer ; MR. MACFINCH, the silversmith ; MR. PATENT, the coachmaker ; MR. KITE, the horse-dealer ; and MR. FRANTZ, the tailor.—(Servants cross to and fro the stage.)*

*Patent* [to *FRANTZ*, showing a drawing]. Yes, sir ; this is the Evelyn vis-à-vis ! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

*Frantz*. But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman ! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's, who take his measure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, where the faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys !

*Macstuc*. He's a mon o' teeste, Mr. Evelyn. He taulks o' buying a veela (villa), just to pool down and build oop again.—Ah, Mr. Macfinch ! a design for a piece of pleete, eh ?

*Macfinch* [showing the drawing]. Yees, sir ; the shield o' Alexander the Great, to hold ices and lemonade ! It will coost two thousand poon' !

*Macstuc*. And it's dirt cheap—ye're Scotch, arn't ye ?

*Macfinch*. Aberdounshire !—scraitch me, and I'll scraitch you !

[*Door at the back thrown open.—Enter EVELYN.*]

*Eve*. A levee, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies ; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson ?

*Crim*. Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

*Eve*. Of paintings ! paintings ! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings ?

*Crim*. Oh, sir, didn't you buy the great Correggio for £4000.

*Eve*. True—I see. So £4000 makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson,—good day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me £5 for a poem ? You are right, it was a sad doggerel.

*Grab.* Doggerel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

*Eve.* Very bad times with me.

*Grab.* But now, sir, if you will give me the preference, I'll push it, sir,—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed!—£500 for the poem, sir!

*Eve.* £500 when I don't want it, where £5 once would have seemed a fortune.

"Now I am rich, what value in the lines!  
How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

[*Turns to the rest who surround him.*

*Kite.* Thirty young horses from Yorkshire, sir!

*Patent* [*showing drawing*]. The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

*Macfinch* [*showing drawing*]. The Evelyn salver!

*Frantz* [*opening his bundle, and with dignity*]. Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat.

*Eve.* Oh, go to—that is, go home! Make me as celebrated for vis-à-vis, salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go! [*Exeunt MACFINCH, PATENT, &c.*

*Enter STOUT.*

*Eve.* Stout, you look heated!

*Stout.* I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

*Eve.* It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

*Stout.* Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Grogin-hole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election!—now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that is bigoted, here comes Glossmore!

## SCENE II.

STOUT, GLOSSMORE, EVELYN; SHARP *still at his desk*.

*Gloss.* So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlike!).

Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher.

*Stout.* Popkins is your man!

*Eve.* [*musingly*]. Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I AM puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

*Stout.* Your *property's* known there!

*Eve.* But purity of election—independence of votes—

*Stout.* To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably*. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

*Eve.* Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

*Gloss.* Cipher has a stake in the country—will have £50,000 a year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of £50,000 a year will be affected by the motion.

*Eve.* Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That *is* law!

*Stout.* Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker £5,000 a year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be speaker for half the money!

*Gloss.* Enough, Mr. Stout.—Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

*Stout.* And too much sense for a bigot.

*Eve.* Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all!—Did you ever play at *battledore*?

*Both.* Battledore?

*Eve.* Battledore!—that is a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it!

*Stout* [*aside*]. Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat!

*Gloss.* Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

*Stout.* Then you don't go *against* us?—I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

*Gloss.* Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

*Stout.* I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. [Exit.]

*Gloss.* I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone! [Exit.]

*Eve.* Both sides alike! Money *versus* Man!—Sharp, come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

*Sharp.* In the heart, I suppose, sir.

*Eve.* Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches-pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor, I hated the world; now I am rich, I despise it! Fools—knaves—hypocrites!—By the bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burned down yesterday!—

*Enter GRAVES.*

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is!—a cur of a world, that fawns on its master, and bites the beggar! Ha! ha! it fawns on *me* now, for the beggar has bought the cur.

*Graves.* It is an atrocious world!—But astronomers say that there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

*Eve.* Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for?—have you no bowels?—why don't you go and see to the bricklayer? [Exit SHARP.]



## SCENE III.

GRAVES and EVELYN.

*Eve.* Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

*Graves* [*groaning*]. Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

*Eve.* Because I am miserable myself.

*Graves.* You! Pshaw! *you* have not been condemned to lose a wife!

*Eve.* But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one!—Sit down, and listen. I want a confidant!—Left fatherless, when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

*Graves.* A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

*Eve.* On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole College! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted! That is the difference between Rich and Poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But

I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

*Graves.* And were you loved again?

*Eve.* I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

*Graves.* Perfectly; what were the contents?

*Eve.* After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favour. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice: my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not rest on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide: you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

*Graves.* But now she would accept you!

*Eve.* And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

*Graves.* But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you *ought* to do so—yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house—the world observes it: you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes; it is time to decide between her whom you love and her whom you do not!

*Eve.* Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life—Oh! such a

marriage would be a hell, the more terrible because Paradise was in sight!

*Graves.* Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous.—*[Aside.]* But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria!—*[Aloud.]* Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you *will* be as wretched as myself!—When you are married, we will mingle our groans together!

*Eve.* You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed "*From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn,*" and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

*Graves.* Why not assure yourself?

*Eve.* Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! *[taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it]*. No, I can't recognize the hand. *Graves,* I detest that girl.

*Graves.* Who? Georgina?

*Eve.* No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven! taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer.—*[Whispers.]* I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

*Graves.* And didn't it? How odd, then, not to have mentioned her in his will!

*Eve.* One of his caprices: besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependent. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it!—owes it to me,—me, whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar!—Ha! ha!—there's some spite in that, eh?

*Graves.* You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter after all!

*Eve.* Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant!

*Graves.* Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

*Eve.* No, no; don't think any such thing; women are even worse than men.

*Graves.* True; to love is a boy's madness!

*Eve.* To feel is to suffer.

*Graves.* To hope is to be deceived.

*Eve.* I have done with romance!

*Graves.* Mine is buried with Maria!

*Eve.* If Clara did but write this——

*Graves.* Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears!—a vale of tears!

*Eve.* A vale of tears, indeed! [Exit.

*Re-enter GRAVES for his hat.*

*Graves.* And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.\* [Exit.

---

#### SCENE IV.

*Drawing-rooms at SIR JOHN VESEY'S, as in Act I., Scene I.*

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, Servant.

*Lady Frank.* Past two, and I have so many places to go to! Tell Philipps I want the carriage directly—instantly.

*Ser.* I beg pardon, my Lady; Philipps told me to say the young horse had fallen lame, and could not be used to-day. [Exit.

*Lady Frank.* Well, on second thoughts, that is lucky; now I have an excuse for not making a great many tedious visits. I must borrow Sir John's horses for the ball to-night. Oh, Clara, you must see my new turban from Carson's—the prettiest thing in the world, and so becoming!

*Clara.* Ah, Lady Franklin, you'll be so sorry—but—but——

*Lady Frank.* But what?

*Clara.* Such a misfortune! poor Smith is in tears—I promised to break it to you. Your little Charley had been writing his copy, and spilt the ink on the table; and Smith not seeing it—and taking out the turban to put in the pearls as you desired—she—she——

*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! laid it on the table, and the ink spoilt it. Ha! ha!—how well I can fancy the face she

\* For this melancholy jest Mr. Graves is indebted to a poor Italian poet.

made! Seriously, on the whole it is fortunate; for I think I look best, after all, in the black hat and feathers.

*Clara.* Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

*Lady Frank.* I hope so—for it's the most becoming turban a woman can wear! Think of that when you marry. Oh, talking of marriage, I've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

*Clara.* Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

*Lady Frank.* For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

*Clara.* But why does he regret her?

*Lady Frank.* Why? Because he has everything to make him happy—easy fortune, good health, respectable character. And since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest—it's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent—pale—unhappy—tears, too?

*Clara.* No—no—not tears. No!

*Lady Frank.* Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you £20,000 every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

*Clara* [*with disdain*]. Sir Frederick!

*Lady Frank.* Ah! Clara, be comforted—I know your secret: I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

*Clara.* He did—it is past now. He misconceived me when he was poor; and now he is rich, it is not for me to explain.

*Lady Frank.* My dear child, happiness is too rare to be sacrificed to a scruple. Why does he come here so often?

*Clara.* Perhaps for Georgina!

*Enter* SIR JOHN, and turns over the books, &c., on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.

*Lady Frank.* Pooh! Georgina is my niece; she is handsome and accomplished—but her father's worldliness has spoilt her nature—she is not worthy of Evelyn! Behind the humour of his irony there is something noble—something that may yet be great. For his sake as well as yours, let me at least—

*Clara.* Recommend me to his pity? Ah, Lady Franklin!

if he addressed me from dictation, I should again refuse him. No; if he cannot read my heart—if he will not seek to read it, let it break unknown.

*Lady Frank.* You mistake me, my dear child: let me only tell him that you dictated that letter—that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

*Clara.* He would have guessed it had *his* love have been like *mine*.

*Lady Frank.* Guessed it!—nonsense! The handwriting unknown to him—every reason to think it came from Georgina.

*Sir John* [*aside*]. Hum! Came from Georgina!

*Lady Frank.* Come, let me tell him *this*. I know the effect it would have upon his choice.

*Clara.* Choice! oh, that humiliating word! No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

*Lady Frank.* But——

*Clara.* No! Promise—faithfully—sacredly.

*Lady Frank.* Well, I promise.

*Clara.* You know how fearful is my character—no infant is more timid: if a poor spider cross the floor, you often laugh to see me grow pale and tremble; and yet I would lay this hand upon the block—I would walk bare-foot over the ploughshare of the old ordeal—to save Alfred Evelyn one moment's pain. But I have refused to share his poverty, and I should die with shame if he thought I had now grown enamoured of his wealth. My kind friend, you will keep your promise?

*Lady Frank.* Yes, since it must be so.

*Clara.* Thanks. I—I—forgive me—I am not well.

[*Exit.*  
*Lady Frank.* What fools these girls are!—they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

*Sir John.* Have you seen “The Times” newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can’t find “The Times” newspaper.

*Lady Frank.* I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

*Sir John.* My dear sister—you’re the best creature. Do!

[*Exit* LADY FRANKLIN.]

Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own

family! What can this letter be? Ah! I recollect something.

*Enter GEORGINA.*

*Geor.* Papa, I want——

*Sir John.* Yes, I know what you want well enough! Tell me—were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

*Geor.* No! He gave me the address, and I promised, if——

*Sir John.* Gave you the address?—that's lucky! Hush!

*Enter Servant.*

Mr. Graves—Mr. Evelyn.

## SCENE V.

GRAVES, EVELYN, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA, LADY FRANKLIN.

*Lady Frank.* [*returning*]. Here is the newspaper.

*Graves.* Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Pentonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the *general* virtue and health of the nation?—Turn to the leading articles; and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution. And that's a newspaper!

*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! your usual vein! always so amusing and good-humoured!

*Graves* [*frowning and very angry*]. Ma'am—good-humoured!——

*Lady Frank.* Ah! you should always wear that agree-

able smile; you look so much younger—so much handsomer—when you smile!

*Graves* [*softened*]. Ma'am——A charming creature, upon my word!

*Lady Frank*. You have not seen the last HB.? It is excellent. I think it might make you *laugh*. But, by the bye, I don't think you can laugh.

*Graves*. Ma'am—I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma——

*Lady Frank*. Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because——But you'll be angry?

*Graves*. Angry!—pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because——

*Lady Frank*. You have lost your front teeth!

*Graves*. Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! [*laughing from ear to ear*].

*Lady Frank*. Ha! ha! ha!

[*They retire to the table in the inner drawing-room.*]

*Eve*. [*aside*]. Of course Clara will not appear!—avoids me as usual! But what do I care?—what is she to me? Nothing! I'll swear this is her glove!—no one else has so small a hand. She'll miss it—so—so—! Nobody's looking—I'll keep it, just to vex her.

*Sir John* [*to GEORGINA*]. Yes—yes—leave me to manage: you took his portrait, as I told you?

*Geor*. Yes—but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

*Sir John*. That girl's always in the way!

*Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.*

*Smooth*. Good morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey, you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night!

*Eve*. [*examining him curiously while SMOOTH is talking to GEORGINA*]. And that's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

*Sir John*. More commonly called Deadly Smooth!—the finest player at whist, écarté, billiards, chess, and picquet, between this and the Pyramids—the sweetest manners!—always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play at cards with him!



*Eve.* He does not cheat, I suppose?

*Sir John.* Hist! *No!*—but he always *wins!* Eats up a brace of lords and a score or two of guardsmen every season, and runs through a man's fortune like a course of the Carlsbad waters. He's an uncommonly clever fellow!

*Eve.* Clever? yes! When a man steals a loaf we cry down the knavery—when a man diverts his neighbour's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness!—And every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth!

*Sir John.* Why, who could offend him?—the best-bred, civillest creature—and a dead shot! There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

*Eve.* A study—a study!—let me examine him! Such men are living satires on the world.

*Smooth* [*passing his arm caressingly over SIR JOHN'S shoulder*]. My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life! Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

*Eve.* Sir, it's an honour I've long ardently desired.

[*They bow and shake hands.*]

*Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.*

*Blount.* How d'ye do, Sir John? Ah, Evelyn—I wished so much to see you.

*Eve.* 'Tis my misfortune to be visible!

*Blount.* A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my addresses to Miss Vesey; but since that vewy eccentwic will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a pwior attachment—[*aside*] which I know to be false.

*Eve.* [*seeing CLARA*]. A prior attachment!—(Ha! Clara!) Well, another time, my dear Blount.

*Enter CLARA.*

*Blount.* Stay a moment—I want you to do me a favour with regard to Miss Douglas.

*Eve.* Miss Douglas!

*Blount.* Yes;—you see, though Georgina has gweat expectations, and Stingy Jack will leave her all that he has, yet she has only her legacy of £10,000 at the moment—no doubt closely settled on herself too: Clara has £20,000. And, I think, Clara always liked me a little.

*Eve.* You! I dare say she did!

*Blount.* It is whispered about that you mean to pwpopose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her pwior attachment!

*Eve.* Indeed!

*Blount.* Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me!—[*Aside.*] I will punish Georgina for her pwerfidy.

*Eve.* 'Sdeath, man! speak for yourself! you are just the sort of man for young ladies to like—they understand you—you're of their own level. Pshaw! you're too modest—you want no mediator!

*Blount.* My dear fellow, you flatter me. I'm well enough in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy ewewy-thing before you!—you're so confoundedly wick!

*Eve.* [*turning to CLARA.*] Miss Douglas, what do you think of Sir Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed — young — tolerably handsome — (*BLOUNT bowing*) bows with an air—has plenty of small-talk—every thing to captivate. Yet he thinks that, if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am richer.—What say you! Is love an auction?—and *do* women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

*Clara.* Their hearts?—No.

*Eve.* But their hands—yes! You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question!

*Geor.* [*aside.*] Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I'll punish him for his perfidy. You are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn!—you, whose wealth is your smallest attraction—you, whom every one admires—so witty, such taste, such talent! Ah, I'm very foolish!

*Sir John* [*clapping him on the shoulder.*] You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She has wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

*Geor.* No, papa!—No, pray, no! Nay, don't!

*Sir John.* Nonsense, child!—it's very odd, but she's more afraid of you than of any one!

*Smooth* [*to BLOUNT taking snuff.*] He's an excellent father, our dear John! and supplies the place of a mother to her.

[*Turns away to LADY FRANKLIN and GRAVES.*

EVELYN and GEORGINA seat themselves, and look

*over the drawings ; SIR JOHN leans over them ; SIR FREDERICK converses with CLARA ; EVELYN watching them.*

*Eve.* Beautiful!—a view from Tivoli. (Death!—she looks down while he speaks to her!) Is there a little fault in that colouring? (She positively blushes!) But this Jupiter is superb. (What a d—d coxcomb it is!) [*Rising.*] Oh, she certainly loves him—I too can be loved elsewhere—I too can see smiles and blushes on the face of another.

*Geor.* Are you not well?

*Eve.* I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved! Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey?

[*Takes up the drawings ; pays her marked attention in dumb show.*]

*Clara.* Yes, Sir Frederick, the concert was very crowded. Ah, I see that Georgina consoles him for the past! He has only praises for her, nothing but taunts for me!

*Blount.* I wish you would take my opewa-box next Saturday—'tis the best in the house. I'm not wick, but I spend what I have on myself! I make a point to have everything the best in a quiet way. Best opewa-box—best dogs—best horses—best house of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife!

*Clara* [*abstractedly*]. That will come in good time, Sir Frederick.

*Eve.* Oh, it will come—will it? Georgina refused the trifle—she courts him [*taking up a portrait*]. Why, what is this?—my own——

*Geor.* You must not look at that—you must not, indeed. I did not know it was there.

*Sir John.* Your own portrait, Evelyn! Why, child, I was not aware you took likenesses:—that's something new. Upon my word it's a strong resemblance.

*Geor.* Oh, no—it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it. [*Aside.*] That odious Sir Frederick!

*Eve.* Nay, you shall not.

*Clara.* So—so—he loves her, then! Misery—misery! But he shall not perceive it! No—no—I can be proud too. Ha! ha!—Sir Frederick—excellent—excellent—you are so entertaining—ha! ha! [*laughs hysterically*].

*Eve.* Oh, the affectation of coquets—they cannot even laugh naturally!

[CLARA looks at him reproachfully, and walks aside with SIR FREDERICK.]

But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey—the one inlaid with tortoiseshell? It is nearly a year since you set your heart on it, and I don't see it yet!

Sir John [taking him aside confidentially]. The guitar—oh, to tell you a secret—she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago—the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her—she'd never forgive me!

Eve. Letter!—money! What was the name of the person she relieved—not Stanton?

Sir John. I don't remember, indeed.

Eve. [taking out the letter]. This is not her hand!

Sir John. No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to be known, and had employed some one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. But I did not mean to tell you what case of charity it was. I promised Georgy I would not. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address?—you never gave it to me!

Eve. I gave it to her, Sir John.

Clara [at the distance]. Yes, I'll go to the opera, if Lady Franklin will. Do go, dear Lady Franklin!—on Saturday, then, Sir Frederick. [Exit BLOUNT.]

Eve. Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of unostentatious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. A good heart—a tender disposition—a charity that shuns the day—a modesty that blushes at its own excellence—an impulse towards something more divine than Mammon;—such are the true accomplishments which preserve beauty for ever young. Such I have sought in the partner I would take for life;—such have I found—alas! not where I had dreamed!—Miss Vesey, I will be honest—I say then, frankly—[as CLARA approaches, raising his voice and looking fixedly at her]—I have loved another—deeply—truly—bitterly—vainly! I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair first love of the human heart—rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem—if gratitude—if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image;—if these can

tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence.

[CLARA stands motionless, clasping her hands, and then slowly seats herself.]

*Sir John.* The happiest day of my life!

[CLARA falls back in her chair.]

*Eve.* [*darting forward*]. [*Aside.*] She is pale; she faints! What have I done? Oh heaven!—Clara!

*Clara* [*rising with a smile*]. Be happy, my cousin—be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I say it—be happy, Alfred Evelyn!

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*The drawing-rooms in SIR JOHN VESEY'S house.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

*Sir John.* And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day ?

*Geor.* No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho ! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

*Sir John.* But Evelyn is fifty times as rich !

*Geor.* Sir Frederick dresses so well !

*Sir John.* You'll have magnificent diamonds; but a word with you : I saw you yesterday in the square with Sir Frederick; that must not happen again. When a young lady is engaged to one man, nothing is so indecorous as to flirt with another. It might endanger your marriage itself. Oh, it's highly indecorous !

*Geor.* Don't be afraid, papa,—he takes up with Clara.

*Sir John.* Who, Evelyn ?

*Geor.* Sir Frederick. Heigho !—I hate artful girls.

*Sir John.* The settlements will be splendid ! if anything happens, nothing can be handsomer than your jointure.

*Geor.* My own kind papa, you always put things so pleasantly. But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter ?

*Sir John.* No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy. You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince. His house in London is a palace, and he has bought a great estate in the country. Look how he lives !—Balls—banquets—fine arts—fiddlers—charities—and the devil to pay !

*Geor.* But if he can afford it —

*Sir John.* Oh ! so long as he stopped *there* I had no apprehension; but since he proposed for you he is more extravagant than ever. They say he has taken to gambling : and he is always with Captain Smooth. No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth ! If he gets into a scrape he may fall off from the settlements. We must press the marriage at once.

*Geor.* Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is *really* attached to Clara!

*Sir John.* Upon my word I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

*Geor.* The jewels;—yes—the drive will do me good. So you'll send away Clara?—she's so very deceitful.

*Sir John.* Never fear—yes—tell her to come to me.

[*Exit* GEORGINA.]

Yes! I must press on this marriage; Georgina has not wit enough to manage him—at least till he's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. This match will make me a man of prodigious importance! I suspect he'll give me up her ten thousand pounds. I can't think of his taking to gambling, for I love him as a son—and I look on his money as my own.

---

## SCENE II.

CLARA and SIR JOHN.

*Sir John.* Clara, my love!

*Clara.* Sir —

*Sir John.* My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness.—To the point then; my poor child, I am aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn—

*Clara.* Sir! *my attachment?*

*Sir John.* It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you—I do, indeed! Now, there's that letter you wrote to his old nurse—it has got about somehow—and the world is so ill-natured. I don't know if I did right; but after he had proposed to Georgy—(of course not before!)—I thought it so unpleasant for you, as a young lady, to be suspected of anything forward with respect to a man who was not attached to you, that I rather let it be supposed that Georgy *herself* wrote the letter.

*Clara.* Sir, I don't know what right you had to—

*Sir John.* That's very true, my dear: and I've been sinking since that I ought perhaps to tell Mr. Evelyn that the letter was yours—shall I?

Clara. No, sir; I beg you will not. I—I—[weeps].

Sir John. My dear Clara, don't cry; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment——

Clara. Every one?—Oh, torture!

Sir John. That it preys on her spirits—it even irritates her temper! You see, though the marriage will take place almost immediately, Mr. Evelyn does not come so often as he ought. In a word, I fear these little jealousies and suspicions will tend to embitter their future union.—I'm a father—forgive me.

Clara. Embitter their union! Oh, never! What would you have me do, sir?

Sir John. Why, you're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. Surely she can't mean to take her money out of the family by some foolish inclination for Mr. Graves? He is always purring and whining about the house, like a black cat in the megrims. What think you, eh?

Clara. Sir, it was of myself—my unhappy self, you were speaking.

Sir John. Sly!—True; true! What I meant to say was this:—Lady Franklin persists in staying *here*: you are your own mistress. Mrs. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

Clara. It is the very favour I would have asked of you. [Aside.] I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. When does she go?

Sir John. In five days—next Monday.—You forgive me?

Clara. Sir, I thank you.

Sir John [drawing the table]. Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself, and settle it at once?

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

Sir John. Wait a moment. SHALL I tell Evelyn you wrote the letter?

Clara. No, sir, I implore you.



*Sir John.* But it would be awkward for Georgy, if discovered.

*Clara.* It *never* shall be.

*Sir John.* Well, well, as you please. I know nothing could be so painful to a young lady of pride and delicacy. —James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I'm gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall: if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a week)—say I've hurried off to Garraway's to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. And I say, James, I expect two gentlemen a little before dinner—Mr. Squab the Radical, and Mr. Qualm of the great Marylebone Conservative Association. Show Squab into the study, and be sure to give him the "Weekly True Sun,"—Qualm into the back parlour, with the "Times" and the "Morning Post." One must have a little management in this world. All humbug!—all humbug, upon my soul! [Exit.]

*Clara* [folding the letter]. There—it is decided! A few days, and we are parted for ever!—a few weeks, and another will bear his name—his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him—though the whole world should hear her—"I am thine!" And I embitter their lot—I am the cloud upon their joyous sunshine! And yet, O Alfred! if she loves thee—if she knows thee—if she values thee—and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive, as I do—I can bless her when far away, and join her name in my prayer for thee!

*Eve.* [without]. Miss Vesey just gone? Well, I will write a line.

---

### SCENE III.

EVELYN and CLARA.

*Eve.* [aside]. So—Clara! Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglas.

*Clara* [going]. Nay, I have done.

*Eve.* I see that my presence is always odious to you, it is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, madam. I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and

I shall then go into the country—till—till——In short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter.

*Clara [aside].* The last time!—and we shall then meet no more!—and to part thus for ever—in scorn—in anger—I cannot bear it! [*Approaching him.*] Alfred, my cousin, it is true, this may be the last time we shall meet—I have made my arrangements to quit England.

*Eve.* To quit England?

*Clara.* But before I go let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

*Eve. [mechanically].* To quit England!

*Clara.* I have long wished it: but enough of me.—Evelyn, now that you are betrothed to another—now, without recurring to the past—now, without the fear of mutual error and mistake—something of our old friendship may at least return to us.—And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend—a sister—might presume to say to you.

*Eve. [moved].* Miss Douglas—Clara—if there is ought that I could do—if, while hundreds—strangers—beggars tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice, or poverty despair—if—if my life—my heart's blood—could render to *you* one such service as my gold can give to others—why, speak!—and the past you allude to—yes, even that bitter past—I will cancel and forget.

*Clara [holding out her hand].* We are friends, then! you are again my cousin! my brother.

*Eve. [dropping her hand].* Brother! Ah! say on!

*Clara.* I speak, then, as a sister—herself weak, inexperienced, ignorant, nothing—*might* speak to a brother, in whose career she felt the ambition of a man. Oh, Evelyn, when you inherited this vast wealth I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence—your intellect—your genius!—the ardent mind couched beneath the cold sarcasm of a long-baffled spirit! I saw before me the noble and bright career open to you at last—and I often thought that, in after-years, when far away—as I soon shall be—I should hear your name identified, not with what fortune can give the base, but with deeds

and ends to which, for the *great*, fortune is but the instrument;—I often thought that I should say to my own heart—weeping proud and delicious tears—“And once this man loved me!”

*Eve.* No more, Clara!—oh, Heavens!—no more!

*Clara.* But *has* it been so?—have you been true to your own self?—Pomp—parade—luxuries—pleasures—follies!—all these might distinguish others—they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn!—Oh! pardon me—I am too bold—I pain—I offend you.—Ah, I should not have dared thus much had I not thought at times, that—that—

*Eve.* That these follies—these vanities—this dalliance with a loftier fate were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! Perhaps, indeed, after a youth steeped to the lips in the hyssop and gall of penury—perhaps I might have wished royally to know the full value of that dazzling and starry life which, from the last step in the ladder, I had seen indignantly and from afar. But a month—a week would have sufficed for that experience. Experience!—Oh, how soon we learn that hearts are as cold and souls as vile—no matter whether the sun shine on the noble in his palace, or the rain drench the rags of the beggar cowering at the porch. The extremes of life differ but in this:—Above, *Vice* smiles and revels—below, *Crime* frowns and starves. But you—did not you reject me because I was poor? Despise me if you please!—my revenge might be unworthy—I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendour I thought you prized,—to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value the station that, had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain—vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed.

*Clara.* A happy fate, Evelyn!—you love!

*Eve.* And at last I am beloved. [*After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.*] Do you doubt it?

*Clara.* No, I believe it firmly!—[*Aside.*] Were it possible for her not to love him?

*Eve.* Georgina, perhaps, is vain—and light—and—

*Clara.* No—think it not! Once removed from the worldly atmosphere of her father's counsels, and you will form and raise her to your own level. She is so young

yet—she has beauty, cheerfulness, and temper ;—the rest you will give, if you will but yet do justice to your own nature. And, now that there is nothing unkind between us—not even regret—and surely [*with a smile*] not revenge, my cousin, you will rise to your nobler self—and so, farewell!

*Eve.* No; stay, one moment ;—you still feel interest in my fate! Have I been deceived? Oh, why—why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet? Could you still—still—? Distraction—I know not what I say :—my honour pledged to another—my vows accepted and returned! Go, Clara, it is best so! Yet you will miss some one, perhaps, more than me—some one to whose follies you have been more indulgent—some one to whom you would permit a yet tenderer name than that of brother!

*Clara* [*aside*]. It will make him, perhaps, happier to think it! Think so, if you will!—but part friends.

*Eve.* Friends—and that is all! Look you, this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—the presence that, like moonlight, shed its own hallowing beauty over the meanest things; a little while—a year—a month—a day, and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all—the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the world! And the one who forgets the soonest—the one who robs your earth for ever of its summer—comes to you with a careless lip, and says—“ Let us part friends! ”——Go, Clara,—go,—and be happy if you can!

*Clara* [*weeping*]. Cruel—cruel—to the last!——Heaven forgive you, Alfred! [*Exit.*]

*Eve.* Soft! let me recall her words, her tones, her looks. —*Does she love me?* She defends her rival—she did not deny it when I charged her with attachment to another; and yet—and yet—there is a voice at my heart which tells me I have been the rash slave of a jealous anger.—But I have made my choice—I must abide the issue!

*Enter GRAVES, preceded by Servant.*

*Ser.* Lady Franklin is dressing, sir.

## SCENE IV.

GRAVES and EVELYN.

*Graves.* Well, I'll wait. [*Exit Servant.*] She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me, *that* is impossible—but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene.—[*Seeing EVELYN.*]—Is that you, Evelyn?—I have just heard that the borough of Groginhole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself?—with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

*Eve.* I, who despise these contests for the colour of a straw—this everlasting litigation of Authority *versus* Man—I to be one of the wranglers?—never!

*Graves.* You are quite right, and I beg your pardon.

*Eve.* [*aside*]. And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished.—[*Aloud.*] To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

*Graves.* He does, indeed! [*counting on his fingers.*] East winds, Fogs, Rheumatism, Pulmonary Complaints, and Taxes—[*EVELYN walks about in disorder*]. You seem agitated—a quarrel with your intended? Oh! when you've been married a month, you'll not know what to do without one!

*Eve.* You are a pleasant comforter.

*Graves.* Do you deserve a comforter? One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing (poor Maria often said she detested me)—and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina!

*Eve.* Clara will easily console herself—thanks to Sir Frederick!

*Graves.* He is young!

*Eve.* Good looking!

*Graves.* A coxcomb!

*Eve.* And therefore irresistible!

*Graves.* Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse him. I have it from Lady Franklin, to whom he confided his despair in re-arranging his neck-cloth!

*Eve.* My dear friend—is it possible?

*Graves.* But what then? You *must* marry Georgina, who, to believe Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to—your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

*Eve.* By them—bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. Is it not a strange thing that in matters of reason—of the arithmetic and logic of life—we are sensible, shrewd, prudent men; but touch our hearts—move our passions—take us for an instant from the hard safety of worldly calculation—and the philosopher is duller than the fool? *Duped*—if I thought it!—

*Graves.* To be sure!—you tried Clara in your *poverty*; it was a safe experiment to try Georgina in your *wealth*.

*Eve.* Ha! that is true—very true. Go on.

*Graves.* You'll have an excellent father-in-law. Sir John positively weeps when he talks of your income!

*Eve.* Sir John, possibly—but Georgina?

*Graves.* Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practising first with Sir Frederick in the morning.

*Eve.* On your life, sir, be serious: what do you mean?

*Graves.* That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

*Eve.* Ha! say you so?

*Graves.* What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous—your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

*Eve.* Ha! ha! Do they say that?—a few hundreds lost or won—a cheap opiate—anything that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks, and the rich man gambles—the same motive to both! But you are right—it is a base resource—I will play no more.

*Graves.* I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. To play with him is to advertise yourself a bankrupt. Even Sir John is alarmed. I met him just now in Pall Mall; he made me stop, and implored me to speak to you. By the by, I forgot—do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit, and Co.?

*Eve.* So, Sir John is alarmed?—[*Aside.*] Gulled by this coggling charlatan?—Aha! I may beat him yet at his own weapons!—Humph! Bank with Flash! Why do you ask me?

*Graves.* Because Sir John has just heard that they are in

a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

*Eve.* I'll see to it. So Sir John is *alarmed* at my gambling?

*Graves.* Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club this evening, to watch you.

*Eve.* To watch me!—good—I will be there.

*Graves.* But you will promise not to play?

*Eve.* Yes—to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up!

*Graves.* No—no! 'Sdeath, man! be as wretched as you please; break your heart, that's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets.

*Eve.* I will be there—I will play with Captain Smooth—I will lose as much as I please—thousands—millions—billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me if I don't lose Sir John himself into the bargain! [*Going out and returning.*] I am so absent! What was the bank you mentioned? Flash, Brisk, and Credit? Bless me, how unlucky! and it's too late to draw out to-day. Tell Sir John I'm very much obliged to him, and he'll find me at the club any time before day-break, hard at work with my friend Smooth! [*Exit.*]

*Graves.* He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it! What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Lady Franklin's compliments—she will see you in the *boudoir*, sir.

*Graves.* In the *boudoir*!—go, go—I'll come directly.

[*Exit Servant.*]

My heart beats—it must be for grief. Poor Maria! [*Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.*] Not a white one!—just like my luck: I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow, and blue abomination from India, which it's even indecent for a disconsolate widower to exhibit. Ah! Fortune never ceases to torment the susceptible. The *boudoir*!—ha! ha! the *boudoir*! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

*A Boudoir in the same house.*

*Lady Frank.* I take so much compassion on this poor man, who is determined to make himself wretched, that I am equally determined to make him happy! Well, if my scheme does but succeed, he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall—Mum!—here he comes!

*Enter GRAVES.*

*Graves* [*sighing*]. Ah, Lady Franklin!

*Lady Frank.* [*sighing*]. Ah, Mr. Graves! [*They seat themselves.*] Pray excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

*Graves.* An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you!—'tis a happy disposition! Poor Maria! *she*, too, was naturally gay.

*Lady Frank.* Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

*Graves.* Spirit? Yes!—nothing could master it. She would have her own way! Ah! there was nobody like her!

*Lady Frank.* And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

*Graves.* Did not they?—Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing!

*Lady Frank.* How well she acted in your private theatricals!

*Graves.* You remember her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife?" Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with [*mimicking*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

*Graves.* No—no! that's not it! more energy. [*Mimicking.*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the DEATH of me." Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practise it on me twice a day. Ah! poor dear lamb! [*Wipes his eyes.*]

*Lady Frank.* And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little French air she was so fond of?



*Graves.* Ha! ha! sprightly? was it not? Let me see—let me see.

*Lady Frank.* [*humming*]. Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it.

*Graves* [*humming*]. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum.

*Both.* Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum. Ha! ha!

*Graves* [*throwing himself back*]. Ah! what recollections it revives! It is too affecting.

*Lady Frank.* It is affecting; but we are all mortal. [*Sighs.*] And at your Christmas party at Cyprus Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten?

*Graves.* Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

*Lady Frank.* Can you think of the step?—somehow thus, was it not? [*Dancing.*]

*Graves.* No—no—quite wrong!—just stand there. Now then [*humming the tune*].—La—la-la-la.—La la, &c.

[*They dance.*]

That's it—excellent—admirable!

*Lady Frank.* [*aside*]. Now 'tis coming.

*Enter* SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, GEORGINA,—*they stand amazed.*

[*LADY FRANKLIN continues to dance.*]

*Graves.* Bewitching—irresistible! 'Tis Maria herself that I see before me! Thus—thus—let me clasp—Oh, the devil! Just like my luck!—[*Stopping opposite* SIR JOHN].

[*LADY FRANKLIN runs off.*]

*Sir John.* Upon my word, Mr. Graves!

*Geor., Blount.* Encore—encore! Bravo—bravo!

*Graves.* It's all a mistake! I—I—Sir John. Lady Franklin, you see—that is to say—I—Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction!

*Geor.* Pray go on!

*Blount.* Don't let us interwupt you.

*Graves.* Interrupt me! I must say that this rudeness—this gross impropriety—to pry into the sorrows of a poor bereaved sufferer, seeking comfort from a sympathising friend—But such is human nature!

*Geor.* But, Mr. Graves!—[*following him*].

*Graves.* Heartless!

*Blount.* My dear Mr. Graves!—[*following him*].

Graves. Frivolous!

Sir John. Stay and dine!—[*following him*].

Graves. Unfeeling!

Omnes. Ha!—ha!—ha!

Graves. Monsters! Good day to you.\*

[*Exit, followed by SIR JOHN, &c.*]

### SCENE VI.

*The interior of \* \* \* 's Club; night; lights, &c. Small sofas, with books, papers, tea, coffee, &c. Several Members grouped by the fireplace; one Member with his legs over the back of his chair; another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the Stage, an old Member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card table, before which CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH is seated, and sipping lemonade; at the bottom of the Stage another card-table.*

GLOSSMORE and STOUT.

Gloss. You don't come often to the club, Stout?

Stout. No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

Old Mem. [*reading the newspaper*]. Waiter!—the snuff-box. [Waiter brings it.]

Gloss. So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey." Deep work to-night, I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog!

*Enter EVELYN; salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the Stage.*

How d' ye do, Glossmore? How are you, Stout? you don't play, I think? Political economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than Rents and Profits, Wages and Labour, High Prices, and Low—Corn-Laws, Poor-Laws, Tithes, Currency—Dot-and-go-one—Rates, Puzzles, Taxes, Riddles, and Botheration! Smooth is the man. Aha! Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge!

[*Members touch each other significantly; STOUT walks away with the snuff-box; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

Smooth. My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[*They seat themselves.*]

\* For the original idea of this scene the author is indebted to a little proverb, never, he believes, acted in public.

*Old Mem.* Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[Waiter takes it from STOUT, and brings it back to Old Member.

*Enter* BLOUNT.

*Blount.* So, so! Evelyn at it again,—eh, Glossmore?

*Gloss.* Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth!

*Blount.* Will you make up a wubber?

*Gloss.* Have you got two others?

*Blount.* Yes; Flat and Green.

*Gloss.* Bad players.

*Blount.* I make it a wule to play with bad players; it is five per cent. in one's favour. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do one any harm.

*Gloss.* Clever fellow, that Blount!

[BLOUNT takes up the snuff-box and walks off with it; Old Member looks at him savagely.

[BLOUNT, GLOSSMORE, FLAT, and GREEN make up a table at the bottom of the Stage.

*Smooth.* A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred,—ninety repique—ten cards!—game!

*Eve.* [passing a note to him]. Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

*Smooth.* *Ce cher Alfred!* He is so droll!

*Eve.* [writing in his pocket-book]. Forty games a-night—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think!

*Smooth* [glancing over the account]. Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

*Eve.* It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition. Can you keep a secret?

*Smooth.* My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spent less than £4000 a-year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

*Eve.* Hark ye, then—a word with you—[they whisper].

*Old Mem.* Waiter!—the snuff-box!

[Waiter takes it from BLOUNT, &c.

*Enter* SIR JOHN.

*Eve.* You understand?

*Smooth.* Perfectly ; anything to oblige.

*Eve.* [*cutting*]. It is for you to deal.

[*They go on playing.*]

*Sir John* [*groaning*]. There's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending *my* consequence, and making a fool of himself.

[*Takes up the snuff-box ; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

*Blount.* I'm out. Flat, a poney on the odd twick. That's wight.—[*Coming up, counting his money.*] Well, Sir John, you don't play!

*Sir John.* Play ? no ! Confound him—lost again !

*Eve.* Hang the cards !—double the stakes !

*Smooth.* Just as you please—done !

*Sir John.* Done, indeed !

*Old Mem.* Waiter !—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from SIR JOHN.*]

*Blount.* I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set !

[*Takes up the snuff-box ; Old Member as before.*]

*Sir John* [*looking over SMOOTH's hand, and fidgetting backwards and forwards*]. Lord, have mercy on us ! Smooth has seven for his point ! What's the stakes ?

*Eve.* Don't disturb us—I only throw out four. Stakes, Sir John ?—immense ! Was ever such luck ?—not a card for my point. Do stand back, Sir John—I'm getting irritable.

*Old Mem.* Waiter ! the snuff-box.

[*Waiter brings it back.*]

*Blount.* One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn.

*Sir John.* Nonsense—nonsense—don't disturb him ! All the fishes come to the bait ! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law !

*Eve.* One hundred pounds, Blount ? Ah ! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done ! Treble the stakes, Smooth !

*Sir John.* I'm on the rack ! [*seizing the snuff-box*]. Be cool, Evelyn ! take care, my dear boy ! Be cool—be cool.

*Eve.* What—what ? You have four queens !—five to the king. Confound the cards ! a fresh pack. [*Throws the cards behind him over SIR JOHN.*]

*Old Mem.* Waiter ! the snuff-box.

[*Different members gather round*]

*First Mem.* I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

*Second Mem.* Yes, this is interesting!

*Sir John.* Interesting! There's a wretch!

*First Mem.* Poor fellow! he'll be ruined in a month!

*Sir John.* I'm in a cold sweat.

*Second Mem.* Smooth is the very devil.

*Sir John.* The devil's a joke to him!

*Gloss.* [slapping SIR JOHN on the back]. A clever fellow that Smooth, Sir John, eh? [Takes up the snuff-box. Old Member as before.] £100 on this game, Evelyn?

*Eve.* [half-turning round.] You! well done the Constitution! yes, £100!

*Old Mem.* Waiter!—the snuff-box.

*Stout.* I think I'll venture £200 on this game, Evelyn?

*Eve.* [quite turning round]. Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! Oh Stout, Stout! greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—£200! ha! ha! ha!—deal, Smooth. Well done, Political Economy—ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Quite hysterical—drivelling! Ar'n't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them. [Members indignant.]

*Stout* [to Members]. Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter.

*First Mem.* What, Stingy Jack's? oh!

*Chorus of Mems.* Oh! oh!

*Old Mem.* Waiter! the snuff-box.

*Eve.* [rising in great agitation.] No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—Death!—this is ruinous!

[Seizes the snuff-box; Old Member as before.]

*Sir John.* Ruinous? I dare say it is. What has he lost? what has he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh?

[Omnes gather round SMOOTH.]

*Smooth.* Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse me! we never tell our winnings.—[To BLOUNT.] How d'ye do, Fred?—[To GLOSSMORE.] By the by, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor Square?—£12,000, eh?

*Gloss.* Yes, and the furniture at a valuation. About £3,000 more.

*Smooth* [*looking over his pocket-book*]. Um!—Well, we'll talk of it.

*Sir John*. 12 and 3—£15,000. What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—£15,000, *Smooth*?

*Smooth*. Oh, the house itself is a trifle; but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

*Old Mem.* Waiter, the snuff-box! [*Scraping it round, and with a wry face*].—And it's all gone!

[*Gives it to the Waiter to fill.*]

*Sir John* [*turning round*]. And it's all gone!

*Eve.* [*starting up and laughing hysterically*]. Ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. *Smooth*, this club is so noisy. *Sir John*, you are always in the way. Come to my house! come! Champagne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it!

*Sir John*. A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn! EVELYN!!—think what you are about!—think of Georgina's feelings! think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn! think of—

*Eve.* I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you don't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention. Pshaw—pshaw! Out of the way, do! Come, *Smooth*. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it!

[*Exeunt SMOOTH and EVELYN.*]

*Sir John* [*following*]. You must not, you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn! he's drunk—he's mad! Will no one send for the police?

*Mems.* Ha! ha! ha! Poor old stingy Jack!

*Old Mem.* [*rising for the first time, and in a great rage*]. Waiter!—the snuff-box!

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*The Ante-room in EVELYN'S house, as in Scene I., Act II.*

TABOURET, MACFINCH, FRANTZ, and other Tradesmen.

*Tabou.* [*half whispers*]. So, I hear that Mr. Evelyn has turned gamester! There are strange reports about to-day—I don't know what to make of it! We must look sharp, Mr. Macfinch, we poor tradesmen, and make hay while the sun shines.

*Macfinch.* I wish those geeming-houses were aw at the deevil!—It's a sheam and a sin for gentlemen to gang and ruin themselves, when we honest tradesmen could do it for them with sae muckle advantage to the arts and coummerce o' the country! [*Omnes shake their heads approvingly.*]

*Enter SMOOTH from the inner room, with a pocket-book and pencil in his hand.*

*Smooth* [*looking round*]. Hum! ha! Fine pictures!—[*Feeling the curtains.*] The new-fashioned velvet, hum! good-proportioned rooms! Yes, this house is better than Glossmore's! Oh, Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer! you furnished these rooms? All of the best, eh?

*Tabou.* Oh, the VERY best. Mr. Evelyn is not a man to grudge expense, sir.

*Smooth.* He is not, indeed. You've been paid, I suppose, Tabouret?

*Tabou.* No, sir, no—I never send in my bills when a customer is rich. [*Aside*]. Bills are like trees, and grow by standing.

*Smooth.* Humph! Not PAID? humph!

[*Omnes gather round.*]

*Macfinch.* I dinna like that hoomph, there's something vara suspecious abun' it.

*Tabou.* [*to the tradesmen*]. It is the great card-player, Captain Smooth—finest player in Europe—cleaned out the Duke of Sillyvale. Uncommoningly clever man!

*Smooth* [*pacing about the room*]. Thirty-six feet by twenty-eight—Um! I think a bow-window there would be an *improvement*: could it be done easily, Tabouret?

*Macfinch.* If Mr. Evelyn wants to pool about his house, there's no mon like my friend Mr. MacStucco.

*Smooth.* Evelyn! I was speaking of *myself*. Mr. MacStucco?—humph!

*Tabou.* Yourself? Have you bought the house, sir?

*Smooth.* Bought it?—hum!—ha!—it depends—So you've not been paid yet?—um! Nor you—nor you—nor you? Hum! ha!

*Tabou.* No, sir!—what then? No fear of Mr. EVELYN? Ha! ha!

*Omnes* [*anxiously*]. Ha! ha!—what then?

*Macfinch.* Ah, sir, what then? I'm a puir mon with a family; this way, Captain! You've a leetle account in the buiks; an' we'll e'en wipe it out altogether, gin you'll say what you mean by that Hoom ha!

*Smooth.* Macfinch, my dear fellow, don't oblige me to cane you; I would not have Mr. Evelyn distressed for the world. Poor fellow! he holds very bad cards. So you've not been paid yet? Don't send in your bills on any account—Mind! Yes; I don't dislike the house with some alteration. Good day to you—Hum! ha!

[*Exit, looking about him, examining the chairs, tables, &c.*]

*Tabou.* Plain as a pike-staff! staked his very house on an odd trick!

## SCENE II.

*The foregoing.—Enter SHARP from the inner room, agitated, and in a hurry.*

*Sharp.* O Lord! O Lord!—who'd have thought it? Cards are the devil's books! John!—Thomas!—Harris! —[ringing the bell].

*Enter Two Servants.*

Tom, take this letter to Sir John Vesey's. If not at home, find him—he will give you a cheque. Go to his banker's, and get it cashed *instantly*. Quick—quick! off with you!

*Tabou.* [*seizing Servant*]. What's the matter—what's the matter? How's Mr. Evelyn?

*Ser.* Bad—very bad! Sate up all night with Captain Smooth!

*Sharp* [*to the other Servant*]. Yes, Harris, your poor



master! O dear! O dear! You will take this note to the Belgian minister, Portland-place. Passport for Ostend! Have the travelling carriage ready at a moment's notice!

*Macfinch* [*stopping* Servant]. Passport! Harkye, my mon; is he gaun to pit the saut seas between us and the siller?

*Ser.* Don't stop me—something wrong in the chest—change of air—late hours—and Captain Smooth! [*Exit.*

*Sharp* [*walking about*]. And if the bank should break!—if the bank is broke, and he can't draw out!—bound to Smooth.

*Tabou.* Bank!—what bank?

*Sharp.* Flash's bank! Flash, brother-in-law to Captain Smooth! What have you heard?—eh?—eh?

*Tabou.* That there's an awful run on it!

*Sharp.* I must be off. Go—go—you can't see Mr. Evelyn to-day!

*Tabou.* My account, sir!

*Macfinch.* I've a muckle bairns and a sma' bill!

*Frantz.* O saro, de great gentlemen always tink first of de tailor!

*Sharp.* Call again—call again at Christmas. The bank, —the cards,—the bank! O dear! O dear! [*Exit.*

*Tabou.* The bank!

*Macfinch.* The passport!

*Frantz.* And all dat vil be seen of de great Evelyn coat is de back of it! *Donner und Hagel!*—I vil arrest him—I vil put de salt on de tail of it!

*Tabou.* [*aside*]. I'll slip down to the city and see how the bank goes!

*Macfinch* [*aside*]. I'll e'en gang to my coosin the la'yer. Nothing but peetience for us, Mr. Tabouret.

*Tabou.* Ay, ay—stick by each other—share and share alike—that's my way, sir.

*Omnes.* Share and share alike.

[*Exeunt.*

---

### SCENE III.

*Enter* Servant, GLOSSMORE, and BLOUNT.

*Ser.* My master is not very well, my lord! but I'll let him know. [*Exit.*

*Gloss.* I am very curious to learn the result of his gambling tête-à-tête.

*Blount.* Oh, he's so howwidly wich, he can afford even a tête-à-tête with Deadly Smooth!

*Gloss.* Poor old Stingy Jack! why Georgina was *your* intended.

*Blount.* Yes; and I really liked the girl, though out of pique I pwoposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money?

*Enter EVELYN.*

If we could start fair, you'd see whom Georgina would pwefer: bnt she's sacwified by her father! She as much as told me so!

*Eve.* So, so, gentlemen, we've a little account to settle—one hundred each.

*Both.* Don't talk of it.

*Eve.* [*putting up his pocket-book*]. Well, I'll not talk of it!—[*Taking BLOUNT aside.*] Ha! ha! you'd hardly believe it—but I'd rather not pay you just at present: my money is locked up, and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So, instead of owing you one hundred pounds, suppose I owe you *five*? You can give me a cheque for the other four. And, harkye! not a word to Glossmore.

*Blount.* Glossmore! the gweatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted!—[*Aside*]. It never does harm to lend to a wich man; one gets it back somehow. By the way, Evelyn, if you want my gwey cab-horse, you may have him for two hundwed pounds, and that will make seven.

*Eve.* [*aside*]. That's the fashionable usury: your friend does not take interest—he sells you a horse—[*Aloud*]. Blount, it's a bargain.

*Blount* [*writing the cheque, and musingly*]. No; I don't see what harm it can do me; that off-leg must end in a spavin.

*Eve.* [*to GLOSSMORE*]. That hundred pounds I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property—perhaps you would lend me five or six hundred more—just to go on with?

*Gloss.* Certainly! Hopkins is dead: your interest for CIPHER would—

*Eve.* Why, I can't promise *that* at this moment. But as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you'll accept a splendid grey cab-horse I bought to-day—cost two hundred pounds!

*Gloss.* Bought to-day!—then I'm safe. My dear fellow, you're always so princely!

*Eve.* Nonsense! just write the cheque; and, harkye, not a syllable to Blount!

*Gloss.* Blount! He's the town-crier! [*Goes to write.*]

*Blount* [*giving EVELYN the cheque*]. Wansom's, Pall-mall East.

*Eve.* Thank you. So you *proposed* to Miss Douglas!

*Blount.* Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, that vewy day you pwoposed for Miss Vesey, otherwise Georgina——

*Eve.* Has only half what Miss Douglas has.

*Blount.* You forget how much Stingy Jack must have saved! But I beg your pardon.

*Eve.* Never mind; but not a word to Sir John, or he'll fancy I'm ruined.

*Gloss.* [*giving the cheque*]. Ransom's, Pall-mall East. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

*Eve.* Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the banker's [*looking at the two cheques*].

*Gloss.* [*aside*]. Why! he's borrowed from Blount, too!

*Blount.* [*aside*]. That's a cheque from Lord Glossmore!

*Eve.* Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day—seven o'clock. You'll meet Smooth. [*With tears in his voice*]. It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here! My—what am I saying?—Oh, merely a joke!—good bye—good bye.

[*Shaking them heartily by the hand. Exit by the inner door.*]

*Blount.* Glossmore!

*Gloss.* Blount!

*Blount.* I am afraid all's not wight!

*Gloss.* I incline to your opinion!

*Blount.* But I've sold my gwey cab-horse.

*Gloss.* Grey cab-horse! you! What is he really worth now?

*Blount.* Since he is sold, I will tell you—Not a sixpence!

*Gloss.* Not a sixpence? he gave it to me!

[*EVELYN at the door giving directions to a Servant in dumb show.*

*Blount.* That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

*Gloss.* Nervous! Let us run and stop payment of our cheques.

[*EVELYN shuts the door, and Servant runs across the stage.*

*Blount.* Hollo, John! where so fast?

*Ser.* [*in great haste*]. Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall East—Messrs. Ransom. [*Exit.*

*Blount* [*solemnly*]. Glossmore, we are fwoored?

*Gloss.* Sir, the whole town shall know of it. [*Exeunt.*

---

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter TOKE and other Servants.*

*Toke.* Come, come, stir yourselves! we've no time to lose. This room is to be got ready for the shawls. Mrs. Crump and the other ladies of the household are to wait here on the women before they go up to the drawing-room. Take away that desk: don't be lazy! and give me the newspaper.

[*TOKE seats himself; the Servants bustle about.*

Strange reports about my patron! and the wallee is gone for the passport!

*Enter FRANTZ with a bundle.*

*Frantz.* Mr. Toke, my goot Mr. Toke, I've brought you von leetel present.

*Toke.* John and Charles vanish! [*Exeunt Servants.*  
I scorn to corrupt them 'ere working classes!

*Frantz* [*producing a pair of small-clothes which TOKE examines*]. Your master is von beggar! He wants to run away; ve are all in de same vat-you-call-it—de same leetel nasty boat, Mr. Toke! Just let my friend Mr. Clutch up through the area. I vill put vat you call un execution on de gutes and de cattles dis very tay.

*Toke.* I accept the abridgements : but you've forgotten to line the pockets !

*Frantz.* Bless my soul, so I have ! [*giving a note*].

*Toke.* The area-gate shall be left undefended. Do it quietly, no *claw*, as the French say.

*Frantz.* Goot Mr. Toke—to-morrow I vill line de oter pocket. [*Exit.*]

*Toke.* My patron does not give me satisfaction !

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* What chandeliers are to be lighted, Mr. Toke ?—it's getting late.

*Toke.* Don't disturb me—I'm rum-mynating !—yes, yes, there's no doubt of it ! Charles, the area-gate is open.

*Foot.* And all the plate in the pantry ! I'll run and—

*Toke.* Not a step ! leave it open.

*Foot.* But——

*Toke* [*with dignity*]. 'Tis for the sake of wentilation !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*A splendid saloon in EVELYN'S house.*

EVELYN and GRAVES.

*Graves.* You've withdrawn your money from Flash and Brisk ?

*Eve.* No.

*Graves.* No !—then——

*Enter SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, and GEORGINA.*

*Sir John.* You got the cheque for £500 safely ?—too happy to——

*Eve.* [*interrupting him*]. My best thanks !—my warmest gratitude ! So kind in you ! so seasonable !—that £500—you don't know the value of that £500. I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

*Sir John.* Gratitude !—Nobleness !—[*Aside.*] I can't have been taken in ?

*Eve.* And in a moment of such distress !

*Sir John* [*aside*]. Such distress ! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary !

*Eve.* I've done with Smooth. But I'm still a little crippled, and you must do me *another* favour. I've only as yet paid the deposit of ten per cent. for the great Grogin-hole property. I am to pay the rest this week—nay, I fear to-morrow. I've already sold out of the Funds! the money lies at the banker's, and of course I can't touch it; for if I don't pay by a certain day, I forfeit the estate and the deposit.

*Sir John.* What's coming now, I wonder?

*Eve.* Georgina's fortune is £10,000. I always meant, my dear Sir John, to present you with that little sum.

*Sir John.* Oh, Evelyn! your generosity is positively touching [*wipes his eyes*].

*Eve.* But the news of my losses has frightened my tradesmen! I have so many heavy debts at this moment that—that—that——. But I see Georgina is listening, and I'll say what I have to say to her.

*Sir John.* No, no—no, no. Girls don't understand business!

*Eve.* The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair not of business, but of *feeling*. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.

*Sir John* [*aside*]. Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me!

*Eve.* My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honour.

*Geor.* Can you doubt it?

*Eve.* I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment: I have been weak enough to lose money at play; and there are other demands on me. I promise you never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved; but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench.

*Geor.* Retrench!

*Eve.* To live, perhaps, altogether in the country.

*Geor.* Altogether in the country!

*Eve.* To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

*Geor.* Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming!

*Eve.* And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up—my debts of honour

must be settled—you are of age—your £10,000 in your own hands—

*Sir John* [STOUT listening as well as SIR JOHN]. I'm standing on hot iron!

*Eve*. If you could lend it to me for a few weeks— You hesitate! oh! believe the honour of the man you will call your husband before all the calumnies of the fools whom we call the world! Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence what is wedlock?

*Sir John* [aside to her]. No! [Aloud, pointing his glass at the Correggio.] Yes, the painting may be fine.

*Stout*. But you don't like the subject?

*Geor.* [aside]. He may be only trying me! Best leave it to papa.

*Eve*. Well—

*Geor.* You—you shall hear from me to-morrow.— [Aside.] Ah, there's that dear Sir Frederick!

[Goes to BLOUNT.]

*Enter GLOSSMORE and SMOOTH; EVELYN salutes them, paying SMOOTH servile respect.*

*Lady Frank.* [to GRAVES]. Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday,—was it not droll?

*Graves*. Never recur to that humiliating topic.

*Gloss.* [to STOUT]. See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth!

*Stout*. How mean in him!—Smooth—a professional gambler—a fellow who lives by his wits! I would not know such a man on any account!

*Smooth* [to GLOSSMORE]. So Hopkins is dead—you want Cipher to come in for Groginhole, eh?

*Gloss*. What!—could you manage it?

*Smooth*. *Ce cher Charles!*—anything to oblige!

*Stout*. Groginhole! What can he have to do with Groginhole? Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

*Gloss*. What! the gambler—the fellow who lives by his wits?

*Stout*. Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital? I'll introduce myself. How d'yo do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think—I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation? Bad! very bad!—no enlightenment!—great fall off in the

revenue!—no knowledge of finance! There's only one man who can save the country—and that's POPKINS!

*Smooth.* Is he in Parliament, Mr. Stout? What's your Christian name, by-the-bye?

*Stout.* Benjamin.—No; constituencies are so ignorant, they don't understand his value. He's no orator: in fact, he stammers so much—but devilish profound. Could not we ensure him for Groginhole?

*Smooth.* My dear Benjamin, it is a thing to be thought on.

*Eve.* [*advancing*]. My friends, pray be seated;—I wish to consult you. This day twelve months I succeeded to an immense income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion.

*Gloss.* Impossible! excellent taste—beautiful house!

*Blount.* Vewy good horses — [*Aside to GLOSSMORE*] especially the gwey cob!

*Lady Frank.* Splendid pictures!

*Graves.* And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

*Smooth* [*thrusting his hands into his pockets*]. It is my opinion, Alfred—and I'm a judge—that you could not have spent your money better!

*Omnes* [*except SIR JOHN*]. Very true!

*Eve.* What say you, Sir John? You may think me a little extravagant; but you know that in this world the only way to show one's self thoroughly respectable is to make a thoroughly respectable show.

*Sir John.* Certainly—certainly! No, you could not have done better. [*Aside.*] I don't know what to make of it.

*Geor.* Certainly.—[*Coaxingly.*] Don't retrench, my dear Alfred!

*Gloss.* Retrench! nothing so plebeian!

*Stout.* Plebeian, sir!—worse than plebeian!—it is against all the rules of public morality. Every one knows, now-a-days, that extravagance is a benefit to the population—encourages art—employs labour—and multiplies spinning-jennies.

*Eve.* You reassure me! I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere might have done something better than feast—dress—drink—play—

*Gloss.* Nonsense!—we like you the better for it. [*Aside.*] I wish I had my £600 back, though.



*Eve.* And you are as much my friends now as when you offered me £10 for my old nurse?

*Sir John.* A thousand times more so, my dear boy!

[*Omnes approve.*]

*Enter SHARP.*

*Smooth.* But who's our new friend?

*Eve.* Who! the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what's the matter, Sharp?

SHARP [*whispering EVELYN*].

*Eve.* [*aloud*]. The bank's broke

*Sir John.* Broke!—what bank?

*Eve.* Flash, Brisk, and Co.

*Gloss.* [*to SMOOTH*]. And Flash was your brother-in-law. I'm very sorry.

*Smooth* [*taking snuff*]. Not at all, Charles,—I did not bank there.

*Sir John.* But I warned you—you withdrew?

*Eve.* Alas! no!

*Sir John.* Oh! Not much in their hands?

*Eve.* Why, I told you the purchase-money for Groggin-hole was at my bankers'—but no, no: don't look so frightened! It was not placed with Flash—it is at Hoare's—it is, indeed. Nay, I assure you it is. A mere trifle at Flash's, upon my word, now! To-morrow, Sharp, we'll talk of this! One day more—one day, at least, for enjoyment.

*Sir John.* Oh! a pretty enjoyment!

*Blount.* And he borrowed £700 of me!

*Gloss.* And £600 of me!

*Sir John.* And £500 of me!

*Stout.* Oh! a regular Jeremy Diddler!

*Smooth* [*to SIR JOHN*]. John, do you know, I think I would take a handsome offer for this house just as it stands—furniture, plate, pictures, books, bronzes, and statues!

*Sir John.* Powers above!

*Stout* [*to SIR JOHN*]. I say, you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. What then?—a daughter's like any other capital—transfer the stock in hand to t'other speculation.

*Sir John* [*going to GEORGINA*]. Ha! I'm afraid we've

been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

*Enter TOKE.*

*Toke* [to EVELYN]. Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. Macfinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

*Eve.* [reading]. How! Sir John, this fellow, Macfinch, has heard of my misfortunes, and insists on being paid;—a lawyer's letter—quite insolent!

*Toke.* And, sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he will not stir till he's paid.

*Eve.* Not stir till he's paid! What's to be done, Sir John?—Smooth, what is to be done?

*Smooth.* If he'll not stir till he's paid, make him up a bed, and I'll take him in the inventory, as one of the fixtures, Alfred!

*Eve.* It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But—

*Enter Sheriff's Officer, giving a paper to EVELYN, and whispering.*

*Eve.* What's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, the impudent scoundrel! Faith, this is more than I bargained for—Sir John, the bailiffs are in the house!

*Stout* [slapping SIR JOHN on the back with glee]. The bailiffs are in the house, old gentleman! But I didn't lend him a farthing.

*Eve.* And for a mere song—£150! Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or see that my people kick out the bailiffs, or do it yourself, or something,—while we go to dinner!

*Sir John.* Pay—kick—I'll be d——d if I do!—Oh, my £500! my £500! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my £500!

*Graves.* I'm going to do a very silly thing—I shall lose both my friend and my money;—just like my luck!—Evelyn, go to dinner—I'll settle this for you.

*Lady Frank.* I love you for that!

*Graves.* Do you? then I am the happiest—Ah! ma'am, I don't know what I am saying!

[*Exeunt GRAVES and Officer.*]

*Eve* [to GEORGINA]. Don't go by these appearances! I repeat £10,000 will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

*Geor.* Yes—yes!

*Eve.* But you're not going?—You, too, Glossmore?—you, Blount?—you, Stout—you, Smooth?

*Smooth.* No; I'll stick by you as long as you've a guinea to stake!

*Gloss.* Oh, this might have been expected from a man of such ambiguous political opinions!

*Stout.* Don't stop me, sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues?—baugh!

*Eve.* Why, you all said I could not spend my money better! Ha! ha! ha!—the absurdest mistake!—you don't fancy I'm going to prison?—Ha! ha!—Why don't you laugh, Sir John?—Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Sir, this horrible levity!—Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor, injured, innocent child!—Mr. Evelyn, after this extraordinary scene, you can't be surprised that I—I—Zounds! I'm suffocating!

*Smooth.* But, my dear John, it is for us at least to put an execution on the dinner.

*Stout* [*aside*]. The election at Groginhole is to-morrow. This news may not arrive before the poll closes.—[*Rushing to EVELYN.*] Sir Popkins never bribes: but Popkins will bet you £1,000 that he don't come in for Groginhole.

*Gloss.* This is infamous, Mr. Stout! Cipher is a man who scorns every subterfuge!—[*Aside to EVELYN.*] But, for the sake of the Constitution, name your price.

*Eve.* I know the services of Cipher—I know the profundity of Popkins: but it is too late—the borough's engaged!

*Toke.* Dinner is served.

*Gloss.* [*pausing*]. Dinner!

*Stout.* Dinner! a very good smell!

*Eve.* [*to SIR JOHN*]. Turtle and venison too. [*They stop irresolute.*]

*Eve.* That's right—come along. But, I say, Blount—Stout—Glossmore—Sir John—one word first; will you lend me £10 for my old nurse? [*They all fall back.*]

Ah! you fall back.—Behold a lesson for all who build friendship upon their fortune, and not their virtues!—You lent me hundreds this morning to squander upon pleasure—you would refuse me £10 now to bestow upon benevolence. Go—we have done with each other—go!

[*Exeunt, indignantly, all but EVELYN and SMOOTH.*]

*Re-enter GRAVES.*

*Graves.* Heyday!—what's all this?

*Eve.* Ha! ha!—the scheme prospers—the duper *is* duped! Come, my friends—come: when the standard of money goes down, in the great battle between man and fate—why, a bumper to the brave hearts that refuse to desert us.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.—SCENE I.

\* \* \* \* \* *Club; SMOOTH, GLOSSMORE—other Members.*

*Gloss.* Will his horses be sold, think you?

*Smooth.* Very possibly, Charles!—a fine stud—hum!  
—ha! Waiter, a glass of sherry!

*Gloss.* They say he must go abroad!

*Smooth.* Well; 'tis the best time of year for travelling,  
Charles!

*Gloss.* We are all to be paid to-day: and that looks  
suspicious!

*Smooth.* Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!

*Gloss.* My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the  
matter: I wish you'd speak out. What have you really  
won? Is the house itself gone?

*Smooth.* The house itself is certainly not gone, Charles,  
for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half-  
past ten—it has not moved an inch.

[Waiter gives a letter to GLOSSMORE.]

*Gloss.* [reading]. From Groginhole—an express! What's  
this? I'm amazed!!! [Reading.] "They've actually, at the  
cleventh hour, started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what  
his politics are! We shall be *beat*!—the Constitution is  
gone!—CIPHER!" Oh! this is infamous in Evelyn! Gets  
into Parliament just to keep himself out of the Bench.

*Smooth.* He's capable of it.

*Gloss.* Not a doubt of it, sir!—Not a doubt of it!

*Enter SIR JOHN and BLOUNT, talking.*

*Sir John.* My dear boy, I'm not flint! I am but a man!  
If Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she *does*  
—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition  
—she is yours: I told her so this very morning.

*Blount* [aside]. The old humbug!

*Sir John.* She's the best of daughters!—the most obedi-  
ent, artless creature! Oh! she's been properly brought  
up! a good daughter makes a good wife. Dine with me at  
seven, and we'll talk of the settlements.

*Blount.* Yes; I don't care for fortune;—but——

*Sir John.* Her £10,000 will be settled on herself—that of course.

*Blount.* All of it, sir? Weally, I—

*Sir John.* What *then*, my dear boy? I shall leave you both all I've laid by. Ah! you know I'm a close fellow! "Stingy Jack,"—eh? After all, worth makes the man!

*Smooth.* And the more a man's worth, John, the worthier man he must be. [*Exit.*]

*Blount* [*aside*]. Yes; he has no other child! she *must* have all his savings; I don't see what harm it could do me. Still that £10,000,—I want that £10,000: if she would but wun off now, one could get wid of the settlements.

*Enter* STOUT [*wiping his forehead*], and takes SIR JOHN *aside*.

*Stout.* Sir John, we've been played upon! My secretary is brother to Flash's head clerk; Evelyn had not £300 in the bank!

*Sir John.* Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then—Deadly Smooth—the execution—the—oh, he must be done up!

*Stout.* As to Smooth, he'd "do anything to oblige." All a trick, depend upon it! Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day's over, Evelyn will be member for Grogin-hole. I've had an express from Popkins; he's in despair! not for *himself*—but for the *country*, Sir John—what's to become of the country?

*Sir John.* But what could be Evelyn's *object*?

*Stout.* *Object*? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that?—a man who has not even any political opinions! *Object*! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family!

*Sir John.* Aha! I begin to smell a rat! But it is not too late yet.

*Stout.* My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Grogin-hole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money! and *he* told me that—

*Sir John.* What?

*Stout.* Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there's no hope for Popkins! England will rue this day!

*Sir John.* *Georgina* shall lend him the money! *I'll* lend him—every man in my house shall lend him—I feel again

what it is to be a father-in-law!—[*Aside.*] But stop; I'll be cautious. Stout may be on his side—a trap—not likely; but I'll go first to Spendquick myself. Sir Frederick, excuse me—you can't dine with me to-day. And, on second thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn, now he's down in the world. Can't think of it, my dear boy—can't think of it! Very much honoured, and happy to see you as a friend. Waiter, my carriage! Um! What, humbug *Stingy Jack*, will they? Ah! a good joke, indeed! [*Exit.*]

*Blount.* Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John? Something against my chawacter; I know you have; don't deny it. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction!

*Stout.* Satisfaction, Sir Frederick? as if a man of enlightenment had any satisfaction in fighting! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think!—he's no more ruined than you are.

*Blount.* Not ruined! Aha, now I understand! So, so! Stay, let me see—she's to meet me in the square!

[*Pulls out his watch; a very small one.*]

*Stout* [*pulling out his own: a very large one*]. I must be off to the vestry.

*Blount.* Just in time!—ten thousand pounds! 'Gad, my blood's up, and I won't be tweated in *this* way, if he were fifty times *Stingy Jack*! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The drawing-rooms in Sir John Vesey's house.*

LADY FRANKLIN, GRAVES.

*Graves.* Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still, but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

*Lady Frank.* She has been breaking her heart ever since she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has, could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

*Graves* [*half aside*]. She would only give him his own money, if she did. I should like just to sound her.

*Lady Frank.* [*ringing the bell*]. And you shall. I take

so much interest in her, that I forgive your friend everything but his offer to Georgina.

*Enter Servant.*

Where are the young ladies?

*Ser.* Miss Vesey is, I believe, still in the square: Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

*Lady Frank.* What! did she go out with Miss Vesey?

*Ser.* No, my lady; I attended her to Drummond's the banker. *[Exit.]*

*Lady Frank.* Drummond's!

*Enter CLARA.*

Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

*Clara.* *[confused].* Oh, I—that is—I—Ah, Mr. Graves! How is Mr. Evelyn? How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

*Graves.* With an awful calm. I fear all is not right here! *[Touching his head.]*—The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly—perhaps to-day.

*Clara.* Abroad!—to-day!

*Graves.* But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vesey remains true in his misfortunes.

*Clara.* Ah? he loves her so much, then!

*Graves.* Um!—That's more than I can say.

*Clara.* She told me last night, that he said to the last that £10,000 would free him from all his liabilities—that was the sum, was it not?

*Graves.* Yes; he persists in the same assertion. Will Miss Vesey lend it?

*Lady Frank.* *[aside.]* If she does, I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she'd be no child of Sir John's!

*Graves.* I should like to convince myself that my poor friend has nothing to hope from a woman's generosity.

*Lady Frank.* Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

*Graves.* I know one man, at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to the woman who had scorned him.

*Lady Frank.* And never told her?



*Graves.* Never! There's no such document at Doctors' Commons, depend on it! You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good day!

*Clara* [following him]. One word, for mercy's sake! Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind! Generous Evelyn!

*Graves.* You appreciate, and *Georgina* will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still.—If that's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it—hang them! [Exit.

*Clara.* *Georgina* will desert him. Do you think so?—[Aside.] Ah, he will soon discover that she never wrote that letter!

*Lady Frank.* She told me last night that she would never see him again. To do her justice, she's less interested than her father,—and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn, she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

*Clara.* And he is alone—sad—forsaken—ruined. And I, whom he enriched—I, the creature of his bounty—I, once the woman of his love—I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! Oh, Lady Franklin, have pity on me—on him! We are both of kin to him—as relations, we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him—come!

*Lady Frank.* No! it would scarcely be right—remember the world—I cannot!

*Clara.* All abandon him—then I will go alone!

*Lady Frank.* You!—so proud—so sensitive!

*Clara.* Pride—when he wants a friend?

*Lady Frank.* His misfortunes are his own fault—a gambler!

*Clara.* Can you think of his faults now? I have no right to do so. All I have—all—his gift!—and I never to have dreamed it!

*Lady Frank.* But if *Georgina* do indeed release him—if she have already done so—what will he think? What but—

*Clara.* What but—that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother! Where now, should a sister be? But—but—I—I—I—tremble! If, after all—if—if— In one word, am I too

bold? The world—my conscience can answer *that*—but do you think that *HE* could despise me?

*Lady Frank.* No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue. Something tells me that this meeting may make the happiness of both! You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand—we will go together! *[Exeunt.]*

---

SCENE III.

*A room in EVELYN'S house.*

*Eve.* Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth—I have managed even Sharp; my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha! ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require, and for that time at least I shall hope to be thoroughly ruined.

*Enter GRAVES.*

Well, Graves, and what do people say of me?

*Graves.* Everything that's bad!

*Eve.* Three days ago I was universally respected. I awake this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet I'm the same man.

*Graves.* Umph!—why, gambling—

*Eve.* Cant! it was not criminal to gamble—it was criminal to lose. Tut!—Will you deny that if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself, every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man—Man! I've not been rich and poor for nothing! The Vices and the Virtues are written in a language the world cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are—FAILURE and SUCCESS! You alone are unchanged.

*Graves.* There's no merit in that. I am always ready to mingle my tears with any man.—*[Aside.]* I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it. Hark ye, Evelyn! I like you—I'm rich; and anything I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now 'tis out.

*Eve. [touched].* There's something good in human nature, after all! My dear friend, I will now confide in

you: I am not the spendthrift you think me—my losses have been trifling—not a month's income of my fortune. [GRAVES shakes him heartily by the hand.] No!—it has been but a stratagem to prove if the love, on which was to rest the happiness of a whole life, were given to the Money or the Man. Now you guess why I have asked from Georgina this one proof of confidence and affection.—Think you she will give it?

*Graves.* Would you break your heart if she did not?

*Eve.* It is in vain to deny that I still love Clara; our last conversation renewed feelings which would task all the energies of my soul to conquer. What then? I am not one of those, the Sybarites of sentiment, who deem it impossible for humanity to conquer love—who call their own weakness the voice of a resistless destiny. Such is the poor excuse of every woman who yields her honour—of every adulterer who betrays his friend. No! the heart was given to the soul as its ally, not as its traitor.

*Graves.* What do you tend to?

*Eve.* This:—If Georgina still adhere to my fortunes (and I will not put her to too harsh a trial); if she can face the prospect, not of ruin and poverty, but of a moderate independence; if, in one word, she love me for myself, I will shut Clara for ever from my thoughts. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfil its vows.

*Graves.* And if she reject you?

*Eve.* [joyfully]. If she do, I am free once more! And then—then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonour, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

*Enter Servant with a letter.*

*Eve.* [after reading it]. The die is cast—the dream is over! Generous girl! Oh, Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

*Graves.* Georgina! is it possible?

*Eve.* And the delicacy, the womanhood, the exquisite grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! How, seeing the straws on the surface, we forget that the pearls may lie hid below! \* I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

*Graves.* And I too.

\* "Errors like straws," &c.

*Eve.* It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer: I will write at once to undeceive that generous heart [*writing*].

*Graves.* I would have given £1000 if that little jade Clara had been beforehand. But just like my luck: if I want a man to marry one woman, he's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me. [*EVELYN rings the bell.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Eve.* Take this instantly to Miss Vesey; say I will call in an hour. [*Exit Servant.*] And now Clara is resigned for ever! Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

*Graves.* You are re-engaged then to Georgina?

*Eve.* Irrevocably.

---

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Servant, announcing LADY FRANKLIN and MISS DOUGLAS.*

*EVELYN and GRAVES.*

*Lady Frank.* My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations—it is reported you are about to leave the country—we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you?

*Eve.* Madam—I—

*Lady Frank.* Come, come—do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am: your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him.—[*Aside to GRAVES.*] Let us leave them to themselves.

*Graves.* You're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does.

[*They retire into the inner room, which should be partially open.*]

*Eve.* Miss Douglas, I may well want words to thank you; this goodness—this sympathy—

*Clara* [*abandoning herself to her emotion*]. Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus!—Goodness!—sympathy!—I have learned all—all! It is for ME to speak of gratitude! What! even when I had so wounded you—when you believed me mercenary and cold—when you thought

that I was blind and base enough not to know you for what you are; even *at that time* you thought but of my happiness—my fortunes—my fate!—And to you—you—I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh, noble Evelyn, this then was your revenge!

*Eve.* You owe me no thanks—that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted you, though you knew it not?—that in things the pettiest as the greatest, which that gold could buy—the very jewels you wore—the very robe in which, to other eyes, you might seem more fair—in all in which you took the woman's young and innocent delight—I had a part—a share? that, even if separated for ever—even if another's—even in distant years—perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices that might call you “mother!”—even then should the uses of that dress bring to your lips one smile—that smile was mine—due to me—due, as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected—to the love that you despised!

*Clara.* Despised! See the proof that I despise you!—see: in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forget the world—my pride—perhaps too much my sex: I remember but your sorrows—I am here!

*Eve.* [*aside*]. Oh, Heaven! give me strength to bear it!—[*Aloud*.] And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet—when I asked but *one day* the hope to call you mine—spoke only of poverty, and answered, “*Never*”?

*Clara.* Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had insured your misery. Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous; gifted, like you, with genius—ambition: sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done—married one whose only dower was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself!—I saw that ambition wither to despair!—I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man's agony—the bitter life—the early death!—and heard over his breathless clay my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly to repay you with such a doom?

*Eve.* Clara, we should have shared it!

*Clara.* Shared? Never let the woman who really loves, comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this, the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, alas! cannot share the struggle—she can but witness the despair! And therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

*Eve.* Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then.

*Clara.* But I am not poor: *we* are not so poor. Of this fortune, which is all your own—if, as I hear, one half would free you from your debts, why, we have the other half still left. Evelyn! it is humble—but it is not penury.

*Eve.* Cease—you know not how you torture me. Oh, that when hope was possible;—oh, that you had bid me take it to my breast and wait for a brighter day!

*Clara.* And so have consumed your life of life upon a hope perhaps delayed till age—shut you from a happier choice, from fairer fortunes—shackled you with vows that, as my youth and its poor attributes decayed, would only have irritated and galled—made your whole existence one long suspense! No, Alfred, even *yet* you do not know me.

*Eve.* Know you! Fair angel, too excellent for man's harder nature to understand!—at least it is permitted me to revere. Why were such blessed words not vouchsafed to me before?—why, why come they now?—too late! Oh, Heaven—too late!

*Clara.* Too late! What, then, have I said?

*Eve.* Wealth! what is it without you? *With* you, I recognise its power; to forestall your every wish—to smooth your every path—to make all that life borrows from Grace and Beauty your ministrant and handmaid; and then, looking to those eyes, to read there the treasures of a heart that excelled all that kings could lavish;—why *that* were to make gold indeed a god! But vain—vain—vain! Bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty, and honour, to another!

*Clara.* Another? Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this—indeed I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself! O, shame! he must despise me now!

## SCENE V.

*The foregoing.—Enter SIR JOHN; at the same time GRAVES and LADY FRANKLIN advance from the inner room.*

*Sir John* [with dignity and frankness]. Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defence, that—[as LADY FRANKLIN comes up to listen] Sister, just shut the door, will you—that I cannot resist her. What's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the £10,000.

*Eve.* I know, and have already received it.

*Sir John.* Already received it! Is he joking? Faith, for the last two days I believe I have been living amongst the Mysteries of Udolpho! Sister, have you seen Georgina?

*Lady Frank.* Not since she went out to walk in the square.

*Sir John* [aside]. She's not in the square nor the house—where the deuce can the girl be?

*Eve.* I have written to Miss Vesey—I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

*Sir John* [joyfully]. Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly—she must be back by this time: take my carriage, it is but a step—you will not be two minutes gone.—[Aside.] I'd go myself, but I'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he's in such excellent dispositions.

*Lady Frank.* [repulsing CLARA]. No, no: stay till I return. [Exit.]

*Sir John.* And don't be down-hearted, my dear fellow; if the worst come to the worst, you will have everything I can leave you. Meantime, if I can in any way help you—

*Eve.* Ha!—you!—you, too?—Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey?—[Aside]—or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

*Sir John.* No! on my honour. I only just called at the door on my way from Lord Spend—that is, from the City. Georgina was out;—was ever anything so unlucky?—[Without.] [Hurrah—hurrah! Blue for ever!]  
—What's that?

*Enter SHARP.*

*Sharp.* Sir, a deputation from Groginhole—poll closed in the first hour—you are returned! Holloa, sir—holloa!

*Eve.* And it was to please Clara!

*Sir John.* Mr. Sharp—Mr. Sharp—I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash and Co.?

*Sharp.* Oh, a great deal, sir,—a great deal.

*Sir John* [*alarmed*]. How?—a great deal!

*Eve.* Speak the truth, Sharp,—concealment is all over.

*Sharp.* £223 6s. 3d.—a great sum to throw away!

*Graves.* Ah, I comprehend now! Poor Evelyn caught in his own trap!

*Sir John.* Eh! what, my dear boy?—what? Ha! ha! all humbug, was it?—all humbug, upon my soul! So, Mr. Sharp, isn't he ruined after all?—not the least, we, rascally, little bit in the world, ruined?

*Sharp.* Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

*Sir John.* Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms.—And that's my sister's knock, too.

*Clara.* Since I was mistaken, consin,—since, now, you do not need me,—forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

*Eve.* Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled, you would know how little, in the great calamities of life, fortune is really worth. And must we part now,—now, when—when—I never wept before, since my mother died!

*Enter LADY FRANKLIN and GEORGINA, followed by BLOUNT, who looks shy and embarrassed.*

*Graves.* Georgina herself—then there's no hope.

*Sir John.* What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here?—Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want to—

*Eve.* Stand back, Sir John!

*Sir John.* But I must speak a word to her—I want to—

*Eve.* Stand back, I say,—not a whisper—not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to *her* heart only will I look for a reply to *mine*.



*Lady Frank.* [to GEORGINA]. Speak the truth, niece.

*Eve.* Georgina, it is true, then, that you trust me with your confidence—your fortune? It is also true, that when you did so you believed me ruined? Oh, pardon the doubt! Answer as if your father stood not there—answer me from that truth the world cannot yet have plucked from your soul—answer as if the woe or weal of a life trembled in the balance—answer as the woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted, *should* answer to one who has trusted to it his all!

*Geor.* What can he mean?

*Sir John* [making signs]. She'll not look this way; she will not—hang her—HEM!

*Eve.* You falter. I implore—I adjure you—answer!

*Lady Frank.* The truth!

*Geor.* Mr. Evelyn, your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

*Sir John.* Good girl! you hear her, Evelyn.

*Geor.* What's money without happiness?

*Sir John.* Clever creature!—my own sentiments!

*Geor.* And so, as our engagement is now annulled,—papa told me so this very morning,—I have promised my hand where I have given my heart—to Sir Frederick Blount.

*Sir John.* I told you,—I? No such thing—no such thing: you frighten her out of her wits—she don't know what she's saying.

*Eve.* Am I awake? But this letter—this letter, received to-day—

*Lady Frank.* [looking over the letter]. Drummond's—from a banker!

*Eve.* Read—read.

*Lady Frank.* "Ten thousand pounds just placed to your account—from the same unknown friend to Evelyn." Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning.

*Eve.* Clara! What!—and the former one with the same signature, on the faith of which I pledged my hand and sacrificed my heart—

*Lady Frank.* Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that—

*Eve.* Look up, look up, Clara—I am free!—I am released! you forgive me?—you love me?—you are mine! We are rich—rich! I can give you fortune, power,—I can devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul—I am all yours, Clara—my own—my wife!

*Sir John* [*to GEORGINA*]. So, you've lost the game by a revoke, in trumping your own father's best of a suit!—Unnatural jade!—Aha, Lady Franklin—I am to thank you for this!

*Lady Frank.* You've to thank me that she's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick. I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

*Geor.* [*half-sobbing*]. And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill-used and you would settle it all at the club.

*Blount.* Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device. After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the £10,000—

*Eve.* I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness?

*Sir John.* Pshaw—nonsense—stuff! Don't humbug me!

*Lady Frank.* But if you don't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

*Sir John.* Hum! there's something in that. [*Aside to EVELYN.*] Double it, will you? Then settle it all *tightly* on her. Well—well—my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you.—[*Pinching her arm.*] Ugh, you fool!

*Graves* [*to LADY FRANKLIN*]. I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we, eh? Frankly, now, frankly—

*Lady Frank.* Frankly, now, there's my hand, on one condition,—that we finish our reel on the wedding-day.

*Graves.* Accepted. Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction!

*Enter SMOOTH.*

*Smooth.* How d'ye do, Alfred? I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

*Blount.* Wish us joy, Smooth—Georgina's mine, and—

*Smooth.* And our four friends there apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick.

*Sir John.* Sir, your very—Confound the fellow!—and he's a dead shot, too!

*Enter STOUT and GLOSSMORE hastily, talking with each other.*

*Stout.* I'm sure he's of our side; we've all the intelligence.

*Gloss.* I'm sure he's of our's if his fortune is safe, for we've all the property.—My dear Evelyn, you were out of humour yesterday—but I forgive you.

*Stout.* Certainly!—what would become of public life if a man were obliged to be two days running in the same mind?—I rise to explain.—Just heard of your return, Evelyn. Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

*Gloss.* Preserve the Constitution!

*Stout.* Your money will do wonders for the party!—Advance!

*Gloss.* The party respects men of your property!—Stick fast!

*Eve.* I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow, does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys. Now all my politics as yet is to consider what's best for the Stout Gentleman!

*Smooth.* Meaning John Bull. *Ce cher* old John!

*Stout.* I'm as wise as I was before.

*Gloss.* Sir, he's a trimmer!

*Eve.* Smooth, we have yet to settle our first piquet account and our last! And I sincerely thank you for the service you have rendered to me, and the lesson you have given these gentlemen.—[*Turning to CLARA.*] Ah, Clara, you—you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends—we must confess it—amidst the humours and the

follies, the vanities, deceits, and vices that play their parts in the great Comedy of Life—it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of the TIME with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

*Graves.* But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without——

*Lady Frank.* Good health;

*Graves.* Good spirits;

*Clara.* A good heart;

*Smooth.* An innocent rubber;

*Geor.* Congenial tempers;

*Blount.* A pwoper degwee of pwudence;

*Stout.* Enlightened opinions;

*Gloss.* Constitutional principles;

*Sir John.* Knowledge of the world;

*Eve.* And——plenty of Money!



## THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.



TO ALL FRIENDS AND KINSFOLK  
IN  
THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH,

This Drama is Dedicated

WITH AFFECTION AND RESPECT.

LONDON,  
*Sept. 28, 1868.*





## PREFACE.

---

MANY years ago this Drama was re-written from an earlier play by the same Author, called "The Sea Captain," the first idea of which was suggested by a striking situation in a novel by M. A. Dumas (*Le Capitaine Paul*). The Author withdrew "The Sea Captain" from the stage (and even from printed publication), while it had not lost such degree of favour as the admirable acting of Mr. Macready chiefly contributed to obtain for it; intending to replace it before the public with some important changes in the histrionic cast, and certain slight alterations in the conduct of the story. But the alterations once commenced, became so extensive in character, diction, and even in revision of plot, that a new play gradually rose from the foundations of the old one. The task thus undertaken, being delayed by other demands upon time and thought, was scarcely completed when Mr. Macready's retirement from his profession suspended the Author's literary connection with the stage, and "The Rightful Heir" has remained in tranquil seclusion till this year, when he submits his appeal to the proper tribunal;—sure, that if he fail of a favourable hearing, it will not be the fault of the friends who take part in his cause and act in his behalf.

LONDON,  
Sept. 28, 1868.



## NOTE.



"THE Spanish Armada was ready in the beginning of May, but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the Admiral, was seized with a fever, of which he soon after died. . . . At last the Spanish fleet, full of hope and alacrity, set sail from Lisbon May 29th, but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships—sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groyne, where they waited till they could be re-fitted. When news of this event was carried to England, the Queen concluded that the design of an invasion was disappointed for the summer, and, being always ready to lay hold on every pretence for saving money, she made Walsingham write to the Admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships, and to discharge the seamen. But Lord Effingham, who was not so sanguine in his hopes, used the freedom to disobey these orders, and he begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense. . . .

"Meanwhile, all the damages of the Armada were repaired, and the Spaniards, with fresh hopes, set out again to sea."—*Hume*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

LORD BEAUFORT, *Son to Lady Montreville.*

SIR GREY DE MALPAS, *the poor cousin, distantly connected to Lady Montreville, but next in succession to the earldom, on failure of the direct line.*

WRECKLYFFE, *a disinherited and ruined gentleman—who, after a vicious and lawless career on land, has turned pirate.*

SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, *a justice of the peace.*

VYVYAN, *the captain of the Dreadnought, a privateer.*

FALKNER, *Vyvyan's first lieutenant and friend.*

HARDING, *Vyvyan's second lieutenant.*

MARSDEN, *seneschal to Lady Montreville.*

ALTON, *a village priest.*

A SUB-OFFICER on board the *Dreadnought.*

Servants, Sailors, Clerk, and Halberdiers attendant on Sir Godfrey.

LADY MONTREVILLE, *a countess in her own right.*

EVELINE, *her ward—distantly related to her, and betrothed to Vyvyan.*

---

TIME OCCUPIED.—*In the first four acts, one day. Between the 4th and 5th acts the interval of a year. Time supposed to be occupied by the events in the 5th act, little more than that required for representation on the stage.*

DATE OF THE PLAY.—*In the first four acts, July 1588—the year of the Armada. The 5th act, the Summer of 1589.*

---

\* \* There are a few omissions and verbal alterations in the Stage representation of the Play : but they are too slight to require special notice in the printed text.



# THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

---

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*In the foreground the house of SIR GREY DE MALPAS, small and decayed, the casements broken, &c. Ruins around, as if the present house were but the remains of some more stately edifice of great antiquity. In the background, a view of the sea. On a height at some little distance, the castle of Mantreville, the sun full upon its turrets and gilded vanes.*

*N.B. The scene to be so contrived that the grandeur of the castle and the meanness of the ruin be brought into conspicuous contrast.*

SIR GREY *at work on a patch of neglected garden ground, throws down his spade and advances.*

Sir G. I cannot dig! Fie what a helpless thing  
Is the white hand of well-born poverty!  
And yet between this squalor and that pomp  
Stand but two lives, a woman's and a boy's—  
But two frail lives. I may outlive them both.

*Enter WRECKLYFFE.*

Wreck. Ay, that's the house—the same; the master  
changed,  
But less than I am. Winter creeps on him,  
Lightning hath stricken me. Good day.

Sir G. Pass on.  
No spendthrift hospitable fool spreads here  
The board for strangers. Pass.

Wreck. Have years so dimmed  
Eyes once so keen, De Malpas?

Sir G. [*after a pause*]. Ha! Thy hand.  
What brings thee hither?

Wreck. 'Brings me?' say 'hurls back.'  
First, yellow pestilence, whose ghastly wings

Guard, like the fabled griffin, India's gold;  
 Unequal battle next; then wolfish famine;  
 And lastly, stern (rough welcome home to England)  
 Swept decks from stern to stem: to shore was flung  
 A lonely pirate on a battered hulk!  
 One wreck rots stranded;—you behold the other.

*Sir G.* Penury hath still its crust and roof-tree—share them.

Time has dealt hardly with us both, since first  
 We two made friendship—thou straight-limbed, well-favoured,

Stern-hearted, disinherited dare-devil!

*Wreck.* And thou?—

*Sir G.* A stroke paints me. My lord's poor cousin.  
 How strong thou wert, yet I could twist and wind thee  
 Round these slight hands;—that is the use of brains!

*Wreck.* Still jokes and stings?

*Sir G.* Still a poor cousin's weapons.

*Wreck.* Boast brains, yet starve?

*Sir G.* Still a poor cousin's fate, sir.

Pardon my brains, since oft thy boasts they pardoned;  
 (Sad chance since then), when rufflers aped thy swagger,  
 And village maidens sighed and, wondering, asked  
 Why heaven made men so wicked—and so comely.

*Wreck.* 'Sdeath! Wilt thou cease?

*Sir G.* That scar upon thy front  
 Bespeaks grim service.

*Wreck.* In thy cause, de Malpas;  
 The boy, whom at thine instance I allured  
 On board my bark, left me this brand of Cain.

*Sir G.* That boy—

*Wreck.* Is now a man—and on these shores.  
 This morn I peered from yonder rocks that hid me,  
 And saw his face. I whetted then this steel:  
 Need'st thou his death? In me behold Revenge!

*Sir G.* He lives!—he lives! There is a third between  
 The beggar and the earldom!

*Wreck.* Steps and voices!  
 When shall we meet alone? Hush, it is he!

*Sir G.* He with the plume?

*Wreck.*

Ay.

*Sir G.* Quick; within.

*Wreck.*

And thou?

*Sir G.* I dig the earth; see the grave-digger's tool.

[*Exit WRECKLYFFE within the house.*]

*Enter HARDING and Sailors.*

*Hard.* Surely 'twas here the captain bade us meet him  
While he went forth for news?

*1st Sailor.*

He comes.

*Enter VYVIAN.*

*Hard.*

Well, captain,

What tidings of the Spaniards' armament?

*Vyv.* Bad, for they say the fighting is put off,  
And storm in Biscay driven bark the Dons.

This is but rumour—we will learn the truth.

Harding, take horse and bear these lines to Drake—

If yet our country needs stout hearts to guard her,

He'll not forget the men on board the Dreadnought,

Thou can'st be back ere sunset with his answer,

And find me in yon towers of Montreville.

[*Exit HARDING.*]

Meanwhile make merry in the hostel, lads,

And drink me out these ducats in this toast :—

“No foes be tall eno' to wade the moat

Which girds the fort whose only walls are men.”

[*Sailors cheer, and exeunt.*]

*Vyv.* I never hailed reprieve from war till now.

Heaven grant but time to see mine Eveline,

And learn my birth from Alton.

*Enter FALKNER.*

*Falk.*

Captain.

*Vyv.*

Falkner!

So soon returned? Thy smile seems fresh from home.

All well there?

*Falk..*

Just in time to make all well.

My poor old father!—bailiffs at his door;

He tills another's land, and crops had failed.

I poured mine Indian gold into his lap,

And cried “O father, wilt thou now forgive

The son who went to sea against thy will?”

*Vyv.* And he forgave.—Now tell me of thy mother;



I never knew one, but I love to mark  
 The quiver of a strong man's bearded lip  
 When his voice lingers on the name of mother.  
 Thy mother bless'd thee——

*Falk.* Yes, I —— [*Falters and turns aside.*]  
 Pshaw! methought

Her joy was weeping on my breast again!

*Vyv.* I envy thee those tears.

*Falk.* Eno' of me!  
 Now for thyself. What news? Thy fair betrothed—  
 The maid we rescued from the turbaned corsair  
 With her brave father in the Indian seas—  
 Found and still faithful?

*Vyv.* Faithful, I will swear it;  
 But not yet found. Her sire is dead—the stranger  
 Sits at his hearth—and with her next of kin,  
 Hard by this spot—yea, in yon sunlit towers,  
 Mine Eveline dwells.

*Falk.* Thy foster father, Alton,  
 Hast thou seen him?

*Vyv.* Not yet. My Falkner, serve me.  
 His house is scarce a two hours' journey hence,  
 The nearest hamlet will afford a guide;  
 Seek him and break the news of my return,  
 Say I shall see him ere the day be sped.  
 And, hearken, friend (good men at home are apt  
 To judge us sailors harshly), tell him this—  
 On the far seas his foster son recalled  
 Prayers taught by age to childhood, and implored  
 Blessings on that grey head. Farewell! Now, Eveline.

[*Exeunt, severally, VYVIAN and FALKNER.*]

*Sir G. [advancing].* Thou seekest those towers—go. I  
 will meet thee there.

He must not see the priest—the hour is come  
 Absolving Alton's vow to guard the secret;  
 Since the boy left, two 'scutcheons moulder o'er  
 The dust of tombs from which his rights ascend;  
 He must not see the priest—but how forestall him?—  
 Within! For there dwells Want, Wit's counsellor,  
 Harbouring grim Force, which is Ambition's tool.

[*Exit SIR GREY.*]

## SCENE II.

*The gardens of the castle of Montreville, laid out in the formal style of the times. Parterres sunk deep in beds of arabesque design. The gardens are enclosed within an embattled wall, which sinks, here and there, into low ornamented parapets, over which the eye catches a glimpse of the sea, which is immediately below. A postern gate in the wall is open, through which descends a flight of steps, hewn out of the cliff.*

*Enter* LADY MONTREVILLE.

*Lady M.* This were his birthday, were he living still !  
But the wide ocean is his winding sheet,  
And his grave—here ! [*Pressing her hand to her heart.*] I  
dreamed of him last night !  
Peace ! with the dead, died shame and glozing slander ;  
In the son left me still, I clasp a world  
Of blossoming hopes which flower beneath my love,  
And take frank beauty from the flattering day.  
And—but my Clarence !—in his princely smile  
How the air brightens !

*Enter* LORD BEAUFORT, *speaking to* MARSDEN.

*Lord B.* Yes, my gallant roan,  
And, stay—be sure the falcon, which my lord  
Of Leicester sent me ; we will try its metal.

*Mars.* Your eyes do bless him, madam, so do mine :  
A gracious spring ; Heaven grant we see its summer !  
Forgive, dear lady, your old servant's freedom.

*Lady M.* Who loves him best with me ranks highest,  
Marsden.

[*Exit* MARSDEN.]

Clarence, you see me not.

*Lord B.* Dear mother, welcome.  
Why do I miss my soft-eyed cousin here ?

*Lady M.* It doth not please me, son, that thou should'st  
haunt

Her steps, and witch with dulcet words her ear.  
Eveline is fair, but not the mate for Beaufort.

*Lord B.* Mate ! Awful word ! Can youth not gaze on  
beauty

Save by the torch of Hymen? To be gallant,  
Melt speech in sighs, or murder sense in sonnets;  
Veer with each change in Fancy's April skies,  
And o'er each sun-shower fling its fleeting rainbow.  
All this——

*Lady M.* [*gloomily*]. Alas, is love.

*Lord B.* No! Love's light prologue,  
The sportive opening to the serious drama;  
The pastime practice of Dan Cupid's bow,  
Against that solemn venture at the butts  
At which fools make so many random shafts,  
And rarely hit the white! Nay, smile, my mother;  
How does this plume become me?

*Lady M.* Foolish boy!  
It sweeps too loosely.

*Lord B.* Now-a-days, man's love  
Is worn as loosely as I wear this plume—  
A glancing feather swept with every wind  
Into new shadows o'er a giddy brain  
Such as your son's. Let the plume play, sweet mother!

*Lady M.* Would I could chide thee!

*Lord B.* Hark, I hear my steed  
Neighing impatience; and my falcon frets  
Noon's lazy air with lively silver bells;  
Now, madam, look to it—no smile from me  
When next we meet,—no kiss of filial duty,  
Unless my fair-faced cousin stand beside you,  
Blushing 'Peccavi' for all former sins—  
Shy looks, cold words, this last unnatural absence,  
And taught how cousins should behave to cousins.

[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.]

*Lady M.* Trifler! And yet the faults that quicken  
fear

Make us more fond—we parents love to pardon.

*Enter* EVELINE, weaving flowers—not seeing LADY  
MONTREVILLE.

*Evel.* [*Sings*].—

Bud from the blossom,  
And leaf from the tree,  
Guess why in weaving,  
I sing "Woe is me!"—

'Tis that I weave you  
To drift on the sea,  
And say, when ye find him,  
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

[Casts the flowers, woven into a garland, over the  
parapet, and advances.

Lady M. A quaint but mournful rhyme.

Evel. You, madam!—pardon!

Lady M. What tells the song?

Evel. A simple village tale

Of a lost seaman, and a crazed girl,  
His plighted bride—good Marsden knew her well,  
And oft-times marked her singing on the beach,  
Then launch her flowers, and smile upon the sea.  
I know not why—both rhyme and tale do haunt me.

Lady M. Sad thoughts haunt not young hearts, thou  
senseless child.

Evel. Is not the child an orphan?

Lady M. In those eyes

Is there no moisture softer than the tears  
Which mourn a father? Roves thy glance for Beaufort?  
Vain girl, beware! The flattery of the great  
Is but the eagle's swoop upon the dove,  
And, in descent, destroys.

Evel. Can you speak thus,  
Yet bid me grieve not that I am an orphan?

[Retires up the garden.

Lady M. [to herself]. I have high dreams for Beaufort;  
bright desires!

Son of a race whose lives shine down on Time  
From lofty tombs, like beacon-towers o'er ocean,  
He stands amidst the darkness of my thought,  
Radiant as Hope in some lone captive's cell.  
Far from the gloom around, mine eyes, inspired,  
Pierce to the future, when these bones are dust,  
And see him loftiest of the lordly choirs  
Whose swords and coronals blaze around the throne,  
The guardian stars of the imperial isle—  
Kings shall revere his mother.

Enter SIR GREY, speaking to Servant.

Sir G.

What say'st thou?

*Servant* [*insolently*]. Sir Grey—ha! ha!—Lord Beaufort craves your pardon,

He shot your hound—its bark disturbed the deer.

*Sir G.* The only voice that welcomed me! A dog—Grudges he that?

*Servant.* Oh sir, 'twas done in kindness  
To you and him; the dog was wondrous lean, sir!

*Sir G.* I thank my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

So, my poor Tray is killed!

And yet *that* dog but barked—can *this* not bite?

[*Approaches* LADY MONTREVILLE *vindictively, and in a whisper—*

He lives!

*Lady M.* He! who?

*Sir G.* The heir of Montreville!

Another, and an elder Beaufort, lives!

[*Aside*] So—the fang fixes fast—good—good!

*Lady M.* Thou saidst

Ten years ago—"Thy first-born is no more—  
Died in far seas."

*Sir G.* So swore my false informant.

But now, the deep that took the harmless boy  
Casts from its breast the bold-eyed daring man.

*Lady M.* Clarence! My poor proud Clarence!

*Sir G.* Ay, *poor* Clarence!

True; since his father, by his former nuptials

Had other sons, if you, too, own an elder,

Clarence is poor—as poor as his poor cousin.

Ugh! but the air is keen, and Poverty

Is thinly clad; subject to rheums and agues [*shivers*],

Asthma and phthisis [*coughs*], pains in the loins and limbs,

And leans upon a crutch, like your poor cousin.

If Poverty begs, Law sets it in the stocks;

If it is ill, the doctors mangle it;

If it is dying, the priests scold at it;

And, when 'tis dead, rich kinsmen cry, "Thank heaven!"

Ah! if the elder prove his rights, dear lady,

Your younger son will know what's poverty!

*Lady M.* Malignant, peace! why dost thou torture me?

The priest who shares alone with us the secret

Hath sworn to guard it,

*Sir G.* Only while thy sire  
And second lord survived. Yet, what avails  
In law his tale, unbacked by thy confession?

*Lady M.* All! He hath proofs, clear proofs. Thrice woe  
to Clarence!

*Sir G.* Proofs—written proofs?

*Lady M.* Of marriage, and the birth!

*Sir G.* Wherefore so long was this concealed from me?

*Lady M.* Thou wert my father's agent, Grey de Malpas,  
Not my familiar.

*Sir G.* Here, then, ends mine errand.

*Lady M.* Stay, sir—forgive my rash and eager temper;  
Stay, stay, and counsel me. What! sullen still?  
Need'st thou gold?—befriend, and find me grateful.

*Sir G.* Lady of Montreville, I once was young,  
And pined for gold, to wed the maid I loved:  
Your father said, "Poor cousins should not marry,"  
And gave that sage advice in lieu of gold.

A few years later, and I grew ambitious,  
And longed for wars and fame, and foolish honours:  
Then I lacked gold, to join the knights, mine equals,  
As might become a Malpas and your kinsman:  
Your father said he had need of his poor cousin  
At home, to be his huntsman, and his falconer!

*Lady M.* Forgetful! After my first fatal nuptials  
And their sad fruit, count you as naught—

*Sir G.* My hire!  
For service and for silence; not a gift.

*Lady M.* And spent in riot, waste, and wild debauch!

*Sir G.* True; in the pauper's grand inebriate wish  
To know what wealth is,—tho' but for an hour.

*Lady M.* But blame you me or mine, if spendthrift  
wassail

Run to the dregs? Mine halls stand open to you;  
My noble Beaufort hath not spurned your converse;  
You have been welcomed—

*Sir G.* At your second table,  
And as the butt of unchastised lackeys;  
While your kind son, in pity of my want,  
Hath this day killed the faithful dog that shared it.  
'Tis well; you need my aid, as did your father,  
And tempt, like him with gold. I take the service;

And, when the task is done, will talk of payment.  
 Hist! the boughs rustle. Closer space were safer;  
 Vouchsafe your hand, let us confer within.

*Lady M.* Well might I dream last night! A fearful  
 dream. [*Exeunt LADY MONTREVILLE and SIR GREY.*]

*Re-enter EVELINE.*

*Evel.* O, for some fairy talisman to conjure  
 Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!  
 And yet in love, there's no such word as absence;  
 The loved one glides beside our steps for ever;  
 Its presence gave such beauty to the world,  
 That all things beautiful its tokens are,  
 And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,  
 Breathes with its voice, and haunts us with its aspect.

*Enter VYVYAN through the postern gate.*

There spoke my fancy, not my heart! Where art thou,  
 My unforbidden Vyvyan?

*Vyv.* At thy feet!  
 Look up—look up!—these are the arms that sheltered  
 When the storm howled around; and these the lips  
 Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss  
 Of parting lingered, as the fragrance left  
 By angels, when they touch the earth and vanish.  
 Look up; night never hungered for the sun  
 As for thine eyes my soul!

*Evel.* Oh! joy, joy, joy!

*Vyv.* Yet weeping still, tho' leaning on my breast!  
 My sailor's bride, hast thou no voice but blushes?  
 Nay from those drooping roses let me steal  
 The coy reluctant sweetness!

*Evel.* And, methought  
 I had treasured words, 'twould take a life to utter  
 When we should meet again!

*Vyv.* Recall them later.  
 We shall have time eno', when life with life  
 Blends into one;—why dost thou start and tremble?

*Evel.* Methought I heard her slow and solemn footfall!

*Vyv.* Her! Why, thou speak'st of woman: the meek  
 word  
 Which never chimes with terror.

*Evel.* You know not  
The dame of Montreville.

*Vyv.* Is she so stern ?  
*Evel.* Not stern, but haughty ; as if high-born virtue  
Swept o'er the earth to scorn the faults it pardoned.

*Vyv.* Haughty to thee ?  
*Evel.* To all, ev'n when the kindest ;  
Nay, I do wrong her ; never to her son ;  
And when those proud eyes moisten as they hail him,  
Hearts lately stung, yearn to a heart so human !  
Alas, that parent love ! how in its loss  
All life seems shelterless !

*Vyv.* Like thee, perchance,  
Looking round earth for that same parent shelter,  
I too may find but tombs. So, turn we both,  
Orphans, to that lone parent of the lonely,  
That doth like Sorrow ever upward gaze  
On calm consoling stars—the mother Sea.

*Evel.* Call not the cruel sea by that mild name.

*Vyv.* She is not cruel if her breast swell high  
Against the winds that thwart her loving aim  
To link, by every raft whose course she speeds,  
Man's common brotherhood from pole to pole ;  
Grant she hath danger—danger schools the brave,  
And bravery leaves all cruel things to cowards.  
Grant that she harden us to fear,—the hearts  
Most proof to fear are easiest moved to love,  
As on the oak whose roots defy the storm,  
All the leaves tremble when the south-wind stirs.  
Yet if the sea dismay thee, on the shores  
Kissed by her waves, and far, as fairy isles  
In poet dreams, from this grey care-worn world,  
Blooms many a bower for the Sea Rover's bride.  
I know a land where feathering palm-trees shade  
To delicate twilight, suns benign as those  
Whose dawning gilded Eden ;—Nature, there,  
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,  
Flings her whole treasure on the lap of Time.  
There, steeped in roseate hues, the lakelike sea  
Heaves to an air whose breathing is ambrosia ;  
And, all the while, bright-winged and warbling birds,  
Like happy souls released, melodious float



Thro' blissful light, and teach the ravished earth  
 How joy finds voice in Heaven. Come, rest we yonder,  
 And, side by side, forget that we are orphans !  
 [VYVYAN and EVELINE retire up the stage.]

*Enter* LADY MONTREVILLE and SIR GREY.

*Lady M.* Yet still, if Alton sees——

*Sir G.* Without the proofs,  
 Why, Alton's story were but idle wind ;  
 The man I send is swift and strong, and ere  
 This Vyvyan (who would have been here before me  
 But that I took the shorter path) depart  
 From your own threshold to the priest's abode,  
 Our agent gains the solitary dwelling,  
 And——

*Lady M.* But no violence !

*Sir G.* Nay, none but fear—  
 Fear will suffice to force from trembling age  
 Your safety, and preserve your Beaufort's birthright.

*Lady M.* Let me not hear the ignominious means ;  
 Gain thou the end ;—quick—quick !

*Sir G.* And if, meanwhile,  
 This sailor come, be nerved to meet—a stranger ;  
 And to detain—a guest.

*Lady M.* My heart is wax,  
 But my will, iron—go.

*Sir G.* [*aside*]. To fear add force—  
 And this hand closes on the proofs, and welds  
 That iron to a tool.

[*Exit* SIR GREY.]

*Re-enter* VYVYAN and EVELINE.

*Evel.* Nay, Vyvyan—nay,  
 Your guess can fathom not how proud her temper.

*Vyv.* Tut for her pride ! a king upon the deck  
 Is every subject's equal in the hall.

I will advance. [*He uncovers.*]

*Lady M.* Avenging angels, spare me !

*Vyv.* Pardon the seeming boldness of my presence.

*Evel.* Our gallant countryman, of whom my father  
 So often spake—who from the Algerine  
 Rescued our lives and freedom.

*Lady M.* Ah! Your name sir?

*Vyv.* The name I bear is Vyvyan, noble lady.

*Lady M.* Sir, you are welcome. Walk within, and hold  
Our home your hostel, while it lists you.

*Vyv.*

*Madam,*

I shall be prouder in all after time

For having been your guest.

*Lady M.*

How love and dread

Make tempest here! I pray you follow me.

[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.]

*Vyv.* A most majestic lady—her fair face  
Made my heart tremble, and called back old dreams:  
Thou saidst she had a son?

*Evel.*

Ah, yes.

*Vyv.*

In truth

A happy man.

*Evel.*

Yet he might envy thee:

*Vyv.* Most arch reprover, yes. As kings themselves  
Might envy one whose arm entwines his all.

[*Exeunt* EVELINE and VYVYAN.]

## ACT II—SCENE I.

*A Gothic chamber. On one side a huge hearth, over which an armorial shield and an earl's coronet, boldly carved. The walls covered with old portraits—tall beaufets in recesses filled with goblets and other vessels of silver. An open door admits a view of a cloister, and the alleys in the courtyard without.*

*A table spread with fruits and wines, at which are seated LADY MONTREVILLE, VYVYAN, and EVELINE.*

Vyv. Ha! ha! In truth we made a scurvy figure  
After our shipwreck.

Lady M. You jest merrily  
On your misfortunes.

Vyv. 'Tis the way with sailors:  
Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.

Lady M. That sigh, in truth, speaks sadness. Sir, if I  
In aught could serve you, trust me.

Evel. Trust her, Vyvyan.  
Methinks the mournful tale of thy young years  
Would raise thee up a friend, wherever pity  
Lives in the heart of woman.

Vyv. Gentle lady,  
The key of some charmed music in your voice  
Unlocks a haunted chamber in my soul;  
And—would you listen to an outcast's tale,—  
'Tis briefly told. Until my fifteenth year,  
Beneath the roof of a poor village priest,  
Not far from hence, my childhood wore away;  
Then stirred within me restless thoughts and deep;—  
Throughout the liberal and harmonious nature  
Something seemed absent,—what, I scarcely knew,  
Till one calm night, when over slumbering seas  
Watched the still heaven, and down on every wave  
Looked some soft lulling star—the instinctive want  
Learned what it pined for; and I asked the priest  
With a quick sigh—"Why I was motherless?"

Lady M. And he?—

*Vyv.* Replied that—I was nobly born,  
And that the cloud which dimmed a dawning sun,  
Oft but foretold its splendour at the noon.  
As thus he spoke, faint memories struggling came—  
Faint as the things some former life hath known.

*Lady M.* Of what?

*Vyv.* A face sweet with a stately sorrow,  
And lips which breathed the words that mothers murmur.

*Lady M.* [*aside*]. Back, tell-tale tears!

*Vyv.* About that time, a stranger  
Came to our hamlet; rough, yet, some said, well-born;  
Roysterer, and comrade, such as youth delights in.  
Sailor he called himself, and nought belied  
The sailor's metal ringing in his talk  
Of El Dorados, and Enchanted Isles,  
Of hardy Raleigh, and of fearless Drake,  
And great Columbus with prophetic eyes  
Fixed on a dawning world. His legends fired me—  
And, from the deep whose billows washed our walls,  
The alluring wave called with a siren's music.  
And thus I left my home with that wild seaman.

*Lady M.* The priest, consenting, still divulged not more?

*Vyv.* No; nor rebuked mine ardour. "Go," he said,  
"The noblest of all nobles are the men  
In whom their country feels herself ennobled."

*Lady M.* [*aside*]. I breathe again. Well, thus you left  
these shores—

*Vyv.* Scarce had the brisker sea-wind filled our sails,  
When the false traitor who had lured my trust  
Cast me to chains and darkness. Days went by,  
At length—one belt of desolate waters round,  
And on the decks one scowl of swarthy brows,  
(A hideous crew, the refuse of all shores)—  
Under the flapping of his raven flag  
The pirate stood revealed, and called his captive.  
Grimly he heard my boyish loud upbraidings,  
And grimly smiled in answering: "I, like thee,  
➤ Cast off, and disinherited, and desperate,  
Had but one choice, death or the pirate's flag—  
Choose *thou*—I am more gracious than thy kindred;  
I proffer life; the gold *they* gave me paid  
Thy grave in ocean!"

*Lady M.* Hold! The demon lied!

*Vyv.* Swift, as I answered so, his blade flashed forth;  
But self-defence is swifter still than slaughter;  
I plucked a sword from one who stood beside me,  
And smote the slanderer to my feet. Then all  
That human hell broke loose; oaths rang, steel lightened  
When in the death-swoon of the caitiff chief,  
The pirate next in rank forced back the swarm,  
And—in that superstition of the sea  
Which makes the sole religion of its outlaws—  
Forbade my doom by bloodshed—griped and bound me  
To a slight plank; spread to the winds the sail,  
And left me on the waves alone with God.

*Evel.* Pause. Let my hand take thine—feel its warm  
life,

And, shuddering less, thank Him whose eye was o'er thee.

*Vyv.* That day, and all that night, upon the seas  
Tossed the frail barrier between life and death;  
Heaven lulled the gales; and when the stars came forth,  
All looked so bland and gentle that I wept,  
Recalled that wretch's words, and murmured, "All,  
Ev'n wave and wind, are kinder than my kindred!"  
But—nay, sweet lady—

*Lady M.* Heed me not. Night passed—

*Vyv.* Day dawned; and, glittering in the sun, behold  
A sail—a flag!

*Evel.* Well—well?

*Vyv.* Like Hope, it vanished!

Noon glaring came—with noon came thirst and famine,  
And with parched lips I called on death, and sought  
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnawed  
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep:

And then—the clear wave trembled, and below  
(I saw a dark, swift-moving, shapeless thing,  
With watchful, glassy eyes;—the ghastly shark  
Swam hungering round its prey—then life once more  
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze  
And lifted hair I floated on, till sense  
Grew dim, and dimmer; and a terrible sleep  
(In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine)  
Fell on me—and—

*Evel.* Quick—quick!

*Vyv.* I woke, and heard  
My native tongue! Kind looks were bent upon me.  
I lay on deck—escaped the ravening death—  
For God had watched the sleeper.

*Evel.* Oh, such memories  
Make earth, for ever after, nearer heaven;  
And each new hour an altar for thanksgiving.

*Lady M.* Break not the tale my ear yet strains to listen.

*Vyv.* True lion of the ocean was the chief  
Of that good ship. Beneath his fostering eyes,  
Nor all ungraced by Drake's illustrious praise,  
And the frank clasp of Raleigh's kingly hand,  
I fought my way to manhood. At his death  
The veteran left me a more absolute throne  
Than Cæsar filled—his war-ship; for my realm  
And to the ocean, hope,—and measure it!  
Nameless, I took his name. My tale is done—  
And each past sorrow, like a wave on shore,  
Dies on this golden hour. [Turns to EVELINE.]

*Lady M.* [observing them]. He loves my ward,  
Whom Clarence, too—that thought piles fear on fear;  
Yet, hold—that very rivalry gives safety—  
Affords pretext to urge the secret nuptials,  
And the prompt parting, ere he meet with Alton.  
I—but till Nature sobs itself to peace,  
Here's that which chokes all reason. Will ye not  
Taste summer air cooled through yon shadowy alleys?  
Anon I'll join you.

[Exit LADY MONTREVILLE.]  
*Vyv.* We will wait your leisure.  
A most compassionate and courteous lady—  
How couldst thou call her proud?

*Evel.* Nay, ever henceforth,  
For the soft pity she hath shown to thee,  
I'll love her as a mother.

*Vyv.* Thus I thank thee [kissing her hand].  
[Exeunt through the cloisters.]

## SCENE II.

*Exterior of the castle. On one side, a terrace, with a low embattled parapet, hangs over the rock on which the castle is built, and admits a glimpse of the scene below. On another side, the ground stretches away into avenues and alleys. The castle thus seen, takes the character of a strong fortified hold.*

*N.B. The scene should present the space within a vast, but irregular embattled wall, large enough to enclose trees and undulating ground. The cloister, with the door leading to LADY MONTREVILLE'S apartment, will form part of the building, and a gate of great strength, with portcullis, &c., should form a side scene. Through this gate, as the principal portal, will enter LORD BEAUFORT, and, towards the end of the act, FALKNER.*

*Enter SIR GREY DE MALPAS from the terrace.*

Lord B. [*speaking without*]. A noble falcon! Marsden, hood him gently.

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT.*

Good day, old knight, thou hast a lowering look,  
As if still ruffled by some dire affray  
With lawless mice, at riot in thy larder.

Sir G. Mice in my house! magnificent dreamer, mice!  
The last was found three years ago last Christmas,  
Stretched out beside a bone; so lean and worn  
With pious fast—'twas piteous to behold it;  
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,  
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning  
To its—poor cousins! [*Aside*] Shall I be avenged?  
He killed my dog too.

*Enter VYVIAN and EVELINE, lingering in an alley in the background.*

Lord B. Knight, look there!—A stranger,  
And whispering with my cousin.

[*Sir G. aside.*] Jealous? Ha!  
Something should come of this: Hail, green-eyed fiend;  
[*Aloud*] Let us withdraw—tho' old I have been young;  
The whispered talk of lovers should be sacred.

Lord B. Lovers!

Sir G. Ah! true! You know not, in your absence  
Your mother hath received a welcome guest

In your fair cousin's wooer. Note him well,  
A stalwart comely gallant.

*Lord B.* Art thou serious?

A wooer to my cousin—quick, his name!

*Sir G.* His name?—my memory doth begin to fail me—  
Your mother will recall it. Seek—ask *her*—

*Lord B. [advancing].* Whom have we here? Familiar sir,  
excuse me,

I do not see the golden spurs of knighthood.

*Vyv.* Alack, we sailors have not so much gold  
That we should waste it on our heels! The steeds  
We ride to battle need no spurs, Sir Landsman;

*Lord B.* And overleap all laws; methinks thou art  
One of those wild Sea Rovers who—

*Vyv.* Refuse

To yield to Spain's proud tyranny, her claim  
To treat as thieves and pirates all who cross  
The line Spain's finger draws across God's ocean.  
We, the Sea Rovers, on our wandering decks  
Carry our land, its language, laws and freedom;  
We wrest from Spain the Sceptre of the seas,  
And in the New World build up a new England.  
For this high task, if we fulfill it duly,  
The Old and New World both shall bless the names  
Of Walter Raleigh and his bold Sea Rovers.

*Lord B.* Of those names thine is—

*Vyv.*

*Vyvyan.*

*Lord B.*

Master Vyvyan

Our rank scarce fits us for a fair encounter  
With the loud talk of blustering mariners.  
We bar you not our hospitality;  
Our converse, yes. Go, ask the Seneschal  
To lodge you with your equals!

*Vyv.*

Equals, stripling!

Mine equals truly should be bearded men,  
Noble with titles carpet lords should bow to—  
Memories of dangers dared, and service done,  
And scars on bosoms that have bled for England!

*Sir G.* Nay, coz, he has thee there. [*withholding* *LORD*  
*BEAUFORT.*] Thou shalt not, Clarence.  
Strike *me*. I'm weak and safe—but *he* is dangerous.



*Enter LADY MONTREVILLE from the cloister as LORD BEAUFORT breaks from SIR GREY and draws his sword.*

*Evel.* Protect your guest from your rash son.

*Lady M.* Thy sword  
Draw on thy——Back, boy! I command thee, back!  
To you, sir guest, have I in aught so failed,  
That in the son you would rebuke the mother?

*Vyv.* Madam, believe, my sole offence was this,  
That rated as a serf, I spoke as man.

*Lady M.* Wherefore, Lord Beaufort, such unseemly  
humours?

*Lord B.* [*drawing her aside*]. Wherefore?—and while we  
speak, his touch profanes her!

Who is this man? Dost thou approve his suit?  
Beware!

*Lady M.* You would not threaten——Oh, my Clarence,  
Hear me, you——

*Lord B.* Learned in childhood from my mother  
To brook no rival—and to curb no passion.  
Aid'st thou yon scatterling against thy son,  
Where most his heart is set?

*Lady M.* Thy heart, perverse one?  
Thou saidst it was not love.

*Lord B.* That was before  
A rival made it love—nay, fear not, mother,  
If you dismiss this insolent;—but, mark me,  
Dismiss him straight, or, by mine honour, madam,  
Blood will be shed.

*Lady M.* Thrice miserable boy!  
Let the heavens hear thee not!

*Lord B.* [*whispering as he passes VYVYAN*]. Again, and  
soon, sir! [*Exit LORD BEAUFORT.*]

*Lady M.* [*seeing SIR GREY*]. Villain!—but no, I dare not  
yet upbraid——

[*Aloud*]. After him, quick! Appease, soothe, humour him.

*Sir G.* Ay, madam, trust to your poor cousin.

[*Exit SIR GREY.*  
*Eveline,*

*Lady M.*  
Thou lov'st this Vyvyan?

*Evel.* Lady—I—he saved  
My life and honour.

*Lady M.* Leave us, gentle child,  
I would confer with him. May both be happy!

*Evel.* [to VYVYAN]. Hush! she consents; well mayst  
thou bid me love her.

[*Exit* EVELINE.]

*Lady M.* Sir, if I gather rightly from your speech,  
You do not mean long sojourn on these shores?

*Vyv.* Lady, in sooth, mine errand here was two-fold.  
First, to behold, and, if I dare assume  
That you will ratify her father's promise,  
To claim my long affianced; next, to learn  
If Heaven vouchsafe me yet a parent's heart.  
I gained these shores to hear of war and danger—  
The long-suspended thunderbolt of Spain  
Threatened the air. I have despatched an envoy  
To mine old leader, Drake, to crave sure tidings;  
I wait reply: If England be in peril,  
Hers my first service; if, as rumour runs,  
The cloud already melts without a storm,  
Then, my bride gained, and my birth tracked, I sail  
Back to the Indian seas, where wild adventure  
Fulfil in life what boyhood dreamed in song.

*Lady M.* 'Tis frankly spoken—frankly I reply.  
First—England's danger: Now, for five slow years  
Have Spain's dull trumpets blared their braggart war,  
And Rome's grey monk-craft muttered new crusades;  
Well, we live still—and all this deluge dies  
In harmless spray on England's scornful cliffs.  
And, trust me, sir, if war beleaguer England,  
Small need of one man's valour: lacked she soldiers,  
Methinks a Mars would strike in childhood's arm,  
And woman be Bellona.

*Vyv.* Stately matron,  
So would our mother country speak and look,  
Could she take visible image!

*Lady M.* Claim thy bride  
With my assent, and joyous gratulation.  
She shall not go undowried to your arms.  
Nor deem me wanting to herself and you  
If I adjure prompt nuptials and departure.  
Beaufort—thou see'st how fiery is his mood—  
In my ward's lover would avenge a rival:

Indulge the impatient terrors of a mother,  
And quit these shores. Why not this night?

*Vyv.*

This night?

With her—my bride?

*Lady M.*

So from the nuptial altar  
Pledge thou thy faith to part—to spread the sail  
And put wide seas between my son and thee.

*Vyv.* This night, with Eveline!—dream of rapture! yet—  
My birth untracked——

*Lady M.*

Delay not for a doubt  
Bliss when assured. And, heed me, I have wealth  
To sharpen law, and power to strengthen justice;  
I will explore the mazes of this mystery;  
I—I will track your parents.

*Vyv.*

Blessed lady;  
My parents—find me one with eyes like thine,  
And were she lowliest of the hamlet born,  
I would not change with monarchs.

*Lady M.* [*aside*].

Can I bear this?  
Your Eveline well nigh is my daughter; you  
Her plighted spouse; pray you this kiss—O, sweet!

[*He sinks on his knee as she kisses his forehead.*]

*Vyv.* Ah, as I kneel, and as thou bendest o'er me,  
Methinks an angel's hand lifts up the veil  
Of Time, the great magician, and I see  
Above mine infant couch, a face like thine.

*Lady M.* Mine, stranger!

*Vyv.*

Pardon me; a vain wild thought  
I know it is; but on my faith, I think  
My mother was like thee.

*Lady M.*

Peace, peace! We talk  
And fool grave hours away. Inform thy bride;  
Then to thy bark, and bid thy crew prepare;  
Meanwhile, I give due orders to my chaplain.  
Beside the altar we shall meet once more;—  
And then—and then—Heaven's blessing and farewell!

[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.]

*Vyv.* Most feeling heart! its softness hath contagion,  
And melts mine own! Her aspect wears a charm  
That half divides my soul with Eveline's love!  
Strange! while I muse, a chill and ominous awe  
Creeps thro' my veins! Away, ye vague forebodings!

Eveline! At thy dear name the phantoms vanish,  
And the glad future breaks like land on sea,  
When rain-mists melt beneath the golden morn.

*Enter FALKNER.*

*Falk.* Ha! Vyvyan!

*Vyv.*

Thou!

*Falk.*

Breathless with speed to reach thee.

I guessed thee lingering here. Thy foster sire  
Hath proofs that clear the shadow from thy birth.  
Go—he awaits thee where yon cloud-capt rock  
Jags air with barb'd peaks—St. Kinian's Cliff.

*Vyv.* My birth! My parents live?

*Falk.*

I know no more.

*Enter HARDING.*

*Hard.* Captain, the rumour lied. I bring such news  
As drums and clarions and resounding anvils  
Fashioning the scythes of reapers into swords,  
Shall ring from Thames to Tweed.

*Vyv.*

The foeman comes!

*Hard.* [*giving letter*]. These lines will tell thee; Drake's  
own hand.

*Vyv.* [*reading*].

"The Armada

Has left the Groyne, and we are ranging battle.

Come! in the van I leave one gap for thee."

Poor Eveline! Shame on such unworthy weakness!

*Falk.* [*taking him aside*]. Time to see her and keep thy  
tryst with Alton.

Leave me to call the crews and arm the decks.

Not till the moon rise in the second hour

After the sunset, will the deepening tide

Float us from harbour—ere that hour be past

Our ship shall wait thee by St. Kinian's Cliff.

Small need to pray thee not to miss the moment

Whose loss would lose thee honour.

*Vyv.*

If I come not

Ere the waves reel to thy third signal gun,

Deem Death alone could so delay from duty,

And step into my post as o'er my corpse.

*Falk.* Justly, my captain, thou rebuk'st my warning,  
And couldst thou fail us, I would hold the signal

As if thy funeral knell—crowd every sail,  
And know thy soul——

*Vyv.*

Was with my country still.

[*Shouts without.*]

*Enter Sub-officer, Sailors, Retainers, and Villagers,  
confusedly.*

*Sub-officer [with broadsheet].* Captain, look here. Just come!

*Vyv.*

The Queen's Address

From her own lips to the armed lines at Tilbury.

*Voices.* Read it, sir, read it.

*Vyv.*

Hush then [*reading*]. "Loving people,

Let tyrants fear! I, under Heaven, have placed  
In loyal hearts my chiefest strength and safeguard,  
Being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle  
To live and die amongst you all; content  
To lay down for my God and for my people  
Honour and life-blood in the dust: I know  
I have the body of a feeble woman,  
But a King's heart, a King of England's too;  
And think foul scorn that Parma, Spain, or Europe,  
Dare to invade the borders of my realm!  
Where England fights—with concord in the camp,  
Trust in the chief, and valour in the field,  
Swift be her victory over every foe  
Threatening her crown, her altars and her people."

The noble Woman King! These words of fire  
Will send warm blood through all the veins of Freedom  
Till England is a dream! Uncover, lads!  
God and St. George! Hurrah for England's Queen!

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*St. Kinian's Cliff, a wild and precipitous headland. In front the ground is broken with crags, here and there interspersed with stunted brushwood. The scene to be so contrived as to give some notion of the height of the cliff. Time, a little before sunset.*

ALTON and VYVIAN seated.

Alton. And I believed them when they said "He died  
In the far seas." Ten years of desolate sorrow  
Passed as one night—Now thy warm hand awakes me.

Vyv. Dear friend, the sun sets fast.

Alton.

Alas ! then listen.

There was a page, fair, gentle, brave, but low-born—  
And in those years when, to young eyes, the world,  
With all the rough disparities of fortune,  
Floats level thro' the morning haze of fancy,  
He loved the heiress of a lordly house :  
She, scarce from childhood, listening, loved again,  
And secret nuptials hallowed stolen meetings—  
'Till one—I know not whom (perchance a kinsman,  
Heir to that house—if childless died its daughter)  
Spied—tracked the bridegroom to the bridal bower,  
Aroused the sire, and said, "Thy child's dishonoured !"  
Snatching his sword, the father sought the chamber ;  
Burst the closed portal—but his lifted hand  
Escaped the crime. Cold as a fallen statue,  
Cast from its blessed pedestal for ever,  
The bride lay senseless on the lonely floor  
By the oped casement, from whose terrible height  
The generous boy, to save her life or honour,  
Had plunged into his own sure death below.

Vyv. A happy death, if it saved her he loved !

Alton. A midnight grave concealed the mangled clay,  
And buried the bride's secret. Few nights after,  
Darkly as life from him had passed away,  
Life dawned on thee—and, from the unconscious mother,  
Stern hands conveyed the pledge of fatal nuptials

To the poor priest, who to thy loftier kindred  
Owed the mean roof that sheltered thee.

*Vyv.*

Oh say

I have a mother still!

*Alton.*

Yes, she survived—

Her vows, thy birth, by the blind world unguessed;  
And, after years of woe and vain resistance,  
Forced to a lordlier husband's arms.

*Vyv.*

My soul

Ofttimes recalls a shadowy Mournfulness,  
With woman's patient brow, and saddest tears  
Dropped fast from woman's eyes;—they were my mother's.

*Alton.* In stealth a wife—in stealth a mother! yes,  
*Then* did she love thee, *then* aspired to own  
In coming times, and bade me hoard these proofs  
For that blest day. But, ah! with the new ties  
Came new affections—to the second nuptials  
A second son was born; she loved him better,  
Better than thee—than her own soul!

*Vyv.*

Poor mother!

*Alton.* And haughtier thoughts on riper life arose,  
And worldly greatness feared the world's dread shame,  
And she forsook her visits to thy pillow,  
And the sire threatened and the kinsman prayed,  
Till, over-urged by terror for thy safety,  
I took reluctant vows to mask the truth  
And hush thy rights while lived thy mother's sire,  
And he, her second unsuspecting lord.  
Thus thy youth, nameless, left my lonely roof.  
The sire and husband died while thou wert absent.  
Thou liv'st—thou hast returned; mine oath is freed;  
These scrolls attest my tale and prove thy birthright—  
Hail, Lord of Beaufort—Heir of Montreville!

*Vyv.* 'Tis she—'tis she! At the first glance I loved  
her!

And when I told my woes, she wept—she wept!  
This is her writing. Look—look where she calls me  
"Edmond and child." Old man, how thou hast wronged  
her!

Joy—joy! I fly to claim and find a Mother!

[*Exit VYVYAN.*]

*Alton.* Just Power, propitiate Nature to that cry.

And, from the hardened rock, let living streams  
Gush as in Horeb ! Ah, how faintly flags,  
Strained by unwonted action, weary age !  
I'll seek the neighbouring hamlet—rest and pray.

[*Exit* ALTON.]

---

SCENE II.

*The exterior of the castle, as in Scene II., Act II. Sunset. The twilight  
creeps on during the scene.*

*Enter* SIR GREY and WRECKLYFFE.

*Sir G.* The priest had left his home ?

*Wreck.*

The hour I reached it.

*Sir G.* With but one man ? Didst thou not hound the  
foot-track ?

*Wreck.* I did.

*Sir G.* Thou didst—and yet the prey escaped !

I have done : I gave thee thy soul's wish, revenge,  
Revenge on Vyvyan—and thou leav'st his way  
Clear to a height as high from thy revenge  
As is yon watch-tower from a pirate's gibbet.

*Wreck.* Silence ! thou——

*Sir G.* [*haughtily*]. Sir !

*Wreck.* [*subdued and cowed*]. Along the moors I track'd  
them,

But only came in sight and reach of spring  
Just as they gained the broad and thronging road,  
Aloud with eager strides, and clamorous voices—  
A surge of tumult, wave to wave rebooming  
How all the might of Parma and of Spain  
Hurried its thunders on.

*Sir G.* Dolt, what to us  
Parma and Spain ? The beggar has no country !

*Wreck.* But deeds like that which thou dost urge me to  
Are not risked madly in the populous day.  
I come to thy sharp wit for safer orders.

*Sir G.* My wit is dulled by time, and must be ground  
Into an edge by thought. Hist !—the door jars,  
She comes. Skulk yonder—hide thee—but in call !



A moment sometimes makes or marreth fortune,  
Just as the fiend Occasion springs to hand—  
Be thou that fiend!

[WRECKLYFFE passes among the trees, and exit.]

*Enter LADY MONTREVILLE from the cloister.*

*Lady M.* Look on me! What, nor tremble?  
Couldst thou have deemed my father's gold a bribe  
For my son's murder? Sold to pirates! Cast  
On the wild seas!

*Sir G.* How! I knew nought of this.  
If such the truth, peace to thy father's sins,  
For of those sins is this. Let the past sleep,  
Meet present ills—the priest hath left his home  
With Vyvyan's comrade, and our scheme is foiled.

*Lady M.* I will, myself, see Alton on the morrow—  
Edmond can scarce forestall me; for this night  
Fear sails with him to the far Indian main.

*Sir G.* Let me do homage to thy genius. Sorceress,  
What was thy magic?

*Lady M.* Terror for my Clarence,  
And Edmond's love for Eveline.

*Sir G.* [*aside*]. I see!  
Bribed by the prize of which she robs his rival!—  
This night—so soon?—this night—

*Lady M.* I save my Clarence!  
Till then, keep close, close to his side. Thou hast soothed  
him?

*Sir G.* Fear not—these sudden tidings of the foe  
With larger fires have paled receding love—  
But where is Vyvyan?

*Lady M.* Doubtless with his crew,  
Preparing for departure.

*Lord B.* [*without*]. This way, Marsden.

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT, with MARSDEN and armed  
Attendants.*

*Lord B.* Repair yon broken parapets at dawn;  
Yonder the culverins!—delve down more sharply  
That bank;—clear out the moat. Those trees—eh,  
Marsden,—  
Should fall? They'd serve to screen the foe! Ah mother,

Make me a scarf to wear above the armour  
In which thy father, 'mid the shouts of kings,  
Shivered French lances at the Cloth of Gold.

*Mars.* Nay, my young lord, too vast for you that armour.

*Lord B.* No; you forget that the breast swells in danger,  
And honour adds a cubit to the stature.

*Lady M.* Embrace me, Clarence, I myself will arm thee.  
Look at him, Marsden—yet they say I spoil him!

*Sir G.* [*who has been leaning over the low parapet, advances,*  
*draws aside* LADY MONTREVILLE *and whispers.*

I mark i' the distance, swift disordered strides,  
And the light bound of an impatient spirit;  
Vyvyan speeds hither, and the speed seems joy.  
He sought his crew—Alton might there await him.

*Lady M.* His speed is to a bride.

*Sir G.* Ay, true—old age  
Forgets that Love's as eager as Ambition;  
Yet hold thyself prepared.

*Lady M.* [*to herself*]. And if it were so!  
Come, I will sound the depths of Beaufort's heart;  
And, as that answers, hush or yield to conscience.  
Lead off these men. [*Exeunt SIR GREY and Attendants.*  
[*To MARSDEN.*] Go, meet my this day's guest,  
And see he enter through the garden postern.

[*Exit* MARSDEN.]

Clarence, come back.

*Lord B.* [*peevishly*]. What now?

*Lady M.* Speak kindly, Clarence.  
Alas, thou'lt know not till the grave close o'er me, +  
How I did need thy kindness!

*Lord B.* Pardon, mother,  
My blunt speech now, and froward heat this morning.

*Lady M.* Be all such follies of the past, as leaves  
Shed from the petals of the bursting flower.  
Think thy soul slept, till honour's sudden dawn  
Flashed, and the soil bloomed with one hero more!  
Ah, Clarence, had I, too, an elder-born,  
As had thy father by his former nuptials!—  
Could thy sword carve out fortune?

*Lord B.* Ay, my mother!

*Lady M.* Well the bold answer rushes from thy lips!  
Yet, tell me frankly, dost thou not, in truth,

Prize over much the outward show of things ;  
 And couldst thou—rich with valour, health and beauty,  
 And hope—the priceless treasure of the young—  
 Couldst thou endure descent from that vain height  
 Where pride builds towers the heart inhabits not ;  
 To live less gorgeously, and curb thy wants  
 Within the state, not of the heir to earls,  
 But of a simple gentleman ?

*Lord B.* If reared to it,  
 Perchance contented so ; but *now*—no, never !  
 Such as I am, thy lofty self hath made me ;  
 Ambitious, haughty, prodigal ; and pomp  
 A part of my very life. If I could fall  
 From my high state, it were as Romans fell,  
 On their swords' point ! Why is your cheek so hueless ?  
 Why daunt yourself with airiest fantasies ?  
 Who can deprive me of mine heritage—  
 The titles borne at Palestine and Crecy,  
 The seignory, ancient as the throne it guards,  
 That will be mine in trust for sons unborn,  
 When time—from this day may the date be far !—  
 Transfers the circlet on thy stately brows  
 (Forgive the boast !) to no unworthy heir ?

*Lady M. [aside].* My proud soul speaks in his, and stills  
 remorse ;

I'll know no other son ! Now go, Lord Beaufort.

*Lord B.* So formal—fie !—has Clarence then offended ?

*Lady M.* Offended ?—thou ! Resume thy noble duties,  
 Sole heir of Montreville ! *[Exit LORD BEAUFORT.]*

My choice is made.

As one who holds a fortress for his king,  
 I guard this heart for Clarence, and I close  
 Its gates against the stranger. Let him come. *[Exit.]*

*Enter VYVYAN and EVELINE. Twilight, but still clear ; a few  
 stars come out gradually.*

*Evel.* I would not bid thee stay, thy country calls thee—  
 But thou hast stunned my heart i' the midst of joy  
 With this dread sudden word—part—part !

*Vyv.* Live not  
 In the brief present. Go forth to the future !  
 Wouldst thou not see me worthier of thy love ?

*Evel.* Thou canst not be so.

*Vyv.* Sweet one, I am now  
Obscure and nameless. What, if at thy feet  
I could lay rank and fortune?

*Evel.* These could give  
To me no bliss save as they blest thyself.

Into the life of him she loves, the life  
Of woman flows, and nevermore reflects  
Sunshine or shadow on a separate wave.  
Be his lot great, for his sake she loves greatness;  
Humble—a cot with *him* is Arcady!  
Thou art ambitious; thou wouldst arm for fame,  
Fame then fires me too, and without a tear,  
I bid thee go where fame is won—as now:  
Win it and I rejoice; but fail to win,  
Were it not joy to think I could console?

*Vyv.* O that I could give vent to this full heart!  
Time rushes on, each glimmering star rebukes me—  
Is that the Countess yonder? This way—come.

[*Retire up the stage.*]

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT and SIR GREY.*

*Lord B.* Leave England, say'st thou—and with her?

*Sir G.* Thou hast wrung  
The secret from me. Mark—I have thy promise  
Not to betray me to thy mother.

*Lord B.* Ah!  
Thought she to dupe me with that pomp of words,  
And blind ambition while she beggared life?

No, by yon heavens, she shall not so befool me!  
*Sir G.* Be patient. Had I guessed how this had galled,  
I had been dumb.

*Lord B.* Stand from the light! Distraction!  
She hangs upon his breast!

[*Hurries to VYVIAN, and then, uncovering with an attempt at courtesy, draws him to the front of the stage.*]

[*WRECKLYFFE, who, at the first entrance of VYVIAN, has looked forth and glided after him, as if not to lose sight of his revenge, now creeps through the foliage, within hearing.*]

*Lord B.* Sir, one word with you.  
This day such looks and converse passed between us  
As men who wear these vouchers for esteem,  
Cancel with deeds.

*Vyv. [aside].* The brave boy! How I love him!

*Lord B.* What saidst thou, sir?

*Evel. [approaching].* Oh, Clarence.

*Lord B.* Fear not, cousin.

I do but make excuses for my rudeness

At noon, to this fair cavalier.

*Sir G.* If so,

Let us not mar such courteous purpose, lady.

*Evel.* But—

*Sir G.* Nay, you are too timid!

[*Draws EVELINE away.*]

*Lord B.* Be we brief, sir,

You quit these parts to-night. This place beseems not

The only conference we should hold. I pray you

Name spot and hour in which to meet again,

Unwitnessed save by the broad early moon.

*Vyv.* Meet thee again—oh yes!

*Lord B.* There speaks a soldier,

And now I own an equal. Hour and place?

*Vyv.* Wait here till I have—

*Lord B.* No, sir, on thy road.

Here we are spied.

*Vyv.* So be it, on my road.

[*Aside.* There where I learned that heaven had given a  
brother,

There the embrace.] Within the hour I pass

St. Kinian's Cliff.

*Lord B.* Alone?

*Vyv.* Alone.

*Lord B.* Farewell!

*Sir G. [catching at LORD BEAUFORT as he goes out].* I  
heard St. Kinian's Cliff. I'll warn the Countess.

*Lord B.* Do it, and famish!

*Sir. G.* Well, thy fence is skilful.

*Lord B.* And my hand firm.

*Sir G.* But when?

*Lord B.* Within the hour!

[*Exit LORD BEAUFORT.*]

*Evel.* I do conjure thee on thine honour, Vyvyan,  
Hath he not——

*Vyv.* What?

*Evel.* Forced quarrel on thee?

*Vyv.* Quarrel!

That were beyond his power. Upon mine honour,  
No, and thrice no!

*Evel.* I scarce dare yet believe thee.

*Vyv.* Why then, I thus defy thee still to tremble.  
Away this weapon! [*throwing down his sword*]. If I meet  
thy cousin,

Both must be safe, for one will be unarmed.

*Evel.* Mine own frank hero-lover, pardon me;  
Yet, need'st thou not——

*Vyv.* Oh, as against the Spaniard,  
There will be swords enow in Vyvyan's war-ship—  
But art thou sure his heart is touched so lightly?

*Evel.* Jealous, and now!

*Vyv.* No, the fair boy, 'tis pity!

*Enter MARSDEN.*

*Mars.* My lady, sir, invites you to her presence;  
Pray you, this way.

*Evel.* Remember—O, remember,  
One word again, before we part; but one!

*Vyv.* One word. Heaven make it joyous.

*Evel.* Joyous!

*Vyv.* Soft, let me take that echo from thy lips  
As a good omen. How my loud heart beats! [*aside*].  
Friend, to your lady.

[*Exeunt VYVYAN and MARSDEN within the castle.*]

*Evel.* Gone! The twilight world  
Hath its stars still—but mine! Ah, woe is me!

[*Exit EVELINE.*]

*Sir G.* Why take the challenge, yet cast off the weapon?  
Perchance, if, gentle, he forbears the boy;  
Perchance, if worldly wise, he fears the noble;  
Or hath he, in his absence, chanced with Alton?  
It matters not. Like some dark necromancer,  
I raise the storm, then rule it thro' the fiend!  
Where waits this man without a hope?

*Wreck.* [*advancing*].

Save vengeance!

*Sir G.* Wert thou as near when Beaufort spoke with Vyvyan?

*Wreck.* Shall I repeat what Vyvyan said to Beaufort?

*Sir G.* Thou know'st——

*Wreck.* I know, that to St. Kinian's Cliff  
Will come the man whose hand wrote "felon" here.

*Sir G.* Mark, what I ask is harder than to strike;  
'Tis to forbear—but 'tis revenge with safety.  
Let Vyvyan first meet Beaufort; watch what pass,  
And if the boy, whose hand obeys all passion,  
Should slay thy foeman, and forestall thy vengeance,  
Upon thy life (thou know'st, of old, Grey Malpas)  
Prevent not, nor assist.

*Wreck.* That boy slay Vyvyan!

*Sir G.* For Vyvyan is unarmed.

*Wreck.* Law calls that—murder!

*Sir G.* Which by thy witness, not unbacked by proof,  
Would give the murderer to the headsman's axe,  
And leave Grey Malpas heir of Montreville,  
And thee the richest squire in all his train.

*Wreck.* I do conceive the scheme. But if the youth  
Fail or relent——

*Sir G.* I balk not thy revenge.  
And, if the corpse of Beaufort's rival be  
Found on the spot where arm'd Beaufort met him,  
To whom would justice track the death blow?—Beaufort!

*Wreck.* No further words. Or his, or mine the hand,  
Count one life less on earth; and weave thy schemes—  
As doth the worm its coils—around the dead.

[Exit WRECKLYFFE.]

*Sir G.* One death avails as three, since for the mother  
Conscience and shame were sharper than the steel.  
So, I o'erleap the gulf, nor gaze below.  
On this side, desolate ruin; bread begrudged;  
And ribald scorn on impotent grey hairs;  
The base poor cousin Boyhood threats with famine—  
Whose very dog is butchered if it bark:—  
On that side bended knees and fawning smiles,  
Ho! ho! there—Room for my lord's knights and pages!  
Room at the Court—room there, beside the throne!  
Ah, the new Earl of Montreville! His lands  
Cover two shires. Such men should rule the state—

A gracious lord—the envious call him old ;  
Not so—the coronet conceals grey hairs.  
He limp'd, they say, when he wore hose of serge.  
Tut, the slow march becomes the robes of ermine.  
Back, Conscience, back ! Go scowl on boors and beggars—  
Room, smiling flatterers, room for the new Earl !

[*Exit* SIR GREY.]



## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

LADY MONTREVILLE'S apartment as in Sc. I., Act II. *Lights. During the scene the moon rises, seen through the casement.* LADY MONTREVILLE seated.

*Enter VIVIAN.*

*Lady M.* Thou com'st already to demand thy bride?

*Vyv.* Alas! such nuptials are deferred. This night  
The invader summons me—my sole bride, Honour,  
And my sole altar—England! [*Aside.*] How to break it?

*Lady M.* My Clarence on the land, and thou on sea,  
Both for their country armed! Heaven shield ye both!

*Vyv.* Say you that?—*Both*?—You, who so love your  
son?

*Lady M.* Better than life, I love him!

*Vyv.* [*aside*]. I must rush  
Into the thick. Time goads me! [*Aloud.*] Had you not  
Another son? A first-born?

*Lady M.* Sir!

*Vyv.* A son,  
On whom those eyes dwelt first—whose infant cry  
Broke first on that divine and holiest chord  
In the deep heart of woman, which awakes  
All Nature's tenderest music? Turn not from me!  
I know the mystery of thy mournful life.  
Will it displease thee—will it—to believe  
That son is living still?

*Lady M.* Sir—sir—such license  
Expels your listener [*rises*].

*Vyv.* No, thou wilt not leave me?  
I say, thou wilt not leave me—on my knees  
I say, thou *shalt* not leave me!

*Lady M.* Loose thine hold!  
*Vyv.* I am thy son—thine Edmond—thine own child!  
Saved from the steel, the deep, the storm, the battle;  
Rising from death to thee—the source of life!  
Flung by kind heaven once more upon thy breast,

Kissing thy robe, and clinging to thy knees.

Dost thou reject thy son?

*Lady M.*

I have no son,

Save Clarence Beaufort.

*Vyv.*

Do not—do not hear her,

Thou who, enthroned amid the pomp of stars,

Dost take no holier name than that of Father!

Thou hast no other son? O, cruel one!

Look—look—these letters to the priest who reared him—

See where thou call'st him "Edmond"—"child"—"life's  
all!"—

Can the words be so fresh on this frail record,

Yet fade, obliterate from the undying soul?

By these—by these—by all the solemn past,

By thy youth's lover—by his secret grave—

By every kiss upon thine infant's cheek—

By every tear that wept his fancied death—

Grieve not that still a first-born calls thee "Mother!"

*Lady M.* Rise. If these prove that such a son once  
lived,

Where are your proofs that still he lives in you?

*Vyv.* There! in thine heart!—thine eyes that dare not  
face me!

Thy trembling limbs, each power, each pulse of being,

That vibrates at my voice! Let pride encase thee

With nine-fold adamant, it rends asunder

At the great spell of Nature—Nature calls;

Parent, come forth!

*Lady M.* [*aside*]. Resolve gives way! Lost Clarence!

What! "Fall as Romans fell, on their swords' point?"

No, Clarence, no! [*turning fiercely*]. Impostor! If thy  
craft

Hath, by suborning most unworthy spies,

Sought in the ruins of a mourner's life

Some base whereon to pile this laboured falsehood,

Let law laugh down the fable—Quit my presence.

*Vyv.* No. I will not.

*Lady M.*

Will not! Ho!

*Vyv.*

Call your hirelings,

And let them hear me [*striding to the hearth*]. Lo, beneath  
thy roof,

And on the sacred hearth of sires to both,

Under their 'scutcheon, and before their forms  
Which from the ghostly canvas I invoke  
To hail their son—I take my dauntless stand,  
Armed with my rights; now bid your menials thrust  
From his own hearth the heir of Montreville!

*Enter Servants.*

*Lady M.* Seize on——[*Clasping her hands before her face.*]

Out—out! His father stands before me

In the son's image. No, I dare not!

*Servant.*

*Madam,*

Did you not summon us?

*Vyv.*

They wait your mandate,

*Lady of Montreville.*

*Lady M.*

I called not. Go!

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Art thou my son? If so, have mercy, Edmond!

Let Heaven attest with what remorseful soul

I yielded to my ruthless father's will,

And with cold lips profaned a second vow.

I *had* a child—I was a parent, true;

But exiled from the parent's paradise,

Not mine the frank joy in the face of day,

The pride, the boast, the triumph, and the rapture;

Thy couch was sought as with a felon's step,

And whispering nature shuddered at detection.

Oh, could'st thou guess what hell to loftier minds

It is to live in one eternal lie!

Yet, spite of all, how dear thou wert!

*Vyv.*

I was?

Is the time past for ever? What my sin?

*Lady M.* I loved thee till another son was born,

A blossom 'mid the snows. Thou wert afar,

Seen rarely—alien—on a stranger's breast

Leaning for life. But this thrice-bless'd one

Smiled in mine eyes, took being from my breast,

Slept in mine arms; here love asked no concealment—

Here the tear shamed not—here the kiss was glory—

Here I put on my royalty of woman—

The guardian, the protector; food, health, life—

It clung to me for all. Mother and child,

Each was the all to each.

*Vyv.* O, prodigal,  
Such wealth to him, yet nought to spare to me !  
*Lady M.* My boy grew up, my Clarence. Looking on  
him

Men prized his mother more—so fair and gracious,  
And the world deemed to such high state the heir !  
Years went ; they told me that by Nature's death  
Thou hadst in boyhood passed away to heaven.  
I wept thy fate ; and long ere tears were dried,  
The thought that danger, too, expired for Clarence,  
Did make thy memory gentle.

*Vyv.* Do you wish  
That I were still what once you wept to deem me ?

*Lady M.* I did rejoice when my lip kissed thy brow ;  
I did rejoice to give thy heart its bride ;  
I would have drained my coffers for her dowry ;  
But wouldst thou ask me if I can rejoice  
That a life rises from the grave abrupt  
To doom the life I cradled, reared, and wrapt  
From every breeze, to desolation ?—No !

*Vyv.* What would you have me do ?

*Lady M.* Accept the dowry,  
And, blest with Eveline's love, renounce thy mother.

*Vyv.* Renounce thee ! No—*these* lips belie not Nature !  
Never !

*Lady M.* Eno'—I can be mean no more,  
Ev'n in the prayer that asked his life. Go, slay it.

*Vyv.* Why must my life slay his ?

*Lady M.* Since his was shaped  
To soar to power—not grovel to dependence—  
And I do seal his death-writ when I say,  
“ Down to the dust, Usurper ; bow the knee  
And sue for alms to the true Lord of Beaufort.”  
Those words shall not be said—I'll find some nobler.  
Thy rights are clear. The law might long defer them—  
I do forestall the law. These lands be thine.  
Wait not my death to lord it in my hall :  
Thus I say not to Clarence, “ Be dependent ”—  
But I *can* say, “ Share poverty with me.”  
I go to seek him ; at his side depart ;  
He spurns thine alms : I wronged thee — take thy  
vengeance !

Vyv. Merciless — hold, and hear me — I — alms! —  
vengeance! —

True — true, this heart a mother never cradled,  
Or she had known it better.

Lady M.

Edmond!

Vyv.

Hush!

Call me that name no more — it dies for ever!

Nay, I renounce thee not, for that were treason

On the child's lip. Parent, renounce thy child!

As for these nothings [*giving the papers*], take them; if  
you dread

To find words, once too fond, they're blurr'd already —

You'll see but tears: tears of such sweetness, madam.

I did not think of lands and halls, pale Countess,

I did but think — these arms shall clasp a mother.

Now they are worthless — take them. Never guess

How covetous I was — how hearts, cast off,

Pine for their rights — rights not of parchment, lady.

Part we, then, thus? No, put thine arms around me;

Let me remember in the years to come,

That I have lived to say, a mother blessed me!

Lady M. Oh, Edmond, Edmond, thou hast conquered,  
Edmond!

Thy father's voice! — his eyes! Look down from heaven,

Bridegroom, and pardon me; I bless thy child!

Vyv. Hark! she has blessed her son! It mounts to  
heaven,

The blessing of the mother on her child!

Mother, and mother; — how the word thrills thro' me!

Mother, again dear mother! Place thy hand

Here — on my heart. Now thou hast felt it beat,

Wilt thou misjudge it more? Recoil'st thou still?

Lady M. [*breaking from him*]. What have I done? —  
betrayed, condemned my Clarence!

Vyv. Condemned thy Clarence! By thy blessing,  
No!

That blessing was my birthright. I have won

That which I claimed. Give Clarence all the rest.

Silent, as sacred, be the memory

Of this atoning hour. Look, evermore [*kissing her*]

Thus — thus I seal the secret of thy first-born!

Now, only Clarence lives! Heaven guard thy Clarence!

Now deem me dead to thee. Farewell, farewell!

[Exit VYVYAN.]

Lady M. [rushing after him]. Hold, hold—too generous,  
hold! Come back, my son!

[Exit LADY MONTREVILLE.]

---

SCENE II.

*St. Kinian's Cliff. The ship on the sea. WRECKLYFFE standing in the shadow of a broken rock.*

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Lord B. And still not here! The hour has long since  
passed.

I'll climb yon tallest peak, and strain mine eyes  
Down the sole path between the cliff and ocean.

[Exit LORD BEAUFORT.]

Wreck. [advancing]. The boors first grinned, then paled,  
and crept away;

The tavern-keeper slunk, and muttered "Hangdog!"  
And the she-drudge whose rough hand served the drink,  
Stifled her shriek, and let the tankard fall!

It was not so in the old merry days:

Then the scarred hangdog was "fair gentleman."

And—but the reckoning waits. Why tarries he?

[Signal gun from the ship.]

A signal! Ha!

Vyv. [without]. I come! I come!

Wreck. [grasping his knife but receding as he sees BEAU-  
FORT, who appears above]. Hot lordling!

I had well nigh forestalled thee. Patience!

[Creeps under the shadow of the rock, and thence  
steals out of sight in the background.]

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Lord B.

Good!

From crag to crag he bounds—my doubts belied him;  
His haste is eager as my own.

Enter VYVYAN.

Sir, welcome.

*Vyv.* Stay me not, stay me not! Thou hast all else  
But honour—rob me not of that! Unhand me!

*Lord B.* Unhand thee? yes—to take thy ground and draw.

*Vyv.* Thou know'st not what thou sayest. Let me go!

*Lord B.* Thyself didst name the place and hour!

*Vyv.* For here

I thought to clasp—[*aside*] I have no brother now!

*Lord B.* He thought to clasp his Eveline. Death and madness!

*Vyv.* Eveline! Thou lov'st not Eveline. Be consoled.  
Thou hast not known affliction—hast not stood  
Without the porch of the sweet home of men;  
Thou hast leaned upon no reed that pierced the heart;  
Thou hast not known what it is, when in the desert  
The hopeless find the fountain: happy boy,  
Thou hast not loved. Leave love to man and sorrow!

*Lord B.* Dost thou presume upon my years? Dull scoffer!

The brave is man betimes—the coward never.  
Boy if I be, my playmates have been veterans;  
My toy a sword, and my first lesson valour.  
And, had I taken challenge as thou hast,  
And on the ground replied to bold defiance  
With random words implying dastard taunts,  
With folded arms, pale lip, and haggard brow,  
I'd never live to call myself a man.

Thus says the boy, since manhood is so sluggard,  
Soldier and captain. Do not let me strike thee!

*Vyv.* Do it,—and tell thy mother, when thy hand  
Outraged my cheek, I pardoned thee, and pitied.

*Lord B.* Measureless insult! Pitied! [*Second gun.*]

*Vyv.* There, again!

And still so far! Out of my path, insane one!  
Were there nought else, thy youth, thy mother's love  
Should make thee sacred to a warrior's arm—  
Out of my path. Thus, then [*suddenly lifts, and puts him aside*].

Oh, England—England!

Do not reject me too!—I come! I come! [*Exit up the cliff.*]

*Lord B.* Thrust from his pathway—every vein runs fire!

Thou shalt not thus escape me—Stand or die ! [*Rushes after him.*]

[*VYVYAN retreats to the edge of the cliff, and grasps for support at the bough of a tree.*]

Vyv. Forbear, forbear !

Lord B.

Thy blood on thine own head !

[*Third gun.*]

[*As BEAUFORT lifts his sword and strikes, VYVYAN retreats—the bough breaks, and VYVYAN falls down the precipice.*]

Wreck. [*who has followed part of the way, peering down the precipice*].—Is the deed done ? If not, this steel completes it.

[*Descends the cliff, and disappears.*]

[*LORD BEAUFORT sinks on his knee in horror. The ship sails on as the scene closes slowly.*]



## ACT V.—SCENE I.

*St. Kinian's Cliff. A year is supposed to have passed since the date of Act IV.*

*Enter SIR GREY DE MALPAS.*

*Sir G.* A year—and Wreckcliffe still is mute and absent,  
Even as Vyvyan is! Most clear! He saw,  
And haply shared, the murderous deed of Beaufort;  
And Beaufort's wealth hath bribed him to desert  
Penury and me. That Clarence slew his brother  
I cannot doubt. He shuts me from his presence;  
But I have watched him, wandering, lone, yet haunted—  
Marked the white lip and glassy eyes of one  
For whom the grave has ghosts, and silence, horror.  
His mother, on vague pretext of mistrust  
That I did sell her first-born to the pirate,  
Excludes me from her sight, but sends me alms  
Lest the world cry, "See, her poor cousin starves!"  
Can she guess Beaufort's guilt? Nay! For she lives!  
I know that deed, which, told unto the world,  
Would make me heir of Montreville. O, mockery!  
For how proceed?—no proof! How charge?—no witness!  
How cry, "Lo! murder!" yet produce no corpse!

*Enter ALTON.*

*Alton.* Sir Grey de Malpas! I was on my way  
To your own house.

*Sir G.* Good Alton—can I serve you?

*Alton.* The boy I took from thee, returned a man  
Twelve months ago: mine oath absolved.

*Sir G.* 'Tis true.

*Alton.* Here did I hail the rightful lord of Montreville,  
And from these arms he rushed to claim his birthright.

*Sir G.* [*aside*]. She never told me this.

*Alton.* That night, his war-ship  
Sailed to our fleet. I deemed him with the battle.  
Time went; Heaven's breath had scattered the Armada.

I sate at my porch to welcome him—he came not.  
I said, “His mother has abjured her offspring,  
And law detains him while he arms for justice.”  
Hope sustained patience till to-day.

*Sir G.*

To-day?

*Alton.* The very friend who had led me to his breast

Returns, and——

*Sir G.* [*soothingly*]. Well?

*Alton.* He fought not with his country.

*Sir G.* And this cold friend lets question sleep a year?

*Alton.* His bark too rashly chased the flying foe;  
Was wrecked on hostile shores; and he a prisoner.

*Sir G.* Lean on my arm, thou’rt faint.

*Alton.*

Oh, Grey de Malpas,

Can men so vanish—save in murderous graves?

You turn away.

*Sir G.* What murder without motive?

And who had motive here?

*Alton.*

Unnatural kindred.

*Sir G.* Kindred! Ensnare me not! Mine, too, that  
kindred.

Old man, beware how thou asperse Lord Beaufort!

*Alton.* Beaufort! Oh, horror! How the instinctive truth  
Starts from thy lips.

*Sir G.*

From mine—priest!

*Alton.*

Not of man

Ask pardon, if accomplice——

*Sir G.*

I accomplice!

Nay, since ’tis my good name thou sulliest now—

This is mine answer: Probe; examine; search;

And call on justice to belie thy slander.

Go, seek the aid of stout Sir Godfrey Seymour;

A dauntless magistrate; strict, upright, honest:

[*Aside.*] At heart a Puritan, and hates a Lord,

With other slides that fit into my grooves.

*Alton.* He bears with all the righteous name thou giv’st  
him.

Thy zeal acquits thyself.

*Sir G.*

And charges none.

*Alton.* Heaven reads the heart. Man can but track the  
deed.

My task is stern.

[*Exit* ALTON.

*Sir G.* Scent lies—suspicious dogs—  
And with hot breath pants on the flight of conscience.  
Ah! who comes here? Sharp wit, round all occasion!

*Enter FALKNER with Sailors.*

*Falk.* Learn all you can—when latest seen, and where—  
Meanwhile I seek yon towers. [*Exeunt Sailors.*]

*Sir G.* Doubtless, fair sir,  
I speak to Vyvyan's friend. My name is Malpas—  
Can it be true, as Alton doth inform me,  
That you suspect your comrade died by murder?

*Falk.* Murder!

*Sir G.* And by a rival's hand? Amazed!  
Yet surely so I did conceive the priest.

*Falk.* Murder!—a rival!—true, he loved a maiden!

*Sir G.* In yonder halls!

*Falk.* Despair! Am I too late  
For all but vengeance! Speak, sir,—who this rival?

*Sir G.* Vengeance!—fie—seek those towers, and learn  
compassion.

Sad change indeed, since here, at silent night,  
Your Vyvyan met the challenge of Lord Beaufort.

*Falk.* A challenge?—here?—at night?

*Sir G.* Yes, this the place.  
How sheer the edge! crag, cave, and chasm below!  
If the foot slipped,—nay, let us think slipped heedless,—  
Or some weak wounded man were headlong plunged,  
What burial place more secret?

*Falk.* Hither, look!  
Look where, far down the horrible descent,  
Through some fresh cleft rush subterranean waves,  
How wheel and circle ghastly swooping wings!

*Sir G.* The sea-gulls ere a storm.

*Falk.* No! Heaven is clear!  
The storm they tell, speeds lightning towards the guilty.  
So have I seen the foul birds in lone creeks.  
Sporting around the shipwrecked seamen's bones.  
Guide me, ye spectral harbingers! [*Descends the cliff.*]

*Sir G.* From bough  
To bough he swings—from peak to slippery peak  
I see him dwindling down;—the loose stones rattle;  
He falls—he falls—but 'lights on yonder ledge,

And from the glaring sun turns stedfast eyes  
Where still the sea-gulls wheel; now crawls, now leaps;  
Crag close around him—not a glimpse nor sound!  
O, diver for the dead,—bring up but bones,  
And round the skull I'll wreath my coronet.

[*Scene closes on SIR GREY seated.*]

---

SCENE II.

*A room in the castle of Montreville—with casement opening on a balcony that overhangs the sea.*

*Enter LADY MONTREVILLE and MARSDEN.*

*Lady M.* Will he not hunt nor hawk? This constant gloom!

Canst thou not guess the cause? He was so joyous!

*Mars.* Young plants need air and sun; man's youth the world.

Young men should pine for action. Comfort, madam,  
The cause is clear, if you recall the date.

*Lady M.* Thou hast marked the date?

*Mars.* Since that bold seaman's visit.

*Lady M.* Thy tongue runs riot, man. How should that stranger,—

I say a stranger, strike dismay in Beaufort?

*Mars.* Dismay! Not that, but emulation!

*Lady M.* Ay!

You speak my thoughts, and I have prayed our Queen  
To rank your young lord with her chivalry;  
This day mine envoy should return.

*Mars.* This day?

Let me ride forth and meet him!

*Lady M.*

Go! [*Exit MARSDEN.*]

'Tis true!

Such was the date. Hath Clarence guessed the secret—  
Guessed that a first-born lives? I dread to question!  
Yet sure the wronged was faithful, and the wrong  
Is my heart's canker-worm and gnaws unseen.  
Where wanderest thou, sad Edmond? Not one word  
To say thou liv'st—thy very bride forsaken,

As if love, frozen at the parent well-spring,  
 Left every channel dry ! What hollow tread,  
 Heavy and weary falls ? Is that the step  
 Which touched the mean earth with a lightsome scorn,  
 As if the air its element ?

*Enter BEAUFORT—his dress neglected—wrapped in a loose  
 mantle of fur.*

*Lord B.* Cold ! cold !  
 And yet I saw the beggar doff his frieze,  
 Warm in his rags. I shiver under ermine.  
 For me 'tis never summer—never—never !

*Lady M.* How fares my precious one ?

*Lord B.* Well ;—but so cold.  
 Ho ! there ! without !

*Enter Servant.*

Wine—wine ! *[Exit Servant.*

*Lady M.* Alas ! alas !

Why, this is fever—thy hand burns

*Lord B.* That hand !

Ay, that hand always burns.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine, and a goblet of rich workman-  
 ship, set in jewels.*

Look you—the cup  
 The wondrous Tuscan jeweller, Cellini,  
 Made for a king ! A king's gift to thy father !  
 What ? Serve such gauds to me !

*Lady M.* Thyself so ordered  
 In the proud whims thy light heart made so graceful.

*Lord B.* Was I proud once ? Ha ! ha ! What's this ?—  
 not wine ?

*Servant.* The Malvoisie your lordship's friends, last year,  
 Esteemed your rarest.

*Lord B.* How one little year  
 Hath soured it in to nausea ! Faugh—'tis rank.

*Lady M.* *[to Servant].* Send for the leech—quick—go.  
*[Exit Servant.*

Oh, Clarence ! Clarence !  
 Is this the body's sickness, or the soul's ?

Is it life's youngest sorrow, love misplaced?  
Thou dost not still love Eveline?

*Lord B.*

Did I love her?

*Lady M.* Or one whose birth might more offend my  
pride?

Well, I *am* proud. But I would hail as daughter  
The meanest maiden from whose smile thy lip  
Caught smiles again. Thy smile is day to me.

*Lord B.* Poor mother, fear not. Never hermit-monk,  
Gazing on skulls in lone sepulchral cells,  
Had heart as proof to woman's smile as mine.

*Lady M.* The court—the camp—ambition—

*Enter MARSDEN with a letter.*

*Mars.*

From the Queen!

[*While the COUNTESS reads, MARSDEN, turning to*  
*LORD BEAUFORT.*

My dear young lord, be gay! The noblest knight  
In all the land, Lord Essex, on his road  
From conquered Cadiz, with the arm'd suite  
That won his laurels, sends before to greet you,  
And prays you will receive him in your halls.

*Lord B.* The flower of England's gentry, spotless Essex!  
Sully him not, old man, bid him pass on.

*Lady M.* Joy, Beaufort, joy! August Elizabeth  
Owns thee her knight, and bids thee wear her colours,  
And break thy maiden lance for England's lady.

*Lord B.* I will not go. Barbed steeds and knightly  
banners—  
Baubles and gewgaws!

*Mars.*

Glorious to the young.

*Lord B.* Ay—to the young! Oh, when did poet-dreams  
Ever shape forth such fairy land as youth!  
Gossamer hopes, pearled with the dews of morn,  
Gay valour, bounding light on welcome peril,—  
Errors themselves, the sparkling overflow,  
Of life as headlong, but as pure as streams  
That rush from sunniest hill-tops kissing heaven,—  
Lo! *that* is youth. Look on my soul, old man,  
Well—is it not more grey than those blanched hairs?

*Lady M.* He raves—heed not his words. Go, speed the  
leech!

[*Exit MARSDEN.*

*Lady M. [aside].* I know these signs—by mine own soul  
I know them;

This is nor love, nor honour's sigh for action,  
Nor Nature's milder suffering. This is guilt!  
Clarence—now, side by side, I sit with thee!  
Put thine arms round me, lean upon my breast—  
It is a mother's breast. So, that is well;  
Now—whisper low—what is thy crime?

*Lord B. [bursting into tears].* O, mother!  
Would thou hadst never born me!

*Lady M.* Ah, ungrateful!

*Lord B.* No—for thy sake I speak. Thou—justly proud,  
For thou art pure; thou, on whose whitest name  
Detraction spies no soil—dost thou say "crime"  
Unto thy son; and is his answer tears?

*Enter EVELINE, weaving flowers as in first act.*

*Evel.—*

Blossoms, I weave ye  
To drift on the sea,  
Say when ye find him  
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

*[Approaching BEAUFORT.]* Have you no news?

*Lord B.* Of whom?

*Evel.* Of Vyvyan?

*Lord B.* That name! Her reason wanders; and O,  
mother,

When that name's uttered—so doth mine—hush, hush it.

*[EVELINE goes to the balcony and throws the garland  
into the sea.]*

*Lady M.* Kill me at once—or when I ask again,  
What is thy crime?—reply, 'No harm to Vyvyan!'

*Lord B. [breaking away].* Unhand me! Let me go!

*[Exit LORD BEAUFORT.]*

*Lady M.* This pulse beats still!

Nature rejects me!

*Evel. [from the balcony].* Come, come—see the garland,  
It dances on the waves so merrily.

*Enter MARSDEN.*

*Mars. [drawing aside LADY M.]* Forgive this haste.  
Amid St. Kinian's cliffs,

Where, once an age, on glassy peaks may glide  
The shadow of a man, a stranger venturing  
Hath found bleached human bones, and to your hall,  
Nearest at hand, and ever famed for justice,  
Leads on the crowd, and saith the dead was Vyvyan.

*Evel.* Ha! who named Vyvyan? Has he then come  
back?

*Mars.* Fair mistress, no.

*Lady M.* If on this terrible earth  
Pity lives still—lead her away. Be tender.

*Evel.* [*approaching* *LADY M.*] I promised him to love you  
as a mother.

Kiss me, and trust in Heaven! He will return!

[*Exeunt* *EVELINE* and *MARSDEN*.]

*Lady M.* These horrors are unreal.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* Noble mistress,  
Sir Godfrey Seymour, summoned here in haste,  
Craves your high presence in the Justice Hall.

*Lady M.* Mine—Mine? Where goëst thou?

*Servant.* Sir Godfrey bade me  
Seek my young lord.

*Lady M.* Stir not. My son is ill.  
Thyself canst witness how the fever [*hurrying to the side*  
*scene*] Marsden!

*Enter* *MARSDEN*.

My stricken Clarence!—In his state, a rumour  
Of—of what passes here, might blast life—reason:  
Go, lure him hence—if he resist, use force  
As to a maniac. Good old man, thou lov'st him;  
His innocent childhood played around thy knees—  
I know I can trust *thee*. Quick—speak not:—Save!

[*Exit* *MARSDEN*.]

[*to* *Servant*.] Announce my coming.

[*Exit* *Servant*.]

This day, life to shield  
The living son:—Death, with the dead, to-morrow!

[*Exit* *LADY MONTREVILLE*.]



## SCENE III.

*A vast feudal hall in the castle. At the extreme end, the carved screen work of later date, supporting the minstrels' gallery (similar to that in Hampton Court). The opening in the screen is made the principal entry on the scene. In another part of the hall a high Gothic casement forms a recess, over which a curtain is drawn aside. In the recess a tressel, serving as a bier for the remains of the dead, which are covered with a cloth. At each side of the screen entry, a halberdier in the service of SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, officiating as constable. ALTON kneeling before the tressel in the recess.*

*In front of the stage, a table, before which SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR seated. A Clerk employed in writing. SIR GREY DE MALPAS standing near SIR GODFREY. FALKNER a little apart.*

*Sir Godf.* [to FALKNER]. Be patient, sir, and give us  
 ampler proof  
 To deem yon undistinguishable bones  
 The relics of your friend.

*Falk.* That gentleman  
 Can back my oath, that these, the plume, the gem  
 Which Vyvyan wore—I found them on the cliff.

*Sir Godf.* Verily, is it so?

*Sir Grey.* [with assumed reluctance]. Sith law compel  
 me—  
 Yes, I must vouch it.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* [placing a chair of state.] Sir, my lady comes.

*Sir Godf.* Let not that sight appal her—

*Sir Grey.* . . . And her son.

[*Servant draws the curtain round the recess, leaving  
 ALTON still kneeling within, and exit.*]

*Enter LADY MONTREVILLE, and seats herself.*

*Sir Godf.* You pardon, madam, mine imperious duties,  
 And know my dismal task—

*Lady M.* Pray you be brief, sir.

*Sir Godf.* Was, this time year, the captain of a war-ship,  
 Vyvyan his name, your guest?

*Lady M.* But one short day—  
 To see my ward, whom he had saved from pirates.

*Sir Godf.* I pray you, madam, in his converse with you

Spoke he of any foe, concealed or open,  
Whom he had cause to fear?

*Lady M.*

Of none!

*Sir Godf.*

Nor know you

Of any such?

*Lady M.* [after a pause]. I do not.

*Sir Godf.* [aside to FALKNER].

Would you farther

Question this lady, sir?

*Falk.*

No, she is woman,

And mother; let her go. I wait Lord Beaufort.

*Sir Godf.* Madam, no longer will we task your presence.

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT, breaking from MARSDEN, and other Attendants.*

*Lord B.* Off, dotard, off! Guests in our hall!

*Lady M.*

He is ill.

Sore ill—fierce fever—I will lead him forth.

Come, Clarence; darling, come!

*Lord B.*

Who is this man?

*Falk.* The friend of Vyvyan, whose pale bones plead  
yonder.

*Lord B.* I—I will go. Let's steal away, my mother.

[SIR GREY intercepts the retreat of BEAUFORT, and, with bye play intimating remonstrance and encouragement, urges him forward.]

*Falk.* Lost friend, in war, how oft thy word was 'spare.'—

Methinks I hear thee now. [drawing aside LORD BEAUFORT.]

Young lord, I came

Into these halls, demanding blood for blood—

But thy remorse [this is remorse] disarms me.

Speak; do but say—(look, I am young myself,

And know how hot is youth;) speak—do but say,

After warm words, struck out from jealous frenzy,

Quick swords were drawn: Man's open strife with man—

Passion, not murder: Say this, and may law

Pardon thee, as a soldier does!

*Sir Grey* [to MARSDEN].

Call Eveline,

She can attest our young lord's innocence. [Exit MARSDEN.]

*Falk.* He will not speak, sir, let my charge proceed:

*Lady M.* [aside] Whate'er the truth—of that—of that  
hereafter,

Now but remember, child, thy birth, thy name;—

Thy mother's heart, it beats beside thee—take  
Strength from its pulses.

*Lord B.* Keep close, and for thy sake  
I will not cry—'Twas passion, yet still, murder!

*Sir Godf.* [*who has been conversing aside with SIR GREY.*]  
Then jealous love the motive? Likelier that  
Than Alton's wilder story.

*Enter EVELINE and MARSDEN.*

Sweet young madam,  
If I be blunt, forgive me; we are met  
On solemn matters which relate to one  
Who, it is said, was your betrothed:

*Evel.* To Vyvyan!

*Sir Godf.* 'Tis also said, Lord Beaumont crossed his suit,  
And your betrothed resented.

*Evel.* No! forgave.

*Sir Grey.* Yes, when you feared some challenge from  
Lord Beaufort,  
Did Vyvyan not cast down his sword and say,  
'Both will be safe, for one will be unarmed?'

[*Great sensation through the hall.* FALKNER and  
SIR GODFREY both.] Unarmed!

*Evel.* His very words!

*Falk.* Oh, vile assassin!

*Sir Godf.* Accuser, peace! This is most grave. Lord  
Beaufort,

Upon such tokens, with your own strange bearing,  
As ask appeal to more august tribunal,  
You stand accused of purposed felon murder  
On one named Vyvyan, Captain of the *Dreadnought*—  
Wouldst thou say aught against this solemn charge?

*Evel.* Murdered!—he—Vyvyan! Thou his murderer,  
Clarence,

In whose rash heat my hero loved frank valour?  
Lo! I, to whom his life is as the sun  
Is to the world—with my calm trust in heaven  
Mantle thee thus.

*Lady M.* [*aside*]. Be firm—deny, and live.

*Lord B.* [*with a vacillating attempt at his former haughtiness.*] You call my bearing "strange"—what  
marvel, sir?

Stunned by such charges, of a crime so dread.

What proof against me?

*Lady M.* [*whilst LADY M. speaks, SIR GREY steals behind the curtain.*] Words deposed by whom?

A man unknown;—a girl's vague fear of quarrel—

His motive what? A jealous anger! Phantoms!

Is not my son mine all?—And yet this maid

I plighted to another. Had I done so

If loved by him, and at the risk of life?

Again, I ask all present what the motive?

*Alton.* [*advancing from the recess with SIR GREY.*] Rank, fortune, birthright. Miserable woman!

*Lady M.* Whence com'st thou, pale accuser?

*Alton.* From the dead!

Which of ye two will take the post I leave?

Which of ye two will draw aside that veil,

Look on the bones behind, and cry, "I'm guiltless?"

Hast thou conspired with him to slay thy first-born,

Or knows he not that Vyvyan was his brother?

[*LADY MONTREVILLE swoons. Till now EVELINE has held to BEAUFORT—now she rushes to LADY MONTREVILLE.*]

*Lord B.* My brother! No! no! no! [*clutching hold of SIR GREY.*] Kinsman, he lies!

*Sir Grey.* Alas!

*Lord B.* Wake, mother, wake. I ask not speech.  
Lift but thy brow—one flash of thy proud eye  
Would strike these liars dumb!

*Alton.* Read but those looks  
To learn that thou art——

*Lord B.* Cain! [*grasping FALKNER.*] Out with thy sword—  
Hew off this hand. Thou calledst me "Assassin!"  
Too mild—say "Fratricide!" Cain, Cain, thy brother!

[*Falls.*]

*Evel.* It cannot be so! No. Thou wondrous Mercy,  
That, from the pirate's knife, the funeral seas  
And all their shapes of death, didst save the lone one,  
To prove to earth how vainly man despairs  
While God is in the heavens—I cling to thee,  
As faith unto its anchor! [*To SIR GREY*] Back, false  
kinsman!

I tell thee Vyvyan lives—the boy is guiltless!

*Falk.* Poor, noble maid! How my heart bleeds for her!

*Lady M.* [*starting up*]. Sentence us both! or stay,—  
would law condemn.

A child so young, if I had urged him to it?

*Sir Godf.* Unnatural mother, hush! Sir Grey, to you, 'Perchance ere long, by lives too justly forfeit,  
Raised to this earldom, I entrust these—prisoners.

[*Motions to the halberdiers, who advance to arrest*

BEAUFORT and LADY MONTREVILLE.

*Mars.* O, day of woe!

*Sir Grey.*

Woe—yes! Make way for us.

[*Trumpet.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* My lord of Essex just hath passed the gates;  
But an armed knight who rode beside the Earl,  
After brief question to the crowd without,  
Sprang from his steed, and forces here his way!

*Enter KNIGHT in half armour—wrapped in his horseman's  
cloak, his visor three parts down.*

*Knight.* Forgiveness of all present!

*Sir Godf.*

Who art thou?

*Knight.* A soldier, knighted by the hand of Essex  
Upon the breach of Cadiz.

*Sir Godf.*

What thy business?

*Knight.* To speak the truth. Who is the man accused  
Of Vyvyan's murder.

*Sir Grey.*

You behold him yonder.

*Knight.* 'Tis false.

*Sir Grey.*

His own lips have confessed his crime.

*Knight.* [*throwing down his gauntlet*]. This to the man  
whose crushing lie bows down

Upon the mother's bosom that young head!

Say you "confess'd!" O tender, tender conscience!

Vyvyan, rough sailor, galled him and provoked;

He raised his hand. To the sharp verge of the cliff,

Vyvyan recoiled, backed by an outstretched bough.

The bough gave way—he fell, but not to perish;

Saved by a bush-grown ledge that broke his fall;

Long stunned he lay; when opening dizzy eyes,

On a grey crag between him and the abyss  
 He saw the face of an old pirate foe ;  
 Saw the steel lifted, saw it flash and vanish,  
 As a dark mass rushed thro' the moonlit air  
 Dumb into deeps below—the indignant soil  
 Had slid like glass beneath the murderer's feet,  
 And his own death-spring whirled him to his doom.  
 Then Vyvyan rose, and, crawling down the rock,  
 Stood by the foe, who, stung to late remorse  
 By hastening death, gasped forth a dread confession.  
 The bones ye find are those of Murder's agent—  
 Murder's arch-schemer—Who?—Ho ! Grey de Malpas,  
 Stand forth ! Thou art the man !

*Sir Grey.* Hemm'd round with toils,  
 Soul, crouch no more ! Base hireling, doff thy mask,  
 And my sword writes the lie upon thy front.  
 By Beaufort's hand died Vyvyan—

*Knight.* As the spell  
 Shatters the sorcerer when his fiends desert him,  
 Let thine own words bring doom upon thyself !  
 Now face the front on which to write the lie.

[*Casts off his helmet.*

[*SIR GREY drops his sword and staggers back into  
 the arms of the retainers.*

*Evel.* Thou liv'st, thou liv'st—

*Vyv.* [*kneeling to her*]. Is life worth something still ?

*Sir Grey.* Air, air—my staff—some chord seems broken  
 here. [*Pressing his heart.*

Marsden, your lord shot his poor cousin's dog ;  
 In the dog's grave—mark !—bury the poor cousin.

[*Sinks exhausted, and is borne out.*

*Vyv.* Mine all on earth, if I may call thee mine.

*Evel.* Thine, thine, thro' life, thro' death—one heart, one  
 grave !

I knew thou wouldst return, for I have lived  
 In thee so utterly, thou couldst not die  
 And I live still.—The dial needs the sun ;  
 But love reflects the image of the loved,  
 Tho' every beam be absent !—Thine, all thine !

*Lady M.* My place is forfeit on thy breast, not his.

[*Pointing to BEAUFORT.*

Clarence, embrace thy brother, and my first-born.

His rights are clear—my love for thee suppressed them—  
He may forgive me yet—wilt *thou* ?

*Beau.*

Forgive thee !

Oh mother, what is rank to him who hath stood  
Banished from out the social pale of men,  
Bowed like a slave, and trembling as a felon ?  
Heaven gives me back mine ermine, innocence ;  
And my lost dignity of manhood, honour.  
I miss nought else.—Room there for me, my brother

*Vyv.* Mother, come first !—love is as large as heaven !

*Falk.* But why so long—

*Vyv.*

What ! could I face thee, friend,

Or claim my bride, till I had won back honour ?

The fleet had sailed—the foeman was defeated—

And on the earth I laid me down to die.

The prince of England's youth, frank-hearted Essex,

Passed by—— But later I will tell you how

Pity woke question ; soldier felt for soldier.

Essex then, nobly envying Drake's renown,

Conceived a scheme, kept secret till our clarions,

Startling the towers of Spain, told earth and time

How England answers the invader. Clarence,

Look—I have won the golden spurs of knighthood !

For worldly gifts, we'll share them—hush, my brother ;

Love me, and thy gift is as large as mine.

Fortune stints gold to some ; impartial Nature

Shames her in proffering more than gold to all—

Joy in the sunshine, beauty on the earth,

And love reflected in the glass of conscience ;

Are these so mean ? Place grief and guilt beside them,

Decked in a sultan's splendour, and compare !

The world's most royal heritage is his

Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.

WALPOLE ;

OR,

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT WALPOLE, M.P., *Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
and First Lord of the Treasury.*

JOHN VEASEY, M.P., *his Confidant.*

SELDEN BLOUNT, M.P.

SIR SIDNEY BELLAIR, BART., M.P.

LORD NITHSDALE.

1ST JACOBITE LORD.

2ND JACOBITE LORD.

Frequenterers of Tom's Coffee-House, Servants, &c.

### WOMEN.

LUCY WILMOT.

MRS. VIZARD.

---

*Scene*—London, 1716.

Time occupieu. by the Events of the Play—*One Day.*

# WALPOLE.

---

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Tom's Coffee-house. In the background, gentlemen seated in different compartments, or "boxes."*

*Enter WALPOLE and VEASEY from opposite sides.*

*Vea.* Ha! good day, my dear patron.

*Wal.* Good day, my dear friend;

You can spare me five minutes?

*Vea.* Five thousand.

*Wal.* Attend;

I am just from the king, and I failed not to press him

To secure to his service John Veasey.

*Vea.* God bless him!

*Wal.* George's reign, just begun, your tried worth will distinguish.

*Vea.* Oh, a true English king!

*Wal.* Tho' he cannot speak English.

*Vea.* You must find that defect a misfortune, I fear.

*Wal.* The reverse; for no rivals can get at his ear.

It is something to be the one public man pat in

The new language that now governs England, dog Latin.

*Vea.* Happy thing for these kingdoms that you have that gift,

Or, alas! thro' what shoals all our counsels would drift.

*Wal.* Yes, the change from Queen Anne to King George, we must own,

Renders me and the Whigs the sole props of the throne.

For the Tories their Jacobite leanings disgrace,

And a Whig is the only safe man for a place.

*Vea.* And the Walpoles of Houghton, in all their relations,  
Have been Whigs to the backbone for three generations.

*Wal.* Ay, my father and mother contrived to produce  
Their eighteen sucking Whigs for the family use,  
Of which number one only, without due reflection,  
Braved the wrath of her house by a Tory connection.  
But, by Jove, if her Jacobite husband be living,  
I will make him a Whig.

*Vea.* How?

*Wal.* By something worth giving :  
For I loved her in boyhood, that pale pretty sister ;  
And in counting the Walpoles still left, I have mist her.

*[Pauses in emotion, but quickly recovers himself.]*

What was it I said ?—Oh,—the State and the Guelph,  
For their safety, must henceforth depend on myself.  
The revolt, scarcely quenched, has live sparks in its  
ashes ;

Nay, fresh seeds for combustion were sown by its flashes.  
Each example we make dangerous pity bequeathes ;  
For no Briton likes blood in the air that he breathes.

*Vea.* Yes ; at least there's one rebel whose doom to the  
block

Tho' deserved, gives this soft-hearted people a shock.

*Wal.* Lord Nithsdale, you mean ; handsome, young, and  
just wedded,—

A poor head, that would do us much harm if beheaded.

*Vea.* Yet they say you rejected all prayers for his life.

*Wal.* It is true ; but in private I've talked to his wife :  
She had orders to see him last night in the Tower.

And——

*Vea.* Well ?

*Wal.* *[looking at his watch].* Wait for the news—'tis not  
yet quite the hour.

Ah ! poor England, I fear, at the General Election,  
Will vote strong in a mad anti-Whiggish direction.  
From a Jacobite Parliament we must defend her,  
Or the King will be Stuart, and Guelph the Pretender.  
And I know but one measure to rescue our land  
From the worst of all ills—Civil War.

*Vea.* True ; we stand

't that dread turning-point in the life of a State

When its free choice would favour what freedom should hate;

When the popular cause, could we poll population——

*Wal.* Would be found the least popular thing in the nation.

*Vea.* Scarce a fourth of this people are sound in their reason——

*Wal.* But we can't hang the other three-fourths for high treason.

*Vea.* Tell me, what is the measure your wisdom proposes?

*Wal.* In its third year, by law, this Whig Parliament closes.

But the law! What's the law in a moment so critical?  
Church and State must be saved from a House Jacobitical.  
Let this Parliament then, under favour of heaven,  
Lengthen out its existence from three years to seven.

*Vea.* Brilliant thought! could the State keep its present directors

Undisturbed for a time by those rowdy electors,  
While this new German tree, just transplanted, takes root,

Dropping down on the lap of each friend golden fruit,  
Britain then would be saved from all chance of reaction  
To the craft and corruption of Jacobite faction.

But ah! think you the Commons would swallow the question?

*Wal.* That depends on what pills may assist their digestion.

I could make—see this list—our majority sure,

If by buying two men I could sixty secure;

For as each of these two is the chief of a section

That will vote black or white at its leader's direction,

Let the pipe of the shepherd but lure the bell-wether,

And he folds the whole flock, wool and cry, altogether.

Well, the first of these two worthy members you guess.

*Vea.* Sure, you cannot mean Blount, virtuous Selden Blount?

*Wal.* Yes.

*Vea.* What! your sternest opponent, half Cato, half Brutus,

He, whose vote incorruptible——

*Wal.* Just now would suit us ;  
For a patriot so staunch could with dauntless effrontery—  
*Vea.* Sell himself ?

*Wal.* Why, of course, for the good of his country.  
True, his price will be high—he is worth forty votes,  
And his salary must pay for the change in their coats.  
Prithee, has not his zeal for his fatherland—rather  
Overburthened the lands he received from his father ?

*Vea.* Well, 'tis whispered in clubs that his debts somewhat tease him.

*Wal.* I must see him in private, and study to ease him.  
Will you kindly arrange that he call upon me  
At my home, not my office, to-day—just at three ?  
Not a word that can hint at the object in view—  
Say some bill in the House that concerns him and you ;  
And on which, as distinct from all party disputes,  
Members meet without tearing each other like brutes.

*Vea.* Lucky thought—Blount and I both agree in Committee

On a bill for amending the dues of the City—

*Wal.* And the Government wants to enlighten its soul  
On the price which the public should pay for its coal.  
We shall have him, this Puritan chief of my foes.  
Now the next one to catch is the chief of the Beaux ;  
All our young members mimic his nod or his laugh ;  
And if Blount be worth forty votes, he is worth half.

*Vea.* Eh ! Bellair, whose defence of the Jacobite  
peers—

*Wal.* Thrilled the House ; Mister Speaker himself was  
in tears.

Faith, I thought he'd have beat us. *[Taking snuff.]*

*Vea.* That fierce peroration—

*Wal.* Which compared me to Nero—superb *[brushing  
the snuff from his lace lappet]* declamation !

*Vea.* Yes ; a very fine speaker.

*Wal.* Of that there's no doubt,  
For he speaks about things he knows nothing about.  
But I still to our party intend to unite him—

Secret Service Department—Bellair—a small item.

*Vea.* Nay, you jest—for this gay maiden knight in  
debate,

To a promise so brilliant adds fortune so great—

*Wal.* That he is not a man to be bought by hard cash ;  
But he's vain and conceited, light-hearted and rash.  
Every favourite of fortune hopes still to be greater,  
And a bean must want something to turn a debater.  
Hem ! I know a Duke's daughter, young, sprightly, and  
fair ;

She will wed as I wish her ; hint that to Bellair ;  
Ay, and if he will put himself under my steerage,  
Say that with the Duke's daughter I throw in the  
peerage.

*Vea.* Those are baits that a vain man of wit may seduce.

*Wal.* Or, if not, his political creed must be loose ;  
To some Jacobite plot he will not be a stranger,  
And to win him securely——

*Vea.* We'll get him in danger.  
Hist !

[*Enter BELLAIR humming a tune.*

---

## SCENE II.

WALPOLE, VEASEY, BELLAIR.

*Wal.* Good morning, Sir Sidney ; your speech did you  
credit ;  
And whatever your party, in time you will head it.  
Your attack on myself was exceedingly striking,  
Tho' the subject you chose was not quite to my liking.  
Tut ! I never bear malice. You hunt ?

*Bel.* Yes, of late.

*Wal.* And you ride as you speak ?

*Bel.* Well, in both a light weight.

*Wal.* But light weights have the odds in their favour, I  
fear.

Come and hunt with my harriers at Houghton this year ;  
I can show you some sport.

*Bel.* Sir, there's no doubt of that.

*Wal.* We will turn out a fox.

*Bel.* [*aside*]. As a bait for a rat !

*Wal.* I expect you, next autumn ! Agreed then : good  
day. [*Exit WALPOLE.*

## SCENE III.

VEASEY, BELLAIR.

*Bel.* Well, I don't know a pleasanter man in his way ;  
'Tis no wonder his friends are so fond of their chief.

*Vea.* That you are not among them is matter for grief.  
Ah, a man of such stake in the land as yourself,  
Could command any post in the Court of the Guelph.

*Bel.* No, no ; I'm appalled.

*Vea.* By the king ? Can you doubt him ?

*Bel.* I'm appalled by those Gorgons, the ladies about him.

*Vea.* Good ! ha, ha ! yes, in beauty his taste may be wrong,

But he has what we want, sir, a government strong.

*Bel.* Meaning petticoat government ? Mine too is such,  
But my rulers don't frighten their subjects so much.

*Vea.* Nay, your rulers ? Why plural ? Legitimate sway  
Can admit but one ruler to love——

*Bel.* And obey.

What a wife ! Constitutional monarchy ? Well,  
If I chose my own sovereign I might not rebel.

*Vea.* You may choose at your will ! With your parts,  
wealth, condition,  
You, in marriage, could link all the ends of ambition.  
There *is* a young beauty—the highest in birth,  
And her father, the Duke——

*Bel.* Oh, a duke !

*Vea.* Knows your worth.

Listen : Walpole, desiring to strengthen the Lords  
With the very best men whom the country affords,  
Has implied to his Grace, that his choice should be clear.

[*Carelessly.*  
If you wed the Duke's daughter, of course you're a peer.

*Bel.* With the Lords and the lady would Walpole ally  
me ?

*Vea.* Yes ; and, if I were *you*——

*Bel.* He would certainly buy me ;  
But I,—being a man—— [Draws himself up haughtily.

*Vea.* No offence. Why that frown ?

*Bel.* [*relapsing into his habitual ease*]. Nay, forgive me.

Tho' man, I'm a man about town;

And so graceful a compliment could not offend

Any man about town, from a Minister's friend.

Still, if not from the frailty of mortals exempt,

Can a mortal be tempted where sins do not tempt?

Of my rank and my fortune I *am* so conceited,

That I don't, with a wife, want those blessings repeated.

And tho' flattered to learn I should strengthen the Peers—

Give me still our rough House with its laughter and  
cheers.

Let the Lords have their chamber—I grudge not its  
powers;

But for badgering a Minister nothing like ours!

Whisper that to the Minister;—sir, your obedient.

[*Turns away.*]

*Vea.* [*aside*]. Humph! I see we must hazard the ruder  
expedient.

If some Jacobite pit for his feet we can dig,

He shall hang as a Tory, or vote as a Whig.

[*VEASEY retires into the background.*]

*Bel.* [*seating himself*]. Oh, how little these formalist  
middle-aged schemers

Know of *us* the bold youngsters, half sages, half dreamers!

Sages half? Yes, because of the time rushing on,

Part and parcel are *we*: *they* belong to time gone.

Dreamers half? Yes, because in a woman's fair face

We imagine the heaven they find in a place.

At this moment I, courted by Whig and by Tory,

For the spangles and tinsel which clothe me with glory,

Am a monster so callous, I should not feel sorrow

If an earthquake engulfed Whig and Tory to-morrow;

“What an heartless assertion!” the aged would say:

True, the young have no heart, for they give it away.

Ah, I love! and here—joy!—comes the man who may aid  
me.

[*Enter BLOUNT.*]



## SCENE IV.

BELLAIR, BLOUNT, VEASEY, ETC.

*Blount* [to *Coffee-house loungers*, who gather round him as he comes down the stage]. Yes, sir, just from Guild-hall, where the City has paid me  
The great honour I never can merit enough,  
Of this box, dedicated to Virtue——

[*Coffee-house loungers* gather round.

*Vea.*

And snuff.

*Blount*. Yes, sir, Higgins the Patriot, who deals in rappee,  
Stored that box with pulvillio, superfluous to me;  
For a public man gives his whole life to the nation;  
And his nose has no time for a vain titillation.

*Vea*. On the dues upon coal—apropos of the City—  
We agreed——

*Blount*. And were beat; Walpole bribed the Committee.

*Vea*. You mistake; he leans tow'rds us, and begs you to call

At his house—three o'clock.

*Blount* [declaiming as if in *Parliament*]. But I say, once for all,

That the dues——

*Vea.*

Put the case as you only can do,

And we carry the question.

*Blount.*

I'll call, sir, at two.

*Vea*. He said three.

*Blount*. I say two, sir; my honour's at stake,  
To amend every motion that Ministers make.

[*VEASEY* retires into the background.

*Blount* [advancing to *BELLAIR*]. Young debater, your hand. One might tear into shreds

All your plea for not cutting off Jacobite heads;  
But that burst against Walpole redeemed your whole speech.  
Be but honest, and high is the fame you will reach.

*Bel*. Blount, your praise would delight, but your caution offends.

*Blount*. 'Tis my way—I'm plain spoken to foes and to friends.

What are talents but snares to mislead and pervert you,  
 Unless they converge in one end—Public Virtue!  
 Fine debaters abound: we applaud and despise them;  
 For when the House cheers them the Minister buys them.  
 Come, be honest, I say, sir—away with all doubt;  
 Public Virtue commands! Vote the Minister out!

*Bel.* Public Virtue when construed means private ambition.

*Blount.* This to me—to a Patriot——

*Bel.* In fierce opposition;

But you ask for my vote.

*Blount.* England wants every man.

*Bel.* Well, tho' Walpole can't buy me, I think that you can.

Blount, I saw you last evening cloaked up to your chin;  
 But I had not a guess who lay, *perdu*, within  
 All those bales of broad cloth—when a gust of wind rose,  
 And uplifting your beaver it let out your nose.

*Blount [somewhat confusedly].* Yes, I always am cloaked—  
 half disguised, when I go

Certain rounds—real charity hides itself so;  
 For one good deed concealed is worth fifty paraded.

*Bel.* Finely said. Quitting, doubtless, the poor you had aided,

You shot by me, before I had time to accost you,  
 Down a court which contains but one house;—there I lost you.

*Blount.* One house!

*Bel.* Where a widow named Vizard——

*Blount [aside].* I tremble.

Yes——

*Bel.* Resides with an angel——

*Blount [aside].* 'Twere best to dissemble.

With an angel! bah! say with a girl—what's her name?

*Bel.* On this earth, Lucy Wilmot.

*Blount.* Eh!—Wilmot?

*Bel.* The same.

*Blount [after a short pause].* And how knew you these ladies?

*Bel.* Will you be my friend?

*Blount.* I? of course. Tell me all from beginning to end.

*Bel.* Oh, my story is short. Just a fortnight ago,  
Coming home tow'rds the night from my club——

*Blount.*

Drunk ?

*Bel.*

So, so.

“ Help me, help ! ” cries a voice—'tis a woman's—I run—  
Which may prove I'd drunk less than I often have done.  
And I find—but, dear Blount, you have heard the renown  
Of a set called the Mohawks ?

*Blount.*

The scourge of the town.

A lewd band of night savages, scouring the street,  
Sword in hand,—and the terror of all whom they meet  
Not as bad as themselves ;—*you* were safe, sir ; proceed.

*Bel.* In the midst of the Mohawks I saw her and  
freed——

*Blount.* You saw *her*—Lucy Wilmot—at night, and  
alone ?

*Bel.* No, she had a protector—the face of that crone.

*Blount.* Mistress Vizard ?

*Bel.* The same, yet, tho' strange it appear,  
When the rogues saw her face they did *not* fly in fear.  
Brief—I came, saw, and conquered—but own, on the  
whole,

That my conquest was helped by the City Patrol.  
I escorted them home—at their threshold we part—  
And I mourn since that night for the loss of my heart.

*Blount.* Did you call the next day to demand back that  
treasure ?

*Bel.* Yes.

*Blount.* And saw the young lady ?

*Bel.*

I had not that pleasure ;

I saw the old widow, who told me politely  
That her house was too quiet for visits so sprightly ;  
That young females brought up in the school of propriety  
Must regard all young males as the pests of society.  
I will spare you her lectures, she showed me the door,  
And closed it.

*Blount.* You've seen Lucy Wilmot no more ?

*Bel.* Pardon, yes—very often ; that is, once a-day.  
Every house has its windows——

*Blount.*

Ah ! what did you say ?

*Bel.* Well, by words very little, but much by the eyes.  
Now instruct me in turn,—from what part of the skies

Did my angel descend? What her parents and race?  
She is well-born, no doubt—one sees *that* in her face.  
What to her is Dame Vizard—that awful duenna,  
With the look of a griffiness fed upon senna?  
Tell me all. Ho there!—drawer, a pottle of clary!

*Blount.* Leave in peace the poor girl whom you never  
could marry.

*Bel.* Why?

*Blount.* Her station's too mean. In a small country  
town,

Her poor mother taught music.

*Bel.* Her father?

[DRAWER places wine and glasses on the table.

*Blount.* Unknown.

From the mother's deathbed, from the evil and danger  
That might threaten her youth, she was brought by a  
Stranger

To the house of a lady who——

*Bel.* Showed me the door?

*Blount.* Till instructed to live, like her mother before,  
As a teacher of music. My noble young friend,  
To a match so unmeet you could never descend.  
You assure me, I trust, that all thought is dismiss  
Of a love so misplaced.

*Bel.* No [*filling BLOUNT's glass*—her health!

*Blount.* You persist?

Dare you, sir, to a man of my tenets austere,  
Ev'n to hint your designs if your suit persevere?  
What!—you still would besiege her?

*Bel.* Of course, if I love.

*Blount.* I am Virtue's defender, sir—there is my glove.  
[*Flings down his glove, and rises in angry  
excitement.*

*Bel.* Noble heart! I esteem you still more for this heat.  
In the list of my sins there's no room for deceit;  
And to plot against innocence helpless and weak—  
I'd as soon pick a pocket!

*Blount.* What mean you then? Speak.

*Bel.* Blount, I mean you to grant me the favour I ask.

*Blount.* What is that?

*Bel.* To yourself an agreeable task.  
Since you know this Dame Vizard, you call there to-day,

And to her and to Lucy say all I would say.  
 You attest what I am—fortune, quality, birth,  
 Adding all that your friendship allows me of worth.  
 Blount, I have not a father; I claim you as one;  
 You will plead for my bride as you'd speak for a son.  
 All arranged—to the altar we go in your carriage,  
 And I'll vote as you wish the month after my marriage.

*Blount [aside].* Can I stifle my fury?

*Enter Newsman with papers.*

*Newsman.*

Great news!

*Bel.*

Silence, apc!

*[Coffee-house loungers rise and crowd round the*

*Newsman—VEASEY snatching the paper.*

*Omnes.* Read.

*Vea. [reading].* Lord Nithsdale, the rebel, has made  
 his escape.

His wife, by permission of Walpole last night,  
 Saw her lord in the Tower——"

*[Great sensation.*

*Bel. [to BLOUNT].*

You will make it all right.

*Vea. [continuing].* "And the traitor escaped in her  
 mantle and dress."

*Bel. [to BLOUNT].* Now my fate's in your hands—I may  
 count on you.

*Blount.*

Yes.

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A room in WALPOLE'S house. Pictures on the wall. A large table with books, papers, &c.*

WALPOLE and VEASEY seated.

Wal. And so Nithsdale's escaped! His wife's mantle and gown;

Well—ha, ha! let us hope he's now out of this town,  
And in safer disguise than my lady's attire,  
Gliding fast down the Thames—which he'll not set on fire.

Vea. All your colleagues are furious.

Wal. Ah, yes; if they catch him,  
Not a hand from the crown of the martyr could snatch him!

Of a martyr so pitied the troublesome ghost  
Would do more for his cause than the arms of a host.  
These reports from our agents, in boro' and shire,  
Show how slowly the sparks of red embers expire.  
Ah! what thousands will hail in a general election  
The wild turbulent signal for——

Vea.

Fresh insurrection.

Wal. [*gravely*]. Worse than that;—Civil War!—at all risk, at all cost,

We must carry this bill, or the nation is lost.

Vea. Will not Tory and Roundhead against it unite?

Wal. Every man has his price; I must bribe left and right.

So you've failed with Bellair—a fresh bait we must try.  
As for Blount——

*Enter Servant.*

Serv. Mr. Blount.

Wal. Pray admit him. Good-bye.

[*Exit VEASEY.*]

## SCENE II.

WALPOLE, BLOUNT.

*Blount.* Mr. Walpole, you ask my advice on the dues  
Which the City imposes on coal.

*Wal.* Sir, excuse  
That pretence for some talk on more weighty a theme,  
With a man who commands——

*Blount* [*aside*]. Forty votes.

*Wal.* My esteem.  
You're a patriot, and therefore I courted this visit.  
Hark! your country's in danger—great danger, sir.

*Blount* [*drily*]. Is it?

*Wal.* And I ask you to save it from certain perdition.

*Blount.* Me!—I am——

*Wal.* Yes, at present in hot opposition.  
But what's party? Mere cricket—some out and some in:  
I have been out myself. At that time I was thin,  
Atrabilious, sir—jaundiced; now, rosy and stout,  
Nothing pulls down a statesman like long fagging out.  
And to come to the point, now there's nobody by  
Be as stout and as rosy, dear Selden, as I.  
What! when bad men conspire, shall not good men com-  
bine?

There's a place—the Paymastership—just in your line;  
I may say that the fees are ten thousand a-year,  
Besides extras—not mentioned. [*Aside.*] The rogue will  
cost dear.

*Blount.* What has that, sir to do with the national danger  
To which——

*Wal.* You're too wise to be wholly a stranger.  
Need I name to a man of your Protestant true heart  
All the risks we yet run from the Pope and the Stuart?  
And the indolent public is so unenlightened  
That 'tis not to be trusted, and scarce to be frightened.  
When the term of this Parliament draws to its close,  
Should King George call another, 'tis filled with his foes.

*Blount.* You pay soldiers eno' if the Jacobites rise——

*Wal.* But a Jacobite house would soon stop their sup-  
plies.

There's a General, on whom you must own, on reflection,  
The Pretender relies.

*Blount.*

Who?

*Wal.*

The General election.

*Blount.* That election must come; you have no other  
choice.

Would you juggle the People and stifle its voice?

*Wal.* That is just what young men fresh from college  
would say,

And the People's a very good thing in its way.

But what is the People?—the mere population?

No, the sound-thinking part of this practical nation,

Who support peace and order, and steadily all poll  
For the weal of the land!

*Blount* [*aside*]. In plain words, for Bob Walpole.

*Wal.* Of a people like this I've no doubts nor mistrustings,  
But I have of the fools who vote wrong at the hustings.

Sir, in short, I am always frank-spoken and hearty,

England needs all the patriots that go with your party.

We must make the three years of this Parliament seven,

And stave off Civil War. You agree?

*Blount.*

Gracious heaven!

Thus to silence the nation, to baffle its laws,

And expect Selden Blount to defend such a cause!

What could ever atone for so foul a disgrace?

*Wal.* Everlasting renown—[*aside*] and the Paymaster's  
place.

*Blount.* Sir, your servant—good day; I am not what you  
thought;

I am honest——

*Wal.*

Who doubts it?

*Blount.*

And not to be bought.

*Wal.* You are not to be bought, sir—astonishing man!

Let us argue that point. If creation you scan,

You will find that the children of Adam prevail

O'er the beasts of the field but by barter and sale.

Talk of coals—if it were not for buying and selling,

Could you coax from Newcastle a coal to your dwelling?

You would be to your own fellow-men good for nought,

Were it true, as you say, that you're not to be bought.

If you find men worth nothing—say, don't you despise  
them?



And what proves them worth nothing?—why, nobody buys them.

But a man of such worth as yourself! nonsense—come, Sir, to business; I want you—I buy you; the sum?

*Blount.* Is corruption so brazen? are manners so base?

*Wal.* [*aside*]. That means he don't much like the Paymaster's place. [*With earnestness and dignity.*]

Pardon, Blount, I spoke lightly; but do not mistake,—On mine honour, the peace of the land is at stake.

Yes, the peace and the freedom! Were Hampden himself Living still, would he side with the Stuart or Guelph?

When the Cæsars the freedom of Rome overthrew, All its forms they maintained—'twas its spirit they slew!

Shall the freedom of England go down to the grave?

No! the forms let us scorn, so the spirit we save.

*Blount.* England's peace and her freedom depend on your bill?

*Wal.* [*seriously*]. Thou know'st it—and therefore—

*Blount.* My aid you ask still?

*Wal.* Nay, no longer I ask, 'tis thy country petitions.

*Blount.* But you talked about terms.

*Wal.* [*pushing pen and paper to him*]. There, then, write your conditions.

[*BLOUNT writes, folds the paper, gives it to WALPOLE, bows, and exit.*]

*Wal.* [*reading*]. "Mongst the men who are bought to save England inscribe me,

And my bribe is the head of the man who would bribe me."

Eh! my head! That ambition is much too high-reaching;

I suspect that the crocodile hints at impeaching.

And he calls himself honest! What highwayman's worse?—

Thus to threaten my life when I offer my purse.

Hem! he can't be in debt, as the common talk runs,

For the man who scorns money has never known duns.

And yet have him I must! Shall I force or entice?

Let me think—let me think; every man has his price.

[*Exit WALPOLE.*]

## SCENE III.

*A room in MRS. VIZARD'S house. At the back a large window opening on a balcony. In one angle of the room a small door, concealed in the wainscoting. In another angle folding-doors, through which the visitors enter. At each of the side scenes in front, another door.*

*Enter MRS. VIZARD.*

*Mrs. V.* 'Tis the day when the Jacobite nobles bespeak  
This safe room for a chat on affairs once a-week.  
[*Knock without.*

Ah, they come.

*Enter two JACOBITE LORDS, and NITHSDALE disguised as a woman.*

*1st J. L.* Ma'am, well knowing your zeal for our  
king,  
To your house we have ventured this lady to bring.  
She will quit you at sunset—nay, haply, much sooner—  
For a voyage to France in some trusty Dutch schooner.  
Hist!—her husband in exile she goes to rejoin,  
And our homes are so watched—

*Mrs. V.* That she's safer in mine.  
Come with me, my dear lady, I have in my care  
A young ward—

*1st J. L. [hastily].* Who must see her not! Till we  
prepare

Her departure, conceal her from all prying eyes;  
She is timid, and looks on new faces as spies.  
Send your servant on business that keeps her away  
Until nightfall;—her trouble permit me to pay.

[*Giving a purse.*

*Mrs. V.* Nay, my lord, I don't need—

*1st J. L.* Quick, your servant release.

*Mrs. V.* I will send her to Kent with a note to my niece.

[*Exit MRS. VIZARD.*

*1st J. L. [to NITH.].* Here you're safe; still, I tremble until  
you are freed;  
Keep sharp watch at the window—the signal's agreed.  
When a pebble's thrown up at the pane, you will know  
'Tis my envoy;—a carriage will wait you below.

*Nith.* And if, ere you can send him, some peril befall?

*1st J. L.* Risk your flight to the inn near the steps at Blackwall.

*Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.*

*Mrs. V.* She is gone.

*1st J. L.* Lead the lady at once to her room.

*Mrs. V.* [*opening door to right of side scene*]. No man dares enter here.

*Nith.* [*aside*]. Where she sleeps, I presume.

[*Exeunt MRS. VIZARD and NITHSDALE.*]

*2nd J. L.* You still firmly believe, tho' revolt is put down, That King James is as sure to recover his crown.

*1st J. L.* Yes; but wait till this Parliament's close is decreed,

And then up with our banner from Thames to the Tweed.

Who knocks? Some new friend? [*Knock at the street-door.*]

*Enter MRS. VIZARD.*

*Mrs. V.* [*looking out of the window*]. Oh! quick—quick—do not stay!

It is Blount.

*Both L.* What!—the Roundhead?

*Mrs. V.* [*opening concealed door in the angle*]. Here

—here—the back way. [*Exit MRS. VIZARD.*]

*1st J. L.* [*as they get to the door*]. Hush! and wait till he's safe within doors.

*2nd J. L.* But our foes

She admits?

*1st J. L.* By my sanction,—their plans to disclose.

[*Exeunt JACOBITE LORDS just as enter BLOUNT and MRS. VIZARD.*]

#### SCENE IV.

MRS. VIZARD, BLOUNT.

*Mrs. V.* I had sent out my servant; this is not your hour.

*Blount.* Mistress Vizard.

*Mrs. V.* Sweet sir! [*Aside*]. He looks horridly sour.

*Blount.* I enjoined you, when trusting my ward to your  
care——

*Mrs. V.* To conceal from herself the true name that you  
bear.

*Blount.* And she still has no guess——

*Mrs. V.* That in Jones, christened John,  
’Tis the great Selden Blount whom she gazes upon.

*Blount.* And my second injunction——

*Mrs. V.* Was duly to teach her  
To respect all you say, as if said by a preacher.

*Blount.* A preacher!—not so; as a man she should rather  
Confide in, look up to, and love as——

*Mrs. V.* A father.

*Blount.* Hold! I did not say “Father.” You might,  
for you can,

Call me——

*Mrs. V.* What?

*Blount.* Hang it, madam, a fine-looking man.  
But at once to the truth which your cunning secretes,  
How came Lucy and you, ma’am, at night in the streets?

*Mrs. V.* I remember. Poor Lucy so begged and so cried—  
On that day, a year since——

*Blount.* Well!

*Mrs. V.* Her poor mother died;  
And all her wounds opened, recalling that day:  
She insisted—I had not the heart to say nay—  
On the solace religion alone can bestow;  
So I led her to church,—does that anger you?

*Blount.* No!  
But at nightfall——

*Mrs. V.* I knew that the church would be dark;  
And thus nobody saw us, not even the clerk.

*Blount.* And returning——

*Mrs. V.* We fell into terrible danger.  
Sir, the Mohawks——

*Blount.* I know; you were saved by a stranger.  
He escorted you home; called the next day, I hear.

*Mrs. V.* But I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear.

*Blount.* Since that day the young villain has seen her.

*Mrs. V.* Oh no!

*Blount.* Yes.

*Mrs. V.* And where?

*Nith.* And if, ere you can send him, some peril befall?  
*1st J. L.* Risk your flight to the inn near the steps at Blackwall.

*Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.*

*Mrs. V.* She is gone.

*1st J. L.* Lead the lady at once to her room.

*Mrs. V.* [*opening door to right of side scene*]. No man dares enter here.

*Nith.* [*aside*]. Where she sleeps, I presume.

[*Exeunt MRS. VIZARD and NITHSDALE.*]

*2nd J. L.* You still firmly believe, tho' revolt is put down,  
 That King James is as sure to recover his crown.

*1st J. L.* Yes; but wait till this Parliament's close is decreed,

And then up with our banner from Thames to the Tweed.

[*Knock at the street-door.*]

Who knocks? Some new friend?

*Enter MRS. VIZARD.*

*Mrs. V.* [*looking out of the window*]. Oh! quick—quick—do not stay!

It is Blount.

*Both L.* What!—the Roundhead?

*Mrs. V.* [*opening concealed door in the angle*]. Here—here—the back way. [*Exit MRS. VIZARD.*]

*1st J. L.* [*as they get to the door*]. Hush! and wait till he's safe within doors.

*2nd J. L.* But our foes

She admits?

*1st J. L.* By my sanction,—their plans to disclose.

[*Exeunt JACOBITE LORDS just as enter BLOUNT and MRS. VIZARD.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*MRS. VIZARD, BLOUNT.*

*Mrs. V.* I had sent out my servant; this is not your hour.

*Blount.* Mistress Vizard.

*Mrs. V.* Sweet sir! [*Aside*]. He looks horridly sour.

*Blount.* I enjoined you, when trusting my ward to your care——

*Mrs. V.* To conceal from herself the true name that you bear.

*Blount.* And she still has no guess——

*Mrs. V.* That in Jonon, christened John,  
'Tis the great Selden Blount whom she gazed upon.

*Blount.* And my second injunction——

*Mrs. V.* Was duly to teach her  
To respect all you say, as if said by a preacher.

*Blount.* A preacher!—not so; as a man who should rather  
Confide in, look up to, and love as——

*Mrs. V.* A father.

*Blount.* Hold! I did not say "Father." You might,  
for you can,

Call me——

*Mrs. V.* What?

*Blount.* Hang it, madam, a fine-bone-egg name  
But as true to the truth which your cunning senses——

How came Lucy and you, ma'am, at night in the woods?

*Mrs. V.* I remember. Poor Lucy so begged me to visit  
On this day, a year since——

*Blount.* Well!

*Mrs. V.* Her year was over then,  
And all her wounds opened, recalling that day

She murmured—I had not the heart to say nay—  
On the way she and you alone can bear;

So I led her to church—then that angel you?

*Blount.*

But is forgotten——  
*Mrs. V.* I knew that the church was a place  
And thus never saw me nor ever the church.

*Blount.* And something——

*Mrs. V.* The fact was, you——  
Sir, the——

*Blount.* I saw you first then, and——  
Heaven knows the rest, and all the rest of it.

So I led her to church—then that angel you?

*Mrs. V.* I saw you first then, and——  
Heaven knows the rest, and all the rest of it.

So I led her to church—then that angel you?

*Blount.*

At the window.

*Mrs. V.*

You do not say so !

What deceivers girls are ! how all watch they befool !

One should marry them off, ere one sends them to school !

*Blount.* Ay, I think you are right. All our plans have miscarried.

Go ; send Lucy to me—it is time she were married.

[*Exit MRS. VIZARD by door to left of side scene.*]

*Blount.* When I first took this orphan, forlorn and alone,  
From the poor village inn where I sojourned unknown,  
My compassion no feeling more sensitive masked.  
She was grateful—that pleased me ; was more than I asked.  
'Twas in kindness I screened myself under false names,  
For she told me her father had fought for King James ;  
And, embued in the Jacobite's pestilent error,  
In a Roundhead she sees but a bugbear of terror.  
And from me, Selden Blount, who invoked our free laws  
To behead or to hang all who side with that cause,  
She would start with a shudder ! O fool ! how above  
Human weakness I thought myself ! This, then, is love !  
Heavens ! to lose her—resign to another those charms !  
No, no ! never ! Why yield to such idle alarms ?  
What's that fop she has seen scarcely once in a way  
To a man like myself, whom she sees every day ?  
Mine she must be ! but how !—the world's laughter I dread.  
Tut ! the world will not know, if in secret we wed.

[*Enter LUCY by door to left of side scene.*]

## SCENE V.

BLOUNT, LUCY.

*Lucy.* Dear sir, you look pale. Are you ill ?

*Blount.*

Ay, what then ?

What am I in your thoughts ?

*Lucy.*

The most generous of men.

Can you doubt of the orphan's respectful affection,

When she owes ev'n a home to your sainted protection ?

*Blount.* In that home I had hoped for your youth to  
secure

Safe escape from the perils that threaten the pure ;  
 But, alas ! where a daughter of Eve is, I fear  
 That the serpent will still be found close at her ear.

*Lucy.* You alarm me !

*Blount.* I ought. Ah, what danger you ran !  
 You have seen—have conversed with——

*Lucy.* Well, well.

*Blount.* A young man.

*Lucy.* Nay, he is not so frightful, dear sir, as you deem ;  
 If you only but knew him, I'm sure you'd esteem.  
 He's so civil—so pleasant—the sole thing I fear  
 Is—heigh-ho ! are fine gentlemen always sincere ?

*Blount.* You are lost if you heed not the words that I say.  
 Ah ! young men are not now what they were in my day.  
 Then their fashion was manhood, their language was truth,  
 And their love was as fresh as a world in its youth ;  
 Now they fawn like a courtier, and fib like his flunkies,  
 And their hearts are as old as the faces of monkeys.

*Lucy.* Ah ! you know not Sir Sidney——

*Blount.* His nature I do,  
 For he owned to my friend his designs upon you.

*Lucy.* What designs ?

*Blount.* Of a nature too dreadful to name.

*Lucy.* How ! His words full of honour——

*Blount.* Veiled thoughts full of shame.  
 Heard you never of wolves in sheep's clothing ? Why weep ?

*Lucy.* Indeed, sir, he don't look the least like a sheep.

*Blount.* No, the sheepskin for clothing much finer he  
 trucks ;

Wolves are nowadays clad not as sheep—but as bucks.  
 'Tis a false heart you find where a fine dress you see,  
 And a lover sincere is a plain man like me.  
 Dismiss then, dear child, this young beau from your  
 mind——

A young bean should be loathed by good young woman-  
 kind.

At the best he's a creature accustomed to roam ;  
 'Tis at sixty man learns how to value a home.  
 Idle fancies throng quick at your credulous age,  
 And their cure is companionship, cheerful, but sage ;  
 So, in future, I'll give you much more of my own.  
 Weeping still !—I've a heart, and it is not of stone.



*Lucy.* Pardon, sir, these vain tears; nor believe that I  
mourn  
For a false-hearted——

*Blount.* Coxcomb, who merits but scorn.  
We must give you some change—purer air, livelier  
scene—

And your mind will soon win back its temper serene.  
You must quit this dull court with its shocking look-out.  
Yes, a cot is the home of contentment, no doubt.  
A sweet cot with a garden—walled round—shall be ours,  
Where our hearts shall unite in the passion—for flowers.  
Ah! I know a retreat, from all turmoil remote,  
In the suburb of Lambeth—soon reached by a boat.  
So that every spare moment to business not due  
I can give, my sweet Lucy, to rapture and you.

*Lucy.* What means he? His words and his looks are  
alarming:

Mr. Jones, you're too good!

*Blount.* What!—to find you so charming?  
Yes; tho' Fortune has placed my condition above you,  
Yet Love levels all ranks. Be not startled—I love you.  
From all dreams less exalted your fancies arouse;  
The poor orphan I raise to the rank of my spouse.

*Lucy.* What! His spouse! Do I dream?

*Blount.* Till that moment arrives,  
Train your mind to reflect on the duty of wives.  
I must see Mistress Vizard, and all things prepare;  
To secure our retreat shall this day be my care.  
And—despising the wretch who has caused us such  
sorrow—

Our two lives shall unite in the cottage to-morrow.

*Lucy.* Pray excuse me—this talk is so strangely——

*Blount.* Delightful!

*Lucy* [*aside*]. I am faint; I am all of a tremble: how  
frightful!

[*Exit through side door to left.*]

*Blount.* Good; my mind overawes her! From fear love  
will grow,

And by this time to-morrow a fig for the beau.

[*Calling out.*]

Mistress Vizard!

[*Enter MRS. VIZARD.*]

## SCENE VI.

BLOUNT, MRS. VIZARD.

*Blount.* Guard well my dear Lucy to-day,  
 For to-morrow I free you, and bear her away.  
 I agree with yourself—it is time she were married,  
 And I only regret that so long I have tarried.  
 Eno'!—I've proposed.

*Mrs. V.* She consented?

*Blount.* Of course;  
 Must a man like myself get a wife, ma'am, by force?  
*Newsman* [*without, ringing a bell*]. Great News.

*Mrs. V.* [*running to the window, listening and repeating*].

What! "Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower."

[NITHSDALE *peeps through the door of his room.*

"In his wife's clothes disguised!—the gown grey, with  
 red flower,  
 Mantle black, trimmed with ermine." My hearing is  
 hard.

Mr. Blount, Mr. Blount! Do you hear the reward?

*Blount.* Yes; a thousand—

*Mrs. V.* What!—guineas?

*Blount.* Of course; come away.

I go now for the parson—do heed what I say.

[NITHSDALE *shakes his fist at* MRS. VIZARD, *and retreats.*

We shall marry to-morrow—no witness but you;  
 For the marriage is private. I'm Jones still. Adieu!

[*Exit* BLOUNT.

[LUCY *peeps out.*

*Mrs. V.* Ha! a thousand gold guineas!

[*Locks* NITHSDALE's door.

*Re-enter* BLOUNT.

*Blount.* Guard closely my treasure.  
 That's her door; for precaution, just lock it.

*Mrs. V.* With pleasure.

[*As she shows out* BLOUNT, LUCY *slips forth.*

*Lucy.* Eh! locked up! No, I yet may escape if I hide.  
 [*Gets behind the window-curtains.*

*Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.*

*Mrs. V.* Shall I act on this news? I must quickly decide.

Surely Nithsdale it is! Grey gown, sprigged with red;  
Did not walk like a woman—a stride, not a tread.

*[Locks LUCY's door.]*

Both my lambs are in fold; I'll steal out and inquire.

Robert Walpole might make the reward somewhat higher.

*[Exit MRS. VIZARD.]*

*Lucy* *[looking out from the window]*. She has locked the street-door. She has gone with the key,  
And the servant is out. No escape; woe is me!  
How I love him! And yet I must see him with loathing.  
Why should wolves be disguised in such beautiful clothing?

*Niths.* *[knocking violently]*. Let me out. I'll not perish entrapped. From your snare  
Thus I break——

*[Bursts the door, and comes out brandishing a poker.]*  
Treach'rous hag!

## SCENE VII.

LUCY, NITHSDALE.

*Lucy.* 'Tis the wolf. Spare me; spare!

*[Kneeling, and hiding her face.]*

*Niths.* She's a witch, and has changed herself!

*Lucy.* Do not come near me.

*Niths.* Nay, young lady, look up!

*Lucy.* 'Tis a woman!

*Niths.* Why fear me?

Perchance, like myself, you're a prisoner?

*Lucy.* Ah yes!

*Niths.* And your kinsfolk are true to the Stuart, I guess.

*Lucy.* My poor father took arms for King James.

*Niths.* So did I.

*Lucy.* You!—a woman! How brave!

*Niths.* For that crime I must die  
If you will not assist me.

*Lucy.* Assist you—how? Say.

*Niths.* That she-Judas will sell me, and goes to betray.

*Lucy.* Fly! Alas! she has locked the street-door!

*Niths.* Lady fair,  
Does not Love laugh at locksmiths? Well, so does  
Despair! [*Glancing at the window.*]

Flight is here. But this dress my detection ensures.

If I could but exchange hood and mantle for yours!

Dare I ask you to save me?

*Lucy.* Nay, doubt not my will;  
But my own door is locked.

*Niths.* [*raising the poker*]. And the key is here still.

[*Bursts the door of Lucy's room and enters.*]

*Lucy.* I have read of the Amazons; this must be one.

*Niths.* [*coming from the door with hood, gown, and mantle  
on his arm*]. I have found all I need for the risk I  
must run.

*Lucy.* Can I help you?

*Niths.* Heaven bless thee, sweet Innocence, no.  
Haste, and look if no back way is open below.

Stay; your father has served the king over the water;

And this locket may please your brave father's true  
daughter—

The grey hair of poor Charles, intertwined with the pearl.

Go; vouchsafe me this kiss.

[*Kissing her hand, and exit within the door.*]

*Lucy.* What a wonderful girl!

## SCENE VIII.

*The exterior of Mrs. Vizard's house. Large window. Balcony, area  
rails below. A court. Dead walls for side scenes, with blue posts at each  
end, through which the actors enter.*

*Enter BLOUNT.*

*Blount.* For the curse of celebrity nothing atones.  
The sharp parson I call on, as simple John Jones,  
Has no sooner set eyes on my popular front,

Than he cries, "Ha! the Patriot, the great Selden Blount!"

Mistress Vizard must hunt up some priest just from Cam,  
Who may gaze on these features, nor guess who I am.

[*Knocks.*  
Not at home. Servant out too! Ah! gone forth, I  
guess,

To enchant the young bride with a new wedding-dress.  
I must search for a parson myself.

[*Enter BELLAIR from the opposite side.*

## SCENE IX.

BLOUNT, BELLAIR.

*Bel.* [*slapping him on the shoulder*]. Blount, your news?

*Blount.* You! and here, sir! What means——

*Bel.* My impatience excuse.

You have seen her?

*Blount.* I have.

*Bel.* And have pleaded my cause;

And of course she consents, for she loves me? You  
pause.

*Blount.* Nay, alas! my dear friend——

*Bel.* Speak, and tell me my fate.

*Blount.* Quick and rash though your wooing be, it is too  
late;

She has promised her hand to another. Bear up!

*Bel.* There is many a slip 'twixt the lip and the cup.

Ah! my rival I'll fight. Say his name if you can.

*Blount.* Mr. Jones. I am told he's a fine-looking man.

*Bel.* His address?

*Blount.* Wherefore ask? You kill *her* in this duel—  
Slay the choice of her heart!

*Bel.* Of her heart; you are cruel.

But if so, why, heaven bless her!

*Blount.* My arm—come away!

*Bel.* No, my carriage waits yonder. I thank you. Good  
day. [*Exit.*

*Blount.* He is gone ; I am safe—[*shaking his left hand with his right*] wish you joy, my dear Jones ! [*Exit.*

[*NITHSDALE, disguised in LUCY'S dress and mantle, opens the window.*

*Niths.* All is still. How to jump without breaking my bones ?

[*Trying to flatten his petticoats, and with one leg over the balcony.*

Curse these petticoats ! Heaven, out of all my lost riches, Why couldst thou not save me one thin pair of breeches ! Steps ! [*Gets back—shuts the window.*

*Re-enter BELLAIR.*

*Bel.* But Blount may be wrong. From her own lips alone Will I learn. [*Looking up at the window.*

I see some one ; I'll venture this stone.

[*Picks up, and throws, a pebble at the window.*

*Niths.* [*opening the window*]. Joy !—the signal !

## SCENE X.

BELLAIR, NITHSDALE.

*Bel.* 'Tis you ; say my friend was deceived.

[*NITHSDALE makes an affirmative sign.*

You were snared into—

*Niths.* Hush !

*Bel.* Could you guess how I grieved !

But oh ! fly from this jail ; I'm still full of alarms.

I've a carriage at hand : trust yourself to these arms.

[*NITHSDALE tucks up his petticoats, gets down the balcony backwards, setting his foot on the area rail.*

*Bel.* Powers above !—what a leg !

[*LORD NITHSDALE turns round on the rail, rejects BELLAIR'S hand, and jumps down.*

*Bel.* O my charmer ! one kiss.

*Niths.* Are you out of your senses ?

*Bel.* [*trying to pull up her hood*]. With rapture !

*Niths.* [*striking him*]. Take this

*Bel.* What a fist! If it hits one so hard before marriage,  
What would it do after?

*Niths.* Quick—where is the carriage?  
Now, sir, give me your hand.

*Bel.* I'll be hanged if I do  
Till I snatch my first kiss!

[*Lifts the hood and recoils astounded.*]

Who the devil are you?

[*NITHSDALE tries to get from him. A struggle.*]

*BELLAIR prevails.*

*Bel.* I will give you in charge, or this moment confess  
How you pass as my Lucy, and wear her own dress?

*Niths.* [*aside*]. What! His Lucy? I'm saved.

To her pity I owe

This last chance for my life; would you sell it, sir?

*Bel.*

No.

But your life! What's your name? Mine is Sidney  
Bellair.

*Niths.* Who in Parliament pleaded so nobly to spare  
From the axe—

*Bel.*

The chiefs doomed in the Jacobite rise?

*Niths.* [*with dignity*]. I am Nithsdale. Quick—sell me  
or free me—time flies.

*Bel.* Come this way. There's my coach: I will take  
you myself

Where you will;—ship you off.

*Niths.*

Do you side with the Guelph?

*Bel.* Yes. What then?

*Niths.*

You would risk your own life by his laws,  
Did you ship me to France. They who fight in a cause  
Should alone share its perils. Farewell, generous stranger!

*Bel.* Pooh! no gentleman leaves a young lady in  
danger;

You'd be mobbed ere you got half a yard through the  
town;

Why, that stride and that calf—let me settle your gown.

[*Clinging to him, and half spoken without.*]

No, no; I will see you at least to my carriage.

[*Behind scene.*]

To what place shall it drive?

*Niths.*

To Blackwall.

*Enter LUCY from the window.*

*Lucy.*                                       Hateful marriage!  
But where's that poor lady? What!—gone? She is free!  
Could she leap from the window? I wish I were she.  
[Retreats.]

SCENE XI.

BELLAIR, LUCY.

*Bel.* Now she's safe in my coach, on condition, I own,  
Not flattering, sweet creature, to leave her alone.

*Lucy.* [peeping]. It is he.

*Bel.* Ah ! if Lucy would only appear !

[Stoops to pick up a stone, and in the act to fling  
as LUCY comes out.

O my Lucy!—mine angel!

• Lucy.

## Why is he so dear?

*Bel.* Is it true? From that face am I evermore  
banished?

In your love was the dream of my life ! Is it vanished ?

Have you pledged to another your hand and your heart?

*Lucy.* Not my heart. Oh, not that.

*Bel.*

But your hand? By what art,

By what force, are you won heart and hand to disserve,  
And consent to loathed nuptials that part us for ever?

*Lucy.* Would that pain you so much?

*Bel.*

Can you ask? Oh, believe me,

**You're my all in the world!**

Lucy.

I am told you deceive me ;

That you harbour designs which my lips dare not name,  
And your words full of honour veil thoughts full of shame.  
Ah, sir! I'm so young and so friendless—so weak!

Do not ask for my heart if you take it to break.

*Bel.* Who can slander me thus? Not my friend, I am sure.

*Lucy.* His friend !

Bel.

Can my love know one feeling impure

When I lay at your feet all I have in this life—

Wealth and rank, name and honour—and woo you as wife'



*Lucy.* As your wife! All about you seems so much  
above

My mean lot——

*Bel.* And so worthless compared to your love.  
You reject, then, this suitor?—my hand you accept?

*Lucy.* Ah! but do you not see in what prison I'm kept?  
And this suitor——

*Bel.* You hate him!

*Lucy.* Till this day, say rather——

*Bel.* What?

*Lucy.* I loved him.

*Bel.* You loved!

*Lucy.* As I might a grandfather.  
He has shielded the orphan;—I had not a notion  
That he claimed from me more than a grandchild's devotion!  
And my heart ceased to beat between terror and sorrow  
When he said he would make me his wife, and to-morrow.

*Bel.* Fly with me, and at once!

*Lucy.* She has locked the street door.

*Bel.* And my angel's not made to jump down from that  
floor.

Listen—quick; I hear voices :—I save you; this night  
I arrange all we need both for wedlock and flight.

At what time after dark does your she-dragon close  
Her sweet eyes, and her household consign to repose?

*Lucy.* About nine in this season of winter. What then?

*Bel.* By the window keep watch. When the clock has  
struck ten

A slight stone smites the casement;—below I attend.

You will see a safe ladder; at once you descend.

We then reach your new home, priest and friends shall be  
there,

Proud to bless the young bride of Sir Sidney Bellair.

Hush! the steps come this way; do not fail! She is won.

[*Exit* BELLAIR.]

*Lucy.* Stay;—I tremble as guilty. Heavens! what have  
I done?

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*St. James's Park. Seats, &c. Time—Sunset.**Enter* BLOUNT.

*Blount.* So the parson is found and the cottage is hired—  
Every fear was dispelled when my rival retired.  
Ev'n my stern mother country must spare from my life  
A brief moon of that honey one tastes with a wife!  
And then strong as a giant, recruited by sleep,  
On corruption and Walpole my fury shall sweep.  
'Mid the cheers of the House I will state in my place  
How the bribes that he proffered were flung in his face.  
Men shall class me amid those examples of worth  
Which, alas! become daily more rare on this earth;  
And Posterity, setting its brand on the front  
Of a Walpole, select for its homage a Blount.

*[Enter BELLAIR, singing gaily.*

---

## SCENE II.

BLOUNT, BELLAIR.

*Bel.* "The dove builds where the leaves are still green  
on the tree——"

*Blount. [rising].* Ha!

*Bel.* "For May and December can never agree."

*Blount.* I am glad you've so quickly got over that blow.

*Bel.* Fallala!

*Blount. [aside].* What this levity means I must know.  
The friend I best loved was your father, Bellair—  
Let me hope your strange mirth is no laugh of despair.

*Bel.* On the wit of the wisest man it is no stigma  
If the heart of a girl is to him an enigma;

That my Lucy was lost to my arms you believed—  
 Wish me joy, my dear Blount, you were grossly deceived.  
 She is mine!—What on earth are you thinking about?  
 Do you hear?

*Blount.* I am racked!

*Bel.* What?

*Blount.* A twinge of the gout.  
 [*Reseating himself.*]

Pray excuse me.

*Bel.* Nay, rather myself I reproach  
 For not heeding your pain. Let me call me you a coach.

*Blount.* Nay, nay, it is gone. I am eager to hear  
 How I've been thus deceived—make my blunder more  
 clear.

You have seen her?

*Bel.* Of course. From her own lips I gather  
 That your good Mr. Jones might be Lucy's grandfather.  
 Childish fear, or of Vizard—who seems a virago—  
 Or the old man himself——

*Blount.* Oh!

*Bel.* You groan?

*Blount.* The lumbago!

*Bel.* Ah! they say gout is shifty—now here and now  
 there.

*Blount.*—Pooh; continue. The girl then——

*Bel.* I found in despair.  
 But no matter—all's happily settled at last.

*Blount.* Ah! eloped from the house?

*Bel.* No, the door was made fast.  
 But to-night I would ask you a favour.

*Blount.* What? Say.

*Bel.* If your pain should have left you, to give her away.  
 For myself it is meet that I take every care  
 That my kinsfolk shall hail the new Lady Bellair.  
 I've induced my two aunts (who are prudish) to grace  
 With their presence my house, where the nuptials take  
 place.

And to act as her father there's no man so fit  
 As yourself, dear old Blount, if the gout will permit.

*Blount.* 'Tis an honour——

*Bel.* Say pleasure.

*Blount.* Great pleasure! Proceed.

How is *she*, if the door is still fast, to be freed?  
Is the house to be stormed?

*Bel.* Nay; I told you before  
That a house has its windows as well as its door.  
And a stone at the pane for a signal suffices,  
While a ladder——

*Blount.* I see. [*Aside.*] What infernal devices!  
Has she no maiden fear——

*Bel.* From the ladder to fall?  
Ask her that—when we meet at my house in Whitehall.  
[*Enter 1st JACOBITE LORD.*]

## SCENE III.

BLOUNT, BELLAIR, 1st JACOBITE, afterwards VEASEY.

*J. L.* [*giving note to BELLAIR.*] If I err not, I speak to  
Sir Sidney Bellair?

Pray vouchsafe me one moment in private.

[*Draws him aside.*]

*Blount.* Despair!  
How prevent?—how forestall? Could I win but delay,  
I might yet brush this stinging fly out of my way.

[*While he speaks, enter VEASEY in the background.*]

*Vea.* Ha! Bellair whispering close with that Jacobite  
lord——

Are they hatching some plot?

[*Hides behind the trees—listening.*]

*Bel.* [*reading.*] So he's safely on board——

*J. L.* And should Fortune shake out other lots from her  
urn,

We, poor friends of the Stuart, might serve you in turn.  
You were talking with Blount—Selden Blount—is he one  
Of your friends?

*Bel.* Ay, the truest.

*J. L.* Then warn him to shun  
That vile Jezabel's man-trap—I know he goes there.  
Whom she welcomes she sells.

*Bel.* I will bid him beware.

[*Shakes hands. Exit JACOBITE LORD.*]

*Bel.* [to BLOUNT]. I have just learned a secret, 'tis fit I should tell you.

Go no more to old Vizard's, or know she will sell you.  
Nithsdale hid in her house when the scaffold he fled.  
She received him, and went for the price on his head;  
But—the drollest mistake—of that tale by-and-by—  
He was freed; is safe now!

*Blount.*

Who delivered him?

*Bel.*

I.

*Blount.* Ha!—you did!

*Bel.* See, he sends me this letter of thanks.

*Blount* [reading]. Which invites you to join with the Jacobite ranks.

And when James has his kingdom—

*Bel.* That chance is remote;

*Blount.* Hints an earldom for you.

*Bel.*

Bah!

*Blount.* Take care of this note.

[Appears to thrust it into BELLAIR's coat-pocket—  
lets it fall, and puts his foot on it.

*Bel.* Had I guessed that the hag was so greedy of gold,  
Long ago I had bought Lucy out of her hold;  
But to-night the dear child will be free from her power.  
Adieu! I expect you then.

*Blount.*

Hold! at what hour?

*Bel.* By the window at ten, self and ladder await her;  
The wedding—eleven; you will not be later. [Exit.

*Blount* [picking up the letter]. Nithsdale's letter. Bright  
thought!—and what luck! I see Veasey.

*Re-enter BELLAIR.*

*Bel.* Blount, I say, will old Jones be to-morrow uneasy?  
Can't you fancy his face?

*Blount.*

Yes; ha! ha!

*Bel.*

I am off. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

BLOUNT, VEASEY.

*Blount.* What! shall I, Selden Blount, be a popinjay's scoff?

*Mr. Veasey,* your servant.

*Vea.* I trust, on the whole,  
That you've settled with Walpole the prices of coal.

*Blount.* Coals be—lighted below! Sir, the country's in danger.

*Vea.* To that fact Walpole says that no patriot's a stranger.

*Blount.* With the safety of England myself I will task,  
If you hold yourself licensed to grant what I ask.

*Vea.* Whatsoever the terms of a patriot so stanch,  
Walpole gives you—I speak as his proxy—*carte blanche*.

*Blount.* If I break private ties where the Public's at stake,

Still my friend is my friend: the condition I make  
Is to keep him shut up from all share in rash strife,  
And secure him from danger to fortune and life.

*Vea.* Blount—agreed. And this friend? Scarce a moment ago

I marked Sidney Bellair in close talk with——

*Blount.* I know.  
There's a plot to be checked ere it start into shape.  
Hark! Bellair had a hand in Lord Nithsdale's escape!

*Vea.* That's abetment of treason.

*Blount.* Read this, and attend.

[*Gives NITHSDALE'S note to BELLAIR, which VEASEY reads.*]

Snares atrocious are set to entrap my poor friend  
In an outbreak to follow that Jacobite's flight——

*Vea.* In an outbreak. Where?—when?

*Blount.* Hush! in London to-night.  
He is thoughtless and young. Act on this information.  
Quick—arrest him at once; and watch over the nation.

*Vea.* No precaution too great against men disaffected.

*Blount.* And the law gives you leave to confine the suspected.

*Vea.* Ay, this note will suffice for a warrant. Be sure,  
Ere the clock strike the quarter, your friend is secure.

[*Exit VEASEY.*]

*Blount.* Good ; my rival to-night will be swept from my  
way,

And John Jones shall wake easy eno' the next day.

Do I still love this girl ? No, my hate is so strong,  
That to me, whom she mocks, she alone shall belong.

I need trust to that saleable Vizard no more.

Ha ! I stand as Bellair the bride's window before.

Oh, when love comes so late how it maddens the brain,  
Between shame for our folly, and rage at our pain !

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

*Room in WALPOLE'S house. [Lights.]*

*Enter WALPOLE.*

*Wal.* So Lord Nithsdale's shipped off. There's an end  
of one trouble ;

When his head's at Boulogne the reward shall be double.

[*Seating himself, takes up a book—glances at it,  
and throws it down.*]

Stuff ! I wonder what lies the Historians will tell

When they babble of one Robert Walpole ! Well, well,

Let them sneer at his blunders, declaim on his vices,

Cite the rogues whom he purchased, and rail at the prices,

They shall own that all lust for revenge he withstood ;

And, if lavish of gold, he was sparing of blood ;

That when England was threatened by France and by Rome,

He forced Peace from abroad and encamped her at home,

And the Freedom he left, rooted firm in mild laws,

May o'ershadow the faults of deeds done in her cause !

[*Enter VEASEY.*]

## SCENE VI.

WALPOLE, VEASEY.

*Vea.* [*giving note*]. Famous news! See, Bellair has delivered himself  
To your hands. He must go heart and soul with the Guelph,  
And vote straight, or he's ruined.

*Wal.* [*reading*]. This note makes it clear  
That he's guilty of Nithsdale's escape.

*Vea.* And I hear  
That to-night he will head some tumultuous revolt,  
Unless chained to his stall like a mischievous colt.

*Wal.* Your informant?

*Vea.* Guess! Blount; but on promise to save  
His young friend's life and fortune!

*Wal.* What Blount says is grave.  
He would never thus speak if not sure of his fact.

[*Signing warrant.*  
Here, then, take my State warrant; but cautiously act.  
Bid Bellair keep his house—forbid exits and entries;—  
To make sure, at his door place a couple of sentries.  
Say I mean him no ill; but these times will excuse  
Much less gentle precautions than those which I use.  
Stay, Dame Vizard is waiting without: to her den  
Nithsdale fled. She came here to betray him.

*Vea.*

What then?

*Wal.* Why, I kept her, perforce, till I sent, on the sly,  
To prevent her from hearing Lord Nithsdale's good-bye.  
When my agent arrived, I'm delighted to say  
That the cage-wires were broken,—the bird flown away;  
But he found one poor captive imprisoned and weeping;  
I must learn how that captive came into such keeping.  
Now, then, off—nay, a moment; you would not be loth  
Just to stay with Bellair?—I may send for you both.

*Vea.* With a host more delightful no mortal could sup,  
But a guest so unlooked for——

*Wal.*

Will cheer the boy up!

[*Exit* VEASEY.]

[*Enter* Servant.]

*Wal.* [*ringing hand-bell*].  
Usher in Mistress Vizard.



## SCENE VII.

WALPOLE, MRS. VIZARD.

*Wal.* Quite shocked to detain you,  
But I knew a mistake, if there were one, would pain you.  
*Mrs. V.* Sir, mistake there is not; that vile creature is  
no man.

*Wal.* But you locked the door?

*Mrs. V.* Fast.

*Wal.* Then, no doubt, 'tis a woman,  
For she slipped thro' the window.

*Mrs. V.* No woman durst!

*Wal.* Nay.

When did woman want courage to go her own way?

*Mrs. V.* You jest, sir. To me 'tis no subject of laughter.

*Wal.* Do not weep. The reward?—we'll discuss that  
hereafter.

*Mrs. V.* You'd not wrong a poor widow who brought  
you such news?

*Wal.* Wrong a widow!—there's oil to put in her cruise.

[*Giving a pocket-book.*]

Meanwhile, the tried agent despatched to your house,  
In that trap found a poor little terrified mouse,  
Which did call itself "Wilmot"—a name known to me.  
Pray you, how in your trap did that mouse come to be?

*Mrs. V.* [*hesitatingly*]. Sir, believe me—

*Wal.* Speak truth—for your own sake you ought.

*Mrs. V.* By a gentleman, sir, to my house she was brought.

*Wal.* Oh! some Jacobite kinsman perhaps?

*Mrs. V.* Bless you, no;

A respectable Roundhead. You frighten me so!

*Wal.* A respectable Roundhead intrust to your care

A young girl, whom you guard as in prison!—Beware!

'Gainst decoy for vile purpose the law is severe.

*Mrs. V.* Fie! you libel a saint, sir, of morals austere.

*Wal.* Do you mean Judith Vizard?

*Mrs. V.* I mean Selden Blount.

*Wal.* I'm bewildered! But why does this saint (no  
affront)

To your pious retreat a fair damsel confide?

*Mrs. V.* To protect her as ward till he claims, her as bride.

*Wal.* Faith, his saintship does well until that day arrive  
To imprison the maid he proposes to wive.  
But these Roundheads are wont but with Roundheads to wed,

And the name of this lady is Wilmot, she said.  
Every Wilmot I know of is to the backbone  
A rank Jacobite; say, can that name be her own?

*Mrs. V.* Not a doubt; more than once I have heard the girl say  
That her father had fought for King James on the day  
When the ranks of the Stuart were crushed at the Boyne.  
He escaped from the slaughter, and fled to rejoin  
At the Court of St. Germain's his new-wedded bride.  
Long their hearth without prattlers; a year ere he died,  
Lucy came to console her who mourned him, bereft  
Of all else in this world.

*Wal.* [*eagerly*]. But the widow he left;  
*She lives still?*

*Mrs. V.* No; her child is now motherless.

*Wal.* [*aside*]. Fled!  
Fled again from us, sister! How stern are the dead!  
Their dumb lips have no pardon! Tut! shall I build grief  
On a guess that perchance only fools my belief?  
This may *not* be her child. [*Rings.*

*Enter Servant.*

My coach waits?

*Servant.*

At the door.

*Wal.* Come; your house teems with secrets I long to explore.  
[*Exeunt WALPOLE and MRS. VIZARD.*

---

## SCENE VIII.

*MRS. VIZARD'S house. A lamp on the table.*

*Enter LUCY from her room.*

*Lucy.* Mistress Vizard still out! [*Looking at the clock.*  
What! so late? O my heart!—

How it beats! Have I promised in stealth to depart?  
 Trust him—yes! But will *he*, ah! long after this night,  
 Trust the wifo wooed so briefly, and won but by flight?  
 My lost mother! [*Takes a miniature from her breast.*]  
 Oh couldst thou yet counsel thy child!  
 No, this lip does not smile as it yesterday smiled.  
 From thine heaven can no warning voice come to mine  
 ear;  
 Save thy child from herself;—'tis myself that I fear.

*Enter WALPOLE and MRS. VIZARD through the  
 concealed door.*

Mrs. V. Lucy, love, in this gentleman (curtsy, my dear)  
 See a friend.

Wal. Peace, and leave us. [*Exit MRS. VIZARD.*]

## SCENE IX.

WALPOLE, LUCY.

Wal. Fair girl, I would hear  
 From yourself, if your parents——

Lucy. My parents; oh say  
 Did you know them?—my mother?

Wal. The years roll away.

I behold a grey hall, backed by woodlands of pine;  
 I behold a fair face—eyes and tresses like thine—  
 By her side a rude boy full of turbulent life,  
 All impatient of rest, and all burning for strife—  
 They are brother and sister. Unconscious they stand—  
 On the spot where their paths shall divide—hand in hand.  
 Hush! a moment, and lo! as if lost amid night,  
 She is gone from his side, she is snatched from his sight.  
 Time has flowed on its course—that wild boy lives in me;  
 But the sister I lost! Does she bloom back in thee?  
 Speak—the name of thy mother, ere changing her own  
 For her lord's?—who her parents?

Lucy. I never have known.  
 When she married my father, they spurned her, she said,  
 Bade her hold herself henceforth to them as the dead;

Slandered him in whose honour she gloried as wife,  
 Urged attaint on his name, plotted snares for his life;  
 And one day when I asked what her lineage, she sighed  
 "From the heart they so tortured their memory has died."

*Wal.* Civil war slays all kindred—all mercy, all ruth.

*Lucy.* Did you know her?—if so, was this like her in youth?  
[Giving miniature.]

*Wal.* It is she; the lips speak! Oh, I knew it!—thou art

My lost sister restored!—to mine arms, to mine heart.  
 That wild brother the wrongs of his race shall atone;  
 He has stormed his way up to the foot of the throne.  
 Yes! thy mate thou shalt choose 'mid the chiefs of the land.

Dost thou shrink?—heard I right?—is it promised this hand,

And to one, too, of years so unsuited to thine?

*Lucy.* Dare I tell you?

*Wal.* Speak, sure that thy choice shall be mine.

*Lucy.* When my mother lay stricken in mind and in frame,

All our scant savings gone, to our succour there came  
 A rich stranger, who lodged at the inn whence they sought

To expel us as vagrants. Their mercy he bought;  
 Ever since I was left in the wide world alone,  
 I have owed to his pity this roof—

*Wal.* Will you own

What you gave in return?

*Lucy.* Grateful reverence.

*Wal.* And so

He asked more!

*Lucy.* Ah! that more was not mine to bestow.

*Wal.* What! your heart some one younger already had won.

Is he handsome?

*Lucy.* Oh yes!

*Wal.* And a gentleman's son.

*Lucy.* Sir, he looks it.

*Wal.* His name is—

*Lucy.* Sir Sidney Bellair.

*Wal.* Eh! that brilliant Lothario? Dear Lucy, beware;

Men of temper so light may make love in mere sport.  
Where on earth did you meet?—in what terms did he  
court?

Why so troubled? Why turn on the timepiece your eye?  
Orphan, trust me.

*Lucy.* I will. I half promised to fly——

*Wal.* With Bellair. [*Aside.*] He shall answer for this  
with his life.

Fly to-night as his—what!

*Lucy.* Turn your face—as his wife.

[*LUCY sinks down, burying her face in her hands.*]

*Wal.* [*going to the door.*] Jasper—ho!

*Enter Servant as he writes on his tablets.*

Take my coach to Sir Sidney's, Whitehall.

Mr. Veasey is there; give him this—that is all.

[*Tearing out the leaf from the tablet and folding it  
up.*]

Go out the back way; it is nearest my carriage.\*

[*Opens the concealed door, through which Exit  
Servant.*]

I shall very soon know if the puppy means marriage.

*Lucy.* Listen; ah! that's his signal!

*Wal.* A stone at the pane!

But it can't be Bellair—he is safe.

*Lucy.* There, again!

*Wal.* [*peeps from the window.*] Ho!—a ladder! Niece, do  
as I bid you; confide

In my word, and I promise Sir Sidney his bride!

Ope the window and whisper, "I'm chained to the floor;

Pray, come up and release me!"

*Lucy.* [*out of the window.*] "I'm chained to the floor;  
Pray, come up and release me."

*Wal.*

I watch by this door.

[*Enters LUCY's room and peeping out.*]

[*FLOUNT enters through the window.*]

\* In obeying this instruction, the servant would not see the ladder, which (as the reader will learn by what immediately follows) is placed against the balcony in the front of the house.

## SCENE X.

BLOUNT, LUCY, WALPOLE *at watch unobserved.*

*Lucy.* Saints in heaven, Mr. Jones !

*Wal. [aside].* Selden Blount, by Old Nick !

*Blount.* What ! you are not then chained ! Must each word be a trick ?

Ah ! you looked for a gallant more dainty and trim ;  
He deposes me to say he abandons his whim ;  
By his special request I am here in his place—  
Saving him from a crime and yourself from disgrace.  
Still, ungrateful, excuse for your folly I make—  
Still the prize he disdains to my heart I can take.  
Fly with me, as with him you would rashly have fled ;—  
He but sought to degrade you, I seek but to wed.  
Take revenge on the false heart, give bliss to the true !

*Lucy.* If he's false to myself, I were falsier to you,  
Could I say I forget him ;

*Blount.* You will, when my wife.

*Lucy.* That can never be——

*Blount.* Never !

*Lucy.* One love lasts thro' life !

*Blount.* Traitor ! think not this insult can tamely be borne—

Hearts like mine are too proud for submission to scorn.

You are here at my mercy—that mercy has died ;

You remain as my victim or part as my bride.

*[Locks the door.]*

See, escape is in vain, and all others desert you ;

Let these arms be your refuge.

*Wal. [tapping him on the shoulder].* Well said, Public Virtue !

*[BLOUNT, stupefied, drops the key, which WALPOLE takes up, stepping out into the balcony, to return as BLOUNT, recovering himself, makes rush at the window.]*

*Wal. [stopping him].* As you justly observed, "See escape is in vain"—

I have pushed down the ladder.

*Blount.* [*laying his hand on his sword*]. 'Sdeath! draw, sir!—

*Wal.*

Abstain

From that worst of all blunders, a profitless crime.

Cut my innocent throat? Fie! one sin at a time.

*Blount.* Sir, mock on, I deserve it; expose me to shame, I've o'erthrown my life's labour,—an honest man's name.

*Lucy* [*stealing up to BLOUNT*]. No; a moment of madness can not sweep away

All I owed, and—forgive me—have failed to repay:

[*To WALPOLE.*

Be that moment a secret.

*Wal.*

If woman can keep one,

Then a secret's a secret. Gad, Blount, you're a deep one!

[*Knock at the door; WALPOLE opens it.*

[*Enter BELLAIR and VEASEY, followed by MRS. VIZARD.*

## SCENE XI.

WALPOLE, LUCY, BLOUNT, VEASEY, BELLAIR, MRS. VIZARD  
*in the background.*

*Bel.* [*not seeing WALPOLE, who is concealed behind the door which he opens and hurrying to BLOUNT*]. Faithless man, canst thou look on my face undismayed?

Nithsdale's letter disclosed, and my friendship betrayed!

What! and here too! Why here?

*Blount* [*aside*].

I shall be the town's scoff.

*Wal.* [*to BELLAIR and VEASEY*]. Sirs, methinks that you see not that lady—hats off.

I requested your presence, Sir Sidney Bellair,

To make known what you owe to the friend who stands there.

For that letter disclosed, your harsh language recant—

It's condition your pardon;—full pardon I grant.

He is here—you ask why; 'tis to save you to-night

From degrading your bride by the scandal of flight.

[*Drawing him aside.*

Or—hist!—*did* you intend (whisper close in my ear)

Honest wedlock with one so beneath you I fear ?  
You of lineage so ancient——

*Bel.* Must mean what I say.

Do their ancestors teach the Well-born to betray ?

*Wal.* Wed her friendless and penniless ?

*Bel.* Ay.

*Wal.* Strange caprice

Deign to ask, then, from Walpole the hand of his niece.

Should he give his consent, thank the friend you abuse.

*Bel.* [*embracing BLOUNT*]. Best and noblest of men, my  
blind fury excuse !

*Wal.* Hark ! her father's lost lands may yet serve for  
her dower.

*Bel.* All the earth has no lands worth the bloom of this  
flower.

*Lucy.* Ah ! too soon fades the flower.

*Bel.* True, I alter the name.

Be my perfect pure chrysolite—ever the same.

*Wal.* Hold ! I know not a chrysolite from a carbuncle,  
[*With insinuating blandishment of voice and look.*]

But my nephew-in-law should not vote out his uncle.

*Bel.* Robert Walpole, at last you have bought me, I fear.

*Wal.* Every man has his price. My majority's clear.

If,—— [*Crossing quickly to Blount.*]

Dear Blount, did your goodness not rank with  
the best,

What you feel as reproach, you would treat as a jest.

Raise your head—and with me keep a laugh for the ass

Who has never gone out of his wits for a lass :

Live again for your country—reflect on my bill.

*Blount* [*with emotion, grasping WALPOLE's hand*]. You are  
generous ; I thank you. Vote with you ?—I will !

*Vea.* How dispersed are the clouds seeming lately so  
sinister !

*Wal.* Yes, I think that the glass stands at Fair—for the  
Minister.

*Vea.* Ah ! what more could you do for the People and  
Throne ?

*Wal.* Now I'm safe in my office, I'd leave well alone.





**DARNLEY.**



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

DARNLEY.

PARSONS (*his Clerk*).

MAINWARING (*his Friend*).

SIR FRANCIS MARSDEN	}	( <i>his Acquaintances</i> ).
SELFBY FYSHE.		

LORD FITZHOLLOW (*his Father-in-Law*).

SERVANTS.

LADY JULIET DARNLEY.

MISS PLACID.

THE LADY OF THE VILLA.

HER SERVANT.



## PREFACE

### TO "DARNLEY."

---

My father left to my unfettered discretion the task of dealing with his numerous unpublished manuscripts. Amongst them was one which, under the title of "Darnley," is here added to the collection of his dramatic works. Its author had given to it no name and no conclusion. It consisted of four acts of a five-act play, finished only in the rough, and some few notes. The four acts had not received those important final touches which, in the case of acting plays, are best reserved for consultation with the principal actors concerned in their performance. Of the fifth act no trace existed; except in the few notes to which reference will be found at the conclusion of the fourth act as printed in this Edition. Such was the condition of the manuscript I had to deal with under a two-fold sense of obligation to the living and the dead. The literary remains of celebrated authors constitute a kind of property not easily classified. It is not altogether private: for the public has a legitimate interest in the result of all literary labour undertaken by a great author for its enjoyment or instruction. And of this interest the author's literary executors are to some extent trustees. But, on the other hand, they are also the guardians of a reputation not their own. Death has placed in their hands the key of a workshop, only interesting to the public on account of the worthy and famous works which have issued from it. In its secret

chambers are materials collected, and instruments arranged, which may serve to illustrate the master's method, though they cannot reveal his incommunicable secret; and, with them, fragments of work reserved either for destruction or completion by the hand that has left it incomplete. Shall all these be consigned for ever to that "wallet," wherein "Time puts alms for Oblivion?" If not, how many of them will it be right to save for the satisfaction of a not irreverent curiosity?

Such questions present themselves in a form comparatively simple to the literary executors of the philosopher or the man of science; whose roughest notes possess an interest and importance which owe nothing to art. But the literary value of work done by the poet, the novelist, or the dramatist, is largely dependent on the artistic finish of it. And those who display the unpublished work of a great artist, must recall in fear and trembling the curse invoked by Shakespeare on the disturber of his bones.

I was not uninfluenced by these reflections when considering what I should do with the present dramatic fragment. I cannot precisely fix the date at which it was written; but the allusions it contains to an attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, and the military action of Sir Harry Pottinger, leave no doubt that it must have lain for many years undisturbed in the portfolio of its author. Why did he leave it so long unfinished? Why, in the course of those many years, had he made no effort to place it on the stage? Was it because he deemed the work undeserving of completion and performance? If so, the posthumous publication of it would have been wholly unwarrantable. But I had many and strong reasons for attributing to other causes my father's apparent neglect of a work which, even in its present rough-hewn and unfinished condition, is powerfully constructed and full of vigorous undiwork.

In the first place ; although, during my father's lifetime, I was not aware of the existence of this unfinished play, yet in conversations with me on the subject of dramatic structure he had frequently illustrated his views of that most difficult art by describing scenes and situations which occur in "Darnley;" and he often expressed to me his conviction that a most powerful domestic drama might be constructed out of the conception he has here embodied. In the next place ; this unfinished play belongs to an important series of carefully completed dramas which, though he reckoned them among the best of his dramatic works, my father never published. They were all written for the stage. They were never published because they had never been performed ; and they were never performed because no theatre in this country united all the requisite conditions of their efficient performance. With Mr. Macready's retirement from the stage, my father had lost his chief incentive to write for it. Here and there, it still furnished an excellent actor, but nowhere an acting company, or a school of acting, able to give adequate expression to ideas embodied in a form possessing any pretension to literary value. But the bent of my father's genius was so emphatically dramatic, that the form first assumed by many of his most important fictions was that of the drama. Of these dramatic sketches, some were eventually developed into novels and romances ; which probably owe much of their structural symmetry and emotional strength to the concise dramatic form wherein the conception of them was first cast. Others he retained in this form ; hopeful, no doubt, of an occasion that never came during his lifetime, when they might be placed upon the stage with a reasonable prospect of that perfect co-operation of intelligence between the author, the actors, and the public, which is indispensable to the satisfactory effect of an acting play.



Notwithstanding the unfinished condition of it, the manuscript of Darnley appeared to me too vigorous and valuable a specimen of its author's dramatic workmanship to be permanently withheld from the public. In this impression I was confirmed by the unqualified opinion of the late Mr. John Forster, and the late Mr. George Henry Lewes, to whom I showed it. Those competent judges of dramatic writing also shared my conviction that for the publication of this work the stage was the only adequate vehicle. The late Mr. Rogers, when told by one of his guests that the author of Philip van Artevelde had written a new play, asked "Is it an acting play, or a reading play?" And on hearing that it was a reading play, he drily replied, "Then I shan't read it." Few people do read with complete satisfaction that hybrid kind of composition which is commonly called a reading play. But poems are poems; and not to be talked of, or thought of, as plays, merely because they happen to be written in dialogue, and divided into acts and scenes. Such dramatic poems as those of Sir Henry Taylor are literary treasures, of which the value has no relation to their acting capabilities. To be rightly appreciated, they must be read. It is just the reverse with a genuine play. To be rightly appreciated, it must be acted. In the case of this play, however, the unfinished condition of it was an insuperable obstacle to placing it upon the stage in a thoroughly satisfactory form. In Germany the play-going public is interested by the performance of such a mere dramatic fragment as the "Demetrius" of Schiller, when it is from the pen of a famous national author. But from an English audience it would be idle to expect a similar interest in the performance of an unfinished play, however illustrious its authorship. And, even in Germany, an unfinished play by Goethe, Schiller, Lessing or Grillparzer, though sure of a permanent place in the *répertoire* of the national stage, would probably fail to fill the

theatre for many consecutive nights. In order to place this play upon the stage, therefore, it was necessary to add to it a fifth act, by a hand not that of its author. For such a task it was not easy to find in any one writer all the requisite qualifications. In some who were not unwilling to undertake it I could reckon upon knowledge of the stage, in others upon literary capacity. In none upon a combination of both, commensurate with the difficulty of the undertaking. Wholly unqualified to undertake it myself, I asked Monsieur Alexandre Dumas whether he would be willing to write the fifth act of this play with a view to its performance, as thus completed, at the Théâtre Français, in Paris. That eminent dramatist declared himself much pleased and flattered by the proposal. After reading the four acts written by my father, however, he found that their adaptation to the taste of a French audience would require alterations of the original text more or less inconsistent with fidelity to the main idea of it; and to Monsieur Dumas no less than to myself this consideration appeared conclusive against the project of bringing out the play in France. Shortly afterwards, I received from Mr. Hare proposals for the production of it at the Court Theatre in London. In accepting Mr. Hare's proposals I felt assured, both from the finished excellence of his own acting and the general intelligence with which it was supported by the company then associated with him, that the play could not be performed in England under conditions more favourable to its success, if only the dramatic interest of it were adequately sustained in the fifth act still to be written for it. The composition of this act was intrusted to Mr. Coghlan; and I hoped to assist him in it by various suggestions which are submitted to the reader in the explanatory remarks I have appended to the fourth act. The fulfilment of that hope, however, was prevented by circumstances which involved my lengthened absence from England

before I had any communication with Mr. Coghlan on the subject of his work. He completed it without reference to me, during my absence; and I was busily occupied in India when the play, as finished by him, was brought out at the Court Theatre in London. No effort to ensure success was neglected. It was placed upon the stage with great intelligence and expense: and I am assured by all who witnessed it that Mr. Hare's impersonation of the character of Mainwaring was one of his most finished and admirable performances. Nevertheless the play was not successful; and after a short run it was withdrawn. Translated into German, it had been simultaneously produced in Vienna, at the Burg Theatre, by some of the best actors in Europe. The announcement of its performance on that celebrated stage had been received with lively interest by a population to whom the name of its author was a household word. The performance was honoured by the presence of the Emperor and the whole Imperial Court, as well as by all the representatives of the literary world in Austria. The actors had undertaken their parts with enthusiasm; and the Darnley of Herr Souenthal was, I am told by those who saw it, most effective and affecting. The audience followed the progress of the play with animated and increasing interest to the close of the fourth act. But its permanent interest as a drama could not survive the anti-climax of the fifth act. Thus at Vienna, as in London, the play was withdrawn after a short run. I should leave both the author and the actors of "Darnley," under a reproach which they do not deserve if I recorded this failure without stating what I believe to be the cause of it.

I have no doubt whatever that, had my father himself prepared this play for the stage, he would have made, in the four acts of it, here printed just as they were left by him, various alterations suggested by the experience of rehearsal. That was his practice in the

composition of those dramas which have taken so permanent a hold upon the English stage. However strong or accurate may be the dramatic instinct of an author's genius, if he is not professionally connected with the stage, he cannot possibly possess that intimate knowledge of it which best qualifies the experienced actor or manager to suggest, though it does not equally qualify them to carry out, alterations in the acting copy of a play. Molière's plays were probably much improved by attention to the criticism of his housekeeper.\* But the housekeeper would not have improved them, had she herself undertaken the alterations which her remarks suggested to their author. Mr. Coghlan's alterations of my father's manuscript were sparing and judicious. For acting purposes I believe every one of them to have been necessary in the peculiar circumstances of the case. They were mostly in the way of omission, and rightly so. If it were in his power, it was not in his function, to strengthen and develop any part of the author's original work. Yet there are parts of it which would certainly have been strengthened and developed by its author had they received his final touches. For, like a skilful painter, he never worked up his minor tones till he had put in his strongest light. In completing this play he would certainly have been careful to make the first four acts of it conducive and subservient to the effect of the fifth. But the fifth act added to it by Mr. Coghlan was not only ineffective itself; it was also destructive, I think, to the effect of the four preceding ones. This was perhaps inevitable under the very difficult conditions of a somewhat invidious task. Nor is it in any spirit of reproach that I attribute the failure of "Darnley" as an acting play, mainly, though not entirely, to the incongruity of the fifth act added by Mr. Coghlan

\* An erroneous tradition, however. The housekeeper was Montaigne's.

to the acting copy of it. But in justice to my father's work, I think it right to place before the readers of it a statement of the principles upon which I believe the fifth act of this play would have been constructed had my father written it himself; and to indicate the *dénouement* intended by the author. This I have done in a note appended to the fourth act.

LYTTON.

KNEBWORTH, *May 16th*, 1882.

# DARNLEY.

---

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

SIR FRANCIS MARSDEN'S lodgings.

[NOTE FOR THE SCENE-PAINTER.—*Pictures of race-horses, and prints of opera-dancers on the wall; Turkish pipes and weapons arranged in a recess; foils and boxing-gloves on one of the tables. A toilet table. And the general character of the apartment that of a young single man of fortune and fashion.*]

Marsden [*seated, and reading the newspaper.*] “Private French Theatricals at the Duchess of Dashmore’s. The brilliant Sir Francis Marsden (much obliged for the epithet!) performed the Maréchal de Richelieu, and in the gaiety of the part seemed perfectly at home.” At home? Ignoramus! as if gaiety and “at home” were not a contradiction in terms! [*yawns*] It takes a vast deal of pains to be a Man of Pleasure! What’s this? “The beautiful Lady Juliet Darnley”—a long paragraph on her charms and her diamonds. Yes; she’s very attractive, and her conquest would make me the envy of London! [*yawns again*] One must be always falling in love just to keep oneself awake.

*Enter SELFY FYSHE.*

Mars. How d’ye do? You find me getting up the news of the day for the small talk of the evening.

Fyshe. News? I don’t care for news. What’s news to me? News means other people’s concerns; I don’t care for other people.

Mars. [*reading.*] What a horrible fire last night in St. Giles’s!

*Fyshe.* Ah! I've no property in that direction.

*Mars.* So, Louis Philippe has been shot at again! What would become of France if she lost that sagacious king?

*Fyshe.* It's all one to me. I've nothing in the French funds.

*Mars.* Heavens! What is this? Your poor friend Dick Squander—blew out his brains at a quarter before six yesterday evening!

*Fyshe.* Did he? Thank Heaven I never lent him anything—except my umbrella! I must send for it.

*Mars.* Unparalleled philosopher, unmoved by the conflagration of a parish, the murder of a king, the danger of a realm, and the suicide of a friend!

*Fyshe.* Why, certainly, we ought all to be thankful when the calamities of others do not injure ourselves. [*offers snuff.*] My mixture—the Selfby Fyshe mixture.

*Mars.* No, man! I abhor your puny excitements of Rappée and Havannah. Give me those which stir the blood, and rock the heart—Fighting, Politics, Gaming, Drinking, Wine, Love!

*Fyshe.* Marsden, don't bore!

*Mars.* Ha! ha! Why even you are not insensible to love. Own that you are prodigiously stricken with the fair Amelia Placid—

*Fyshe.* More propriety in your expressions—"stricken" is violent, and "prodigiously" hyperbolic. Amelia Placid's uncle was my father's intimate friend. This uncle left Amelia £30,000 of which she forfeits the half if she does not marry me—unless, indeed, I refuse to ensure her happiness by making her Mrs. Fyshe. But I'm not marble. I shall marry her. I'm very fastidious. My wife must be subdued and ladylike. Miss Placid seems tolerably quiet: understands draughts and double dummy. I could conceive a sort of a kind of conjugal tranquillity in retiring to Fyshe Hall with a sort of a kind of tranquil companion who would not give me much trouble. [*thoughtfully*] She don't look as if she'd have noisy children!

*Mars.* Well, I wish you tranquillity with your Amelia. Wish me rapture with my Juliet.

*Fyshe.* Your Juliet's married already, and they put a very high price upon rapture at Doctors' Commons.

*Mars.* Pshaw! I would give my whole fortune for a smile.

*Fyshe* [*aside*.] He'd have the smile at a bargain. His fortune's all gone to the Jews. [*aloud*.] Really, though it's no business of mine, I must say I think it's very immoral to destroy the happiness of an excellent man—who gives excellent dinners.

*Mars.* Happiness? No, I'm a sad dog where love is concerned, but not so bad as you think me. There can be no happiness in my cousin Juliet's marriage with Darnley.

*Fyshe.* Why? He's a very gentleman-like man—for a merchant, or rather a speculator, for he's more the last than the first.

*Mars.* Oh! his father was a cabinet minister, his boyhood was spent in a court. When he came of age his father offered him a sinecure, and a relation of his mother's offered him a share in a mercantile establishment. He chose the latter; spent his youth at the desk; at the age of thirty-three saw my cousin Juliet, then only seventeen; fell in love with her, and was accepted. For two or three years I dare say they lived like most married people. But twelve months ago this Darnley, whose genius for speculation is wonderful, by a series of lucky hits became, from a man of easy fortune, one of the richest subjects in Europe. From that time he has only lived for speculation, and Juliet has only lived for the world. They scarcely ever see each other. Juliet is without a guide, and Darnley without a companion.

*Fyshe.* Darnley must be occupied indeed if he does not observe your more than cousinly attentions. Does he never seem to suspect you?

*Mars.* You know his singular calm and thorough high breeding. An enthusiast at the counter, but a stoic in the world. If he suspect me, he shows it only by an ironical politeness that looks confoundedly like contempt. [*Looks at his watch*.] I did not know it was so late. I am going to Lady Juliet's, shall I take you in my cab?

*Fyshe.* No! Cabs are liable to accidents. I have a patent safety close little carriage.

*Mars.* Then you shall take me.

*Fyshe.* No! the Selfby Fyshe Patent Safety only holds one. Built on purpose not to be crowded by self-invited companions. [*Opens the window and puts out his hand*.]



It's going to rain. I left my carriage at the corner, that damned fellow before he blew out his brains should have sent me back my umbrella.

*Mars.* Pshaw! the country wants rain—the crops are perishing.

*Fyshe.* Very likely. I don't grow oats and barley on the nap of my new hat. [Exit.]

*Mars.* Ha! ha! Go thy way, thou incarnation of the languid egotism of the nineteenth century. Like Major Longbow, if the lightning struck thy bride in the honeymoon, thou would'st ring the bell for thy valet to bring clean glasses, and sweep away Mrs. Fyshe. [Rings the bell.] John, is my cab come?

*John.* Yes, sir.

*Mars.* [dressing.] My coat. Certainly, I adore this Juliet. The eau-de-cologne. Never loved anyone so much, —except Jane, and Kate, and Caroline; ah! and poor Susan [in an altered voice.] Poor Susan, if she had not left me I had been perhaps another man. Into how many wild excesses have I plunged, to silence my remorse! But she deserted me and I am free. Plague on these late hours, how they shake the nerves. John, the laudanum drops. [drinks.] Pshaw! Again I am a true Epicurean. The past is irrevocable, the future not at our command. He who would enjoy life must seize every joy of the moment!

*John.* Mr. Plunder's bill, sir, and Mr. Rackett's, and Squabb the horsedealer's.

*Mars.* These are "messengers that feeling persuade us what we are." John—John—John—one word for all. It hurts the feelings of a man of honour not to pay what he fairly owes. Spare my feelings, and burn the bill.

[Singing.]

"C' est l' amour, l' amour  
Qui fait le monde à la ronde,  
Et chaque jour, à son tour  
L' amour, fait passer le monde."

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*A library in DARNLEY'S house.*

DARNLEY and PARSONS (DARNLEY'S Head Clerk).

*Darn.* An imprudent speculation, do you say, sir? A company to light the towns of Germany with gas!—Buy up all the shares you can—all. As the loadstone attracts the needle, civilization attracts capital. In the nineteenth century every investment in Human Improvement is a safe speculation. Buy up the shares.

*Par.* Well, sir—as you please. But these Spanish Funds, they are falling sadly. Better sell out.

*Darn.* Sell out? pooh! I shall throw in another ten thousand, and redress the market. Ha, ha! the glorious thing called *capital*! I, a plain English Merchant, can have an effect on the very destinies of Spain.

*Par.* But, sir——

*Darn.* I tell you I know to a day when these Funds will rise ten per cent. Here [*gives a paper*—see to these instructions. [*Exit Clerk and enter MAINWARING.*

*Main.* Ah, money-making, money-making — always making!

*Darn.* Well, and what benefactor to the world like the money-maker? Charity feeds one man, but Capital a million. It reaches Genius, and up springs Art. It converts the desert to a garden, the hamlet to a city. Without competition no excellence, but without capital no competition. Without energy no virtue, but no energy without gold. Your money-maker is the great civilizer.

*Main.* Hem! You are fortunate in having a wife who puts so much energy and virtue into constant circulation.

*Darn.* Always some sneer at my poor Juliet. For shame!

*Main.* For shame yourself, Harry Darnley! This extravagant wife of yours is——

*Darn.* Beware!

*Main.* Beware? Damme, sir, don't take that tone with me! 'Tis not generous. Don't I owe everything to you? and does not that give me the right to say whatsoever I please? When years ago, I, born a gentleman and reared

in luxury, was left by my father's improvidence to poverty and despair—when but for my young sister (then an infant looking to me for bread) I might have sunk to the cowardice of the suicide—who alone remembered the old schoolfellow in the ruined pauper? Who, not then rich himself, came to the sordid and wretched garret? Who gave a home to my sister, a future to my hope? Who was that man? you, Harry Darnley, you! Blame yourself if I am a troublesome, honest, disagreeable friend—and zounds, sir, I don't care how uncomfortable I may make you, so long as I save you from a single sorrow.

*Darn.* My dear Mainwaring!

*Main.* Don't "dear" me, sir! I won't be wheedled out of my right to reprove you. You procured me an appointment abroad. I, too, became a money-maker. I saw my sister grow up to womanhood—fair and innocent, the joy of my life. Suddenly my affairs summoned me to England. A fortune is left me by a relation whose name I now bear. I was absent but three months. I returned—my sister had left my roof. Gone with some villain—gone, and not a word! Oh, then I knew the nothingness of the money-making you boast of! Darnley, Darnley, I tell you, gold may civilize a nation; it does not consecrate a home.

*Darn.* Calm yourself. Your sister may yet return.

*Main.* Return? I would rather stand by her grave than look upon her face. Fortunately the estate bequeathed me obliged me to change the name she stains and bears. And to you alone I have confided the history of her shame. You said "Live with me, and find the home that you have lost." I came—and you have no home of your own. Man has no home when the wife is absent from the hearth.

*Darn.* Ah, that you had seen the first happy years of our marriage!

*Main.* They can return—if you but exercise your rights. Take warning from me. You indulge your wife as I indulged my sister. My reward was desertion and disgrace. All women are alike. Would you be safe? Be stern.

*Darn.* What would you have me do? Have I not myself encouraged what you ask me now to reprove? In the blaze of my sudden wealth my eyes saw but Juliet shine. Too busy, perhaps too simple in my own person, to enjoy

what my millions placed at my command, I enjoyed it, as it were, through her. She was the incarnation of my wealth. The splendour of my fortune became visible in the delight that it gave to her. Recall the difference of our years. Shall I bid her renounce her youth, because the pleasures of youth are but dull to me?

*Main.* Among the pleasures of youth, do you include a handsome, good-for-nothing cousin?

*Darn.* Hold, hold! [*checking himself*]. Nay, man, indulge your spleen—I have no cause for fear.

*Main.* A man who counts on the faith of a woman has everything to fear.

*Darn.* And the moment a husband shows such fear, dignity and trust are gone for ever. His happiness is in his wife's love, his honour in her virtue. I will not forfeit the one by harshness, nor shake the other by distrust. Juliet may have faults, but her heart is generous. For the faults of the generous what cure so effectual as confidence and indulgence? [*Seats himself*.] Enough. What are these? "Designs for Elgrove Lodge, the villa of Henry Darnley, Esq., after the Alhambra."

*Main.* Oh, yes. Lady Juliet's last proof of generosity. I never knew a woman more generous with her husband's fortune.

[*Folding doors open. Enter LADY JULIET, FYSHE, MISS PLACID (tattling), and SIR FRANCIS MARSDEN.*

*Lady J.* Yes, I must show you the drawings for our villa. A thousand pardons, dear Henry, for so abrupt an invasion. Look, Sir Francis, are they not charming?

*Mars.* Superb! after the Alhambra. Ah, the style's so effective; then, too, the associations. I always found the highest interest in the accounts of the Moors——

*Darn.* Really! I had fancied you had found a still higher interest in the accounts of the Jews.

*Mars.* [*aside*.] Hang his impertinence!

*Lady J.* You *must* like the idea. Next week we'll begin. You can't guess my impatience.

*Darn.* Still, it takes some time to move an Alhambra all the way from Granada. Give me leave to consider.

*Lady J.* Consider? I hate consideration. Next month, you know, I may care nothing about it.

*Main.* Very true. This month 'tis an Alhambra on the banks of the Thames. Next month it will be a Pagoda at the top of St. Paul's!

*Lady J.* Ha! ha! I dare say it will. But, meanwhile, why not all go to Elgrove to-day, and examine its Moorish capabilities?

*Darn.* To-day? ah! to-day I am so busy.

*Mars.* Fyshe, here's an opportunity for urging your suit to Miss Placid. Press Lady Juliet to go. The loveliest villa!

*Fyshe.* I hate villas, they're full of earwigs and thorough draughts.

*Miss P.* Come, Mr. Mainwaring! Since Mr. Fyshe does not go, you must be my cavalier.

*Fyshe.* She's piqued, poor thing! I suppose I must go. (*to Mainwaring*) Always tatting—the quietest creature! We can put up all the windows, and sit down to rest, the moment we arrive.

*Lady J.* [*who has been conversing with DARNLEY*] Well, then, it's arranged. Adieu, Henry. Mr. Fyshe, will you take the designs? And, oh, this book,—Roberts's Views of the Alhambra! I shall be back early.

*Darn.* Will you? a thousand thanks!

*Lady J.* Oh, yes. For the opera. Well, Mr. Mainwaring, how do you like me in this bonnet of Herbault's?

*Main.* Not at all.

*Lady J.* I admire your sincerity, and compassionate your taste. Mr. Fyshe, will you charge yourself with my parasol?

*Miss P.* And mine.

*Lady J.* Oh! and where is poor little Shock? he will break his heart if I leave him!

*Mars.* Run for Shock, Fyshe, he's in his basket.

*Fyshe.* Run yourself. Shock bites. Miss Placid, under my right arm a small cavity is still left.

*Miss P.* Won't you come, Mr. Mainwaring?

*Main.* No.

*Miss P.* Heigh ho! Mr. Fyshe, I shall tat all the way.

*Fyshe.* It's a charming accomplishment, and refreshingly noiseless.

*Mars.* Good bye, Darnley. We shall miss you dreadfully.

*Darn.* To be missed by Sir Francis is an honour that can even console for the loss of his company.

Main. Ha! ha!

Mars. [*disconcerted, and offering his arm*] Come, Lady Juliet—allons!

Darn. [*stopping him.*] You forget—this arm is destined to Shock. You must go for him. Take care. He is snappish, but if you handle him properly you will find him as harmless a puppy as—the rest of his species.

Mars. [*enraged.*] Sir, I — [*aside.*] Damn it, the master bites worse than the dog. [*Exit.*]

Darn. [*as MARS. goes out.*] Adieu, Lady Juliet. This poor Marsden! what a good creature it is.

[*Exeunt LADY JULIET, FYSHE, and MISS P.*]

---

### SCENE III.

MAINWARING and DARNLEY.

Darn. My heart stands still. Yes, I fear that man!

Main. Most complaisant of husbands!

Darn. I've a great mind to call her back.

Main. A cousin is so proper a companion!

Darn. She shall not go.

Main. Ha! ha!

Darn. She shall not—[*going to the door*] Enter LADY J.

Lady J. My heart chides me—dear Henry! Perhaps after all you wish me to stay at home?

Main. To be sure he does.

Darn. No, my dear Juliet, I'm not so selfish. And yet — [*aside*]—out on my jealous heart!

Lady J. Yet what?

Darn. If you had another female companion!

Lady J. True. I will take old Lady Babbleton.

Darn. [*aside.*] I will give her a safer companion for a young wife. [*aloud*] Why not take your child?

Lady J. Ah, yes—dear Fanny! that will be charming; now, indeed, I shall scarcely miss you.

Darn. The weight's gone. She does not fear the eyes of her child.

Lady J. Grave still?

Darn. No, happy in your happiness. Go, my Juliet,

and be gay. Gaiety with you is but the natural language of innocence and youth. [*Opens the door for her.*]

*Main.* What! going after all?

*Lady J.* With your leave. Ha, ha! see how awful he looks. Poor bachelor! what can he know of us strange married folks? Poor Mainwaring!

*Darn.* Ha! ha! poor Mainwaring! [*kissing her hand.*]  
[*Exit LADY J.*]

*Main.* I've done with you!

*Darn.* Nay, forgive me. After all, what a temper she has!

*Main.* Oh, charming! The true female mixture for curing refractory husbands. Three drachms of the steel of obstinacy to an ounce of the oil of coaxing.

*Darn.* Obstinacy? Never contradicts!

*Main.* And always has her own way.

*Darn.* Ever ready to yield her inclination to mine!

*Main.* And ever doing every mischief she's inclined to.

*Darn.* Hum!

*Main.* Hum!

*Darn.* This Alhambra will cost thousands—Well, I can the less afford to be idle. Come with me to the city. I want to consult you. Such a vast speculation! If it succeeds, I shall clear half a million.

*Main.* And would be just as happy without it.

*Darn.* True! The money is nothing—but, oh, the excitement of the pursuit! For the happy, sweet must be repose. For the disappointed, no solace but in action! In the fever of our schemes we forget the goad of our cares. I seem to rise from the earth when I return to my desk.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, a lady wishes to see you in the library.

*Darn.* A——what?

*Servant.* A lady, sir. She will not give her name.

*Darn.* Pshaw! I'm busy.

*Servant.* She seems in distress, sir. [*aside*] I knew that would touch him.

*Darn.* In distress? I won't keep her a moment. You see, while there's distress on the earth there's something odlike in making money.

*Main.* Some pinched old beggar, eh? [*taking out his purse.*]

*Servant.* No, so young, and so handsome, sir!

*Main.* [*putting up his purse.*] Then, I'll keep my mite for the old and the ugly. [*Exit Servant.*] If Darnley were a man to be seduced, that sort of beggar would find this a lucky time for her purpose. 'Tis an ominous conjunction for a poor dog of a husband, when the wife goes a-gadding, and young girls come a-begging. Oh, these women, these women, what torments they are! There's that malignant Amelia, asking me to go to the villa that I might see her angling for Fyshe. Oh, but he has money! and I verily think that, for the sake of a handsome settlement, a woman would marry a gudgeon, and live in a pond.

*Enter DARNLEY.*

*Darn.* My poor Mainwaring—I mean my dear friend—How can I get him out of the house? Oh, will you kindly take these papers to Parsons, my clerk? I will meet you in an hour—at my office—pray go instantly!

*Main.* What the deuce is the matter? This young lady's distress seems to move you very much.

*Darn.* It does, indeed—that is—I—but be off, I beseech you! Parsons must have these papers before the markets are closed.

*Main.* But——

*Darn.* [*pushing him out.*] There's your hat—and your stick. Take a cab, or you won't be in time.

*Main.* Oh, these women, these women! old and young giddy and sober, sinner and saint, it's all alike to them.

*Darn.* 'Sdeath man, if my character——

*Main.* Character? Lord help you, they've no more respect for a man's character than a wolf has for a lamb's. Well, I go, I go. Take care of yourself. Don't let her cry. Hold your character well over your head. But, when a woman once takes to crying, you'll find it a very sorry umbrella.

[*Exit MAINWARING.*]

*Darn.* Thank heaven, he's gone! [*Rings.*] *Enter Servant.* Not at home to a soul—send for the chariot. [*Exit Servant.*]

Where can I find her lodging? Where I may visit her unknown? So young, so charming! In my whole life I've never been more touched and affected. [*Exit.*]



## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Drawing-room in DARNLEY's house.*

*Enter Servant preceding MARSDEN and FYSHE.*

*Fyshe.* It is Miss Placid I wish to see.

*Servant.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Mars.* What! are you about to propose?

*Fyshe.* Not exactly. There are many things to consider before one admits another to the right of sharing one's existence, and crowding one's carriage. The girl's certainly quiet and silent. But has she all the other qualifications for a conjugal partner? There's the question! Take off all trouble, claim no authority, recollect what one likes when she orders the dinner, and never presume to appropriate to herself the liver-wing of the chicken?

*Mars.* A most original epitome of a bridegroom's expectations and a bride's perfections! I think Miss Placid will suit you exactly. A picture of still life, framed in white muslin.

*Fyshe.* Yes, but I'm very comfortable as a bachelor; and though, as you say, the picture is one of very still life, I would not hang it up in my drawing-room if it were worth less than £30,000. [*Looking out, aside.*] This fellow's in my way. [*Aloud.*] When Miss Placid comes you'll be good enough to go?

*Mars.* Oh, certainly. Lady Juliet will receive me in her boudoir.

*Fyshe.* Ever since that excursion to the villa, you've made way in her ladyship's heart.

*Mars.* I've not come yet to the heart, but I'm on the high-road,—through the fancy. Still, shall I own it? my conscience is a perpetual check on my hopes. Ah, what would I give to detect some frailty in Darnley, to justify the diversion of Juliet's affections!

*Fyshe.* [*aside.*] What would he give? What has he got

that would be useful to me? Hum—ha. Frailty—ha—hum.

*Mars.* But that is impossible!

*Fyshe.* Impossible? That's very good—hum—ha,

*Mars.* What do you know of—

*Fyshe.* I—it's not my business to know anything. Nothing to be got by meddling with other people's affairs—hum—ha.

*Mars.* This fellow has certainly wormed out a secret. But he'll never give even a secret for nothing. You affect to be mighty wise, Master Fyshe; but I bet you my brown cob (the one I refused to sell you last week) to the old umbrella you got back from poor Squander's executors, that you can't say a word against Darnley's moral reputation.

*Fyshe.* Will you? The brown cob? Done!

*Mars.* Done.

*Fyshe.* It never stumbles?

*Mars.* No.

*Fyshe.* Darnley does. I've a villa in St. John's Wood—my aunt's legacy. I told my agent to let it. He has done so—to a female—young and exceedingly pretty. By-the-by, you will throw in the bridle and saddle?

*Mars.* Yes, yes! For Heaven's sake go on.

*Fyshe.* Darnley pays the rent—the establishment, the bills—keeps the lady a carriage, and visits her almost daily.

*Mars.* The formal hypocrite! Are you sure?

*Fyshe.* Sure? Have not I bet my umbrella? There's the address. Saw the girl with my own eyes, when I called about moving some things of mine. Darnley don't know I'm the owner—settles all with the agent. Don't mention me as your authority.

*Mars.* My last scruple is vanished!

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* My lady will see you, Sir Francis.

*Mars.* I come. Aha, saintly sinner!

*Fyshe.* You are sure it's quite safe?

*Mars.* Safe?

*Fyshe.* The cob.

*Mars.* Oh, certainly, and if ever it grows restive, you can lend it to the future Mrs. Fyshe. [Exit.

*Enter MISS PLACID, tatting.*

*Fyshe.* Heaven forbid Mrs. Fyshe should do anything so boisterous as ride. Ah, Miss Placid, always occupied? A nice employment! Better than singing—not so noisy.

*Miss P.* You don't like noisy people?

*Fyshe.* No, indeed. You agree with me?

[MISS PLACID *nods assent.*

*Fyshe.* Man's first care should be his health. Noise shatters the nerves, and disturbs the digestion.

[MISS PLACID *nods.*

*Fyshe.* What a dumb little thing she is! She was born to be a Fyshe! A-hem! You know, my dear young lady, the wishes of my poor friend, your late uncle?

*Miss P.* Yes—he wished me to marry you. I cannot guess why.

*Fyshe.* Charming simplicity! Your uncle consulted your happiness in choosing a man of good fortune and moral character. I never gamble—it's expensive. I never drink—it's unhealthy. I never flirt—for it's troublesome. In short, I may say without vanity that, thinking that vice always injures oneself—I have not a vice in the world. That's why your uncle chose me.

*Miss P.* But my uncle said you were very sensible, and you know I'm rather silly than not.

*Fyshe.* So much the better. What they call a superior woman is always fidgetty, and generally cracked.

*Miss P.* But, they say Mr. Fyshe, married people ought to love each other. I am afraid I sha'n't love you.

*Fyshe.* Love? Human Nature was not made for such violent emotions. Love—the Enemy of Repose and the Promoter of Dyspepsia!

*Miss P.* Heigho! I don't think I can marry you—I don't indeed. And as for the forfeit of £15,000 if I refuse you—you are too generous to take it.

*Fyshe.* You render justice to my disposition. But I must do my duty, however painful—and in money matters a conscientious man owes a duty to himself.

*Miss P.* [*aside.*] Odious creature! [*aloud.*] But is my uncle's will so decisive?

*Fyshe.* It is indeed. Shall I bring you my copy?

*Miss P.* Yes—to-morrow at twelve. One can't give up so much money.

*Fyshe.* A very sensible remark. Ah, Miss Amelia, believe me, we shall be exceedingly happy. Fyshe Hall is the quietest place—game in abundance and the poultry superb. By the way, what part of the chicken do you prefer?

*Miss P.* I've no preference.

*Fyshe.* Thank Heaven! the liver wing is safe! No preference? Excellent creature—a perfect treasure! [*passionately.*] Oh, my Amelia, my Amelia!

*Miss P.* La! you frighten me. Go away, now, and at twelve to-morrow.

*Fyshe.* I will call with the will. [*Admiringly.*] How serenely she tats! Nothing disturbs her. Made on purpose for me—quite an automaton! Might as well not be married at all. Ah, I'm a lucky dog! Adieu, my Amelia. [*Exit.*]

*Miss P.* The monster! I could hardly help boxing his ears. They said he was so sensible. I thought to revolt him by playing the fool. O woman's wit, quicken my invention! Ah, he hates noisy people, does he? If I could but save the forfeit, and bring my whole fortune to that dear rude disagreeable Mainwaring—that is provided that dear rude disagreeable Mainwaring will condescend to accept me.

*Enter MAINWARING.*

*Main.* I wish I was a book—or a chair—or a table—or a pair of tongs—or a hearthrug—or a philosopher—anything that don't feel.

*Miss P.* Always in a passion! Why don't you take to tatting? Come, I'll teach you.

*Main.* Don't be pert, child!

*Miss P.* Don't be saucy, man! Sit down. Just wind this on the shuttle.

*Main.* Pshaw!

*Miss P.* What, unkind? When I wish to consult you! I'm very unhappy!

*Main.* Unhappy! You—how—what!

*Miss P.* Sit down.

*Main.* [*sitting.*] Yes: but unhappy——

*Miss P.* Wind this—carefully.

*Main.* [*winding the skein rapidly, and into most horrible confusion.*] Certainly: but unhappy?

*Miss P.* [*aside but affected.*] Dear Mainwaring! [*aloud.*] You know that I forfeit half my fortune if I refuse to marry Mr. Fyshe.

*Main.* Oh, you'll marry him. Anything rather than lose money!

*Miss P.* Very true!

*Main.* Very true? There's a mercenary baggage!

*Miss P.* But if I've no affection for him?

*Main.* So much the better. What's affection, but the power we give another to torment us?

*Miss P.* Well, I suppose you're right; and if you advise me to marry, I've that confidence in your judgment—that desire for your approbation [*offering to take his hand.*]

*Main.* Don't touch me!

*Miss P.* [*aside.*] He loves me! [*aloud.*] Well, but if Mr. Fyshe does as you do—refuse my hand—I preserve my fortune.

*Main.* Ah, that's the great consideration!

*Miss P.* Why, one's never thought half so good-looking when one has lost half one's fortune. Who'd marry poor me except for my money?

*Main.* Who? I know a fool who, if it were *not* for your money, would—but, no—you're too pretty for him.

*Miss P.* What, would he marry me if I lost—

*Main.* Every farthing! I dare say he would—but, then, he is a fool.

*Miss P.* Tell me more of him! Is he very agreeable, and good-tempered, and handsome?

*Main.* No, a quarrelsome, violent, testy, ill-looking brute. Pshaw! take your skein!

*Miss P.* Well, I know one thing. I never will marry Mr. Fyshe, or anyone else, till I see Mr. Darnley and Lady Juliet as happy as they deserve.

*Main.* Ah, that reminds me—Poor Darnley! poor fellow!

*Miss P.* What has happened?

*Main.* What, have you not heard? This last speculation of Darnley's—a very vast one—has failed. His credit is shaken. There is a run on his house. And, foremost

among those who press on the husband, are the creditors whose claims have been created by his wife.

*Miss P.* Is it possible? The rich Mr. Darnley! the millionaire!

*Main.* Yes, the man never satisfied with one million, if he could grasp at two! But, why do I blame him? It contents a man to count the smiles upon the faces of wife and children; but it never contents him to count his gold. If Darnley, driven by regret and disappointment to seek the excitement of the speculator, is a bankrupt—to-morrow let his fine-lady wife blame herself, and be hanged to her!

*Miss P.* Hush!

*Darn.* [without.] Very well. Let him wait in my study. He shall be paid. [Enter DARNLEY followed by Servant.

*Servant.* And, please, sir—Madame Cramousin has been very troublesome—called twice this morning——

*Darn.* Madame Cramousin? Who's she?

*Servant.* My lady's dressmaker.

*Darn.* True. Let her send her receipt to my office to-morrow. Well, Amelia, where is Lady Juliet?

*Miss P.* In her boudoir.

*Darn.* Alone?

*Miss P.* Little Fanny is with her.

*Darn.* Anyone else?

*Miss P.* I—I'm not sure.

*Darn.* She falters! Torture, she too suspects—[calmly] Well, and—and her cousin—my—my—friend, Marsden——

*Main.* Oh, that's of course!

*Darn.* [after a pause.] But, you say that—her child is with her?

*Miss P.* Yes, and Sir Francis only called to bring Fanny a puzzle of the History of England, which he's helping her to put together. [To MAINWARING]. Mischief-maker! My shuttle, sir. A pretty confusion you make of things when you take them in hand. You tat, indeed! [Exit.

*Main.* That girl bewitches me. I wish I was gay, and handsome, and rich. No! I wish I was a poker, a hearth-rug, a philosopher. What a beast I am! thinking of myself, and Darnley sad! [Goes up to DARNLEY, puts his hand on his shoulder, and with feeling.] My friend!

*Darn.* Those bills of Marsden's that you bought up at my request, some time since—they are due this week?

*Main.* Yes, the improvident rascal! Bills for £10,000, and the brokers sold them for two—the worst speculation you ever made!

*Darn.* [*to himself.*] The time is past when Knowledge was Power! Money is power, and I will yield it!

*Main.* [*overhearing.*] Money, power? No! can money ensure you a wife's love? Can money buy me back a sister's virtue?

*Darn.* A sister! Ah, Mainwaring, be not so hard. If your sister were less guilty than you deem her, if——

*Main.* Cease!

*Darn.* Can no suffering atone? no penitence win your pardon?

*Main.* [*fiercely.*] Yes! when she has told me the name of her betrayer. Yes! when his heart's blood has washed away my shame. Not till then!

*Darn.* [*aside.*] I must wait some happier moment.

*Main.* Let's talk of the news—the weather—the markets. How go affairs to-day?

*Darn.* New losses. The next few days my house will be sorely tried. Let the waves beat—we are on a rock.

*Main.* Lady Juliet's extravagance could give a shock to Gibraltar.

*Darn.* Well, it must be checked when this crisis is once past.

*Main.* What time so fit as the present? Why not take this very hour to rouse her conscience by the sight of her folly?

*Darn.* Why? Simply because I love her! Because this extravagance it pleased me to indulge. Because this wealth, which has been to me but a burthen, a drudgery and a toil, became bright and glorious when it invested her with the splendour of a queen. And, now, even now, grasper and speculator as men deem me,—it is not the fear of poverty that makes my heart sick, and my brain dizzy. Fortune once lost can be repaired. But, Home—Honour—Happiness—these lost, what philosophy can console, what energy restore? Mainwaring, you are right. Money is *not* Power!

*Main.* Pardon me that I have so pained you! But, now that you are roused from your seeming indifference, all will be well. Assert your authority. Reprove Lady Juliet

for her levity. Thrust this gay Lothario from your house.

*Darn.* And so, perhaps, root him in her heart. Shall I, who have sworn to honour and cherish the young creature that came to my hearth without one stain upon her soul—shall I, perhaps for a groundless fear, a visionary doubt, proclaim the jealousy that brings disgrace? When did the world ever acquit the wife whom the husband sullies by suspicion? Shall I suffer this man, whose vanity would exult even in the obstacle to his crime, to tell to every gossip how he made the proud Darnley tremble for his honour? And, what should I gain? If as yet she is indifferent to him, my harshness, that would insult her, might invest him with attractions not his own. If she loves him—if—if—O Heaven! her *virtue*—I fear not *that*! But, her *heart*? There I am a coward! [*Pauses, in great disorder.*] No, no! As I have begun so will I proceed. I will not combat mine enemy with his own weapons, but I will debase him with my contempt, and, if need be, I will crush him with my gold! And for Juliet—for her whose affection I have cherished with a miser's care—for her, there shall be no meaner guardians than the wife's purity, and the husband's trust.

*Enter FANNY.*

*Fan.* Papa, dear papa!

*Darn.* My pretty one!

*Fan.* Mamma has just heard you are come in. Pray go to her!

*Darn.* Does she wish it?

*Fan.* To be sure. You'll see how nicely I've done the puzzle Sir Francis brought me.

*Darn.* [*putting her aside.*] Ah, Sir Francis. You love him?

*Fan.* No I don't.

*Darn.* [*smiling.*] Why, my Fanny?

*Fan.* Because he's a naughty man, and tells stories.

*Darn.* Eh?

*Fan.* Yes, only think! He tells mamma he's so fond of [*mimicking*] "sweet little Fanny,"—and I heard him tell Mr. Fyshe, I was a troublesome little thing, always in the way. Not like dear good scolding Mr. Mainwaring, who



don't say one thing and mean another. Where's my doll, sir?

*Main.* My darling, I've got it for you. Such a beauty! Come into the nursery, come!

*Darn.* And I shall see Marsden with her. Courage!  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

---

## SCENE II.

LADY JULIET'S Boudoir.

LADY JULIET and MARSDEN seated.

*Mars.* Nay, I cannot agree with you my fair cousin. I cannot believe that persons can be permanently happy with dissimilar dispositions; that the grave can harmonize with the gay, or methodical reason with joyous fancy.

*Lady J.* Have you never seen the grandsire playing with the grandchild? What so dissimilar? The old man to whom the world itself is worn and hacknied; the infant who finds a plaything even in the grey locks of age! Yet the old man's brow smooths from its furrows at the merry laugh of the infant; and the infant will steal from his noisy playmates to clamber up the old man's knee. Can you not conceive that light lends a joy to shadow, and shadow gives repose to light?

*Mars.* Grandsire and grandchild! an innocent illustration. I spoke of two persons linked in nearer union. Lovers, or—married.

*Lady J.* Well, take even the married. Henry and myself. I so frivolous, he so wise. I the creature of every impulse, he so serene and calm. Were he like me, I fear I should despise him. Were I like him, I should tease him less—but should I please him more?

*Mars.* Ah, my fair cousin, you take ground I may not venture to dispute. Still, do you not deny the charm that you have not known?—the perfect harmony of character, the interchange of two hearts that beat with a common pulse; thoughts, feelings, the echo of each other—if you are sad, all cloud for the one that loves you; if gay, all sunshine.

*Lady J. [half-touched.]* Ah, that is poetry. Is it life?

*Mars.* Life, real life—if we but dare to seize it. [*Enter DARNLEY.*] If, when we find the one congenial spirit, never found but once, we can free oneself from the cold thralldom of the world—if we can see, through all things, but the one dear, ever-gracious, ever-welcome image of—Damn it! the husband!

*Darn.* Go on, pray! Charming! “Congenial spirit”—“cold thralldom”—“ever welcome image”—Some scene out of the Sorrows of Werter, eh?

*Mars.* I—I was saying—that is, I was remarking to Lady Juliet that, as a general proposition—that in short—merely as a philosophical observation—you understand—

*Darn.* Perfectly. As a philosophical observation—a congenial disposition——

*Mars.* Exactly so—is a very agreeable sort of thing.

*Darn.* The peroration is less brilliant than the exordium,—eh, Juliet? This poor Marsden! As they say in the House of Commons, his delivery is not equal to his matter.

*Mars. [aside.]* Confusion!

*Lady J.* My cousin is abashed by your irony. We were discussing a foolish question, and disagreed. How did it begin? Oh, apropos of Mr. Fyshe and Amelia. My dear Henry, you will never consent to such a sacrifice?

*Darn.* Amelia is now of age, and can decide for herself. Mr. Fyshe has one recommendation. He is Sir Francis Marsden's friend.

*Lady J.* Friend? He cares for nobody but himself.

*Darn.* He has the character of being exceedingly sensible.

*Lady J.* Because he never neglects his own interest.

*Darn.* And of being scrupulously moral, and prudently economical.

*Lady J.* Because he is too covetous to spend, and too passionless to feel.

*Darn.* You show great discernment in character. You are right. There is one class of men too egotistical for error. There is another class whose egotism is less amusing, and yet more contemptible. What say you, Sir Francis?

*Mars.* I have not studied the species.

*Lady J.* Perhaps you'll define it.

*Darn.* I will—by a specimen. Conceive a man who denies himself no pleasure, and is restrained by no duty. Without honesty, frank: without generosity, profuse; a lover of beauty; but as the worm loves the rose, not to delight in the fragrance, but to prey upon the flower. Viewing his fortune as the food of his vices; cultivating his talents as the servants of deceit; careless what misery he occasions so that his vanity is pleased; and undoing the happiness of a life, for the diversion of an hour. Such a man, though the world may call him warm-hearted and lavish, though he seem to the shallow too wild and extravagant to be selfish—such a man is the deadliest and most loathsome egotist; and amidst the ties, the charities, the affections of this breathing world, his only god is himself. Is not that true, Sir Francis?

*Lady J.* Hush, Cynic! there is no such monster.

*Darn.* Pardon me, I know an illustration in point. Once on a time, Sir Francis, I had a friend—who did not repent to have married a wife younger than himself. In that wife was centred the charm of his austere existence, the honour of his spotless name. That wife had a cousin—a fair-faced and brilliant gentleman, who pressed the husband's hand, feasted at his board, was familiar at his house, and under the guise of the relative aimed at the distinction of the betrayer. You see there is such a monster. Sir Francis recognizes the description!

*Lady J.* What can this mean?

*Darn.* I call this man an egotist. For, had he loved, he had respected the honour and the happiness of the woman in whose ruin he sought but the gratification of his own vanity. One day my friend entered the room where the wife and the cousin were alone. He overheard the tawdry sentiment in which the egotist wrapped the insidious poison——

*Lady J.* Henry!—Henry!——

*Mars.* [*haughtily.*] Fear not, madam. The egotist perhaps could reply to a calumny, unmask a hypocrite, and avenge an insult. Well, sir, what did your friend do?

*Darn.* My friend, sir, made himself merry with the confusion he excited. But then, seeing that the hour was come at last to open the eyes of Innocence to the designs of Guilt, he told some such story as I tell now. And having

told it, such was his unconquerable trust in his wife's purity and love, such his belief that, the treason once revealed, the traitor was for ever baffled, that he bowed triumphantly to the one whom he did not fear, smiled confidently on the one whom he could not doubt, took up his hat, and left them. *[Exit.*

*[LADY JULIET sinks down, and covers her face with her hands.*

*Mars. [aside.]* What! He exasperates the foe and then abandons the field? Fool as well as hypocrite! *[aloud.]* Lady Juliet, forgive me if action or word of mine has exposed you to suspicions so insulting and unjust.

*Lady J.* Suspicion! of me?

*Mars.* To accuse me is to suspect you.

*Lady J.* And has my thoughtless levity stung that generous heart?

*Mars.* Generous? True! indifference is always generous.

*Lady J.* Indifference!

*Mars.* It is easy for a man to be generous to the faults—if such there be—of his wife, when his own affections are given to another.

*Lady J.* Calumniator!

*Mars.* Pardon me—I have said too much. Yet pity, even more than indignation. . . . But no! Till you learn the truth—not from me. . . . Ah, Juliet, think what you will of the accuser and the unaccusing! Farewell!

*Lady J.* Yes, go! I never knew your true character till now. Shame on one who can insinuate the slander which——

*Mars.* Hold! Taunt me not to your own misery.

*Lady J.* Speak! that Darnley's life may belie you!

*Mars.* Alas!

*Lady J.* Ah, you falter! it is false.

*Mars.* By heaven, I have not uttered a syllable which I do not believe to be true; and true the more, because experience bids me doubt of the mortal who affects to be the saint. What in the frank is but error, in the hypocrite is sin. If another man, gay and young, hires a house in the suburb, and makes a fair lady its inhabitant; if he maintains the establishment, defrays the expenses, and visits the lady daily—why, it is but a venial gallantry as the world goes. But, if this be done by a formal moralist

who preaches to others, and gives his life, as you say, for an example, why—let us hope that it is only charity!

*Lady J.* And you dare to charge Mr. Darnley with——

*Mars.* With what I have said and no more. You have wrung it from me.

*Lady J.* Prove your accusation.

*Mars.* I have not the right. But this address may enable those who have it, to convict the egotist, or unmask the dissembler.

[*Exit.*

*Lady J.* [*after a pause.*] Where am I? Alone?—alone! O Heaven, I never knew till now how I loved him! \*

\* The conclusion of this scene is altered in the acting version.

## ACT III.—SCENE I.\*

*A Room in a Villa in St. John's Wood.*

*The Lady of the Villa.* How wearily creep the hours!  
How desolate seems the present, and yet, what happier  
moments can I hope for in the future? [*sees a guitar lying  
on the table*] And in these strings sleeps the voice of the  
past! The past, when all nature seemed to have no sound  
but music, and I heard his whisper in every murmur of the  
air [*strikes a few chords*] My only solace. For, when I sing  
the words he loved, I feel as though my voice could reach  
him from afar.

## SONG.

O, wouldst thou from the blighting wind  
Protect life's early flowers,  
And, like the dial, only count  
The time by sunny hours?  
Love not! love not!

And wouldst thou keep from youth to age  
Some trace of childhood's bloom,  
Thro' cheerful days and careless nights,  
That sigh not for the tomb?  
Love not! love not!

When this sad heart shall rest at last  
Beneath the funeral shade,  
Upon the nameless headstone write,  
To warn some happier maid,  
"Love not! love not!"

*Enter Maid Servant.*

*Servant.* These books, and this letter, from Mr. Darnley.

[*Exit.*]

*The Lady* [*in a tone of disappointment*]. He will not come  
to-day! [*reads the letter*]—"I regret extremely that urgent  
business may prevent my seeing you for a few days. Mean-

\* Omitted in the acting version.

while, take comfort and hope for the best. As soon as the affairs that now engross me will permit, be assured that I will devote every energy to secure your happiness, and repair your wrongs"—Generous Darnley! In you rests, indeed, all that can take the name of hope! Books—they have lost their charm! My own sad thoughts start up from every page. [*Knock at the door.*] A visitor to me!—is it possible? Who can have discovered——

*Enter LADY JULIET, veiled.*

*Lady J. [aside.]* So young! and with that look of innocence! [*aloud.*] Madam, forgive this intrusion.

*The Lady.* I fear there is some mistake.

*Lady J.* And I hope it. [*aside.*] What can I say? I have come here by an irresistible impulse, and now I am more confused than herself. [*aloud.*] Madam, a friend of mine—a—I cannot proceed!

*The Lady.* Her voice falters. Tears! What new misery does she come to announce to me?

*Lady J.* Away with weakness! At once, madam—are you acquainted with Mr. Darnley?

*The Lady. [starting.]* Mr. Darnley? You terrify me! What has happened to Mr. Darnley? Speak!

*Lady J. [ironically.]* Compose yourself. He is well.

*The Lady.* Strange! This tone—these looks—this disorder—Whom have I the honour to receive?

*Lady J.* One who has forgotten herself to come hither. One who knows the secret of your shame.

*The Lady.* Oh, spare me! spare me!

*Lady J.* Poor child! not yet reconciled to dishonour.

*The Lady.* If you know my secret, you know also how I was misled—how deceived. But no! I will not accuse him. I deserved it all. What right had I to confide? I who betrayed the confidence of another, I who may yet have on my soul the weight of a brother's curse, the stain of a brother's blood? O Madam, I know not who you are, nor what brings you hither. But by your womanhood itself I adjure you to remember that this secret is not mine alone. If my brother learn my wrongs and discover the betrayer, he will avenge them with his life—or the life of one still too dear.

*Lady J.* Life? Oh, fear not. Your secret is my own,

and it shall not even rise up in reproach to him who has wronged me, not less than you.

*The Lady.* Wronged you? You know him? You——

*Lady J.* [*haughtily.*] Enough, madam. My wrongs are not as yours, for mine have no remorse.

*The Lady.* [*covering her face with her hands.*] Ah!

*Lady J.* [*walking to and fro.*] No, I will not parade my injuries. I will not bring the world's obloquy on my child's father. And his life? Oh heaven! should I risk his life because, like Man, he has looked on Woman as his toy? Ah! she hides her face—the face that has allured from me a heart—O torture! torture! [*coming to the table and seeing the letter*] His hand! [*reads*]—"Be assured that I will devote every energy to secure your happiness, and repair your wrongs." Woman, whom on earth hast thou left to me? The sinner has her comforter, the abandoned one has none!

*The Lady.* You? How have I injured you? How provoked the reproaches of a stranger?

*Lady J.* How? Know that I am—No, I may not lower my name by breathing it in these walls.

*The Lady.* Speak to me! speak! I am more sinned against than sinning. Go not till you have lifted from my heart the terror that your words have left there. Oh, turn not from me in such disdain!

*Lady J.* I turn that I may not see your face: I turn that I may not insult the fallen: I turn that I may leave to one who has robbed me of my all—compassion and forgiveness!

[*Exit.*]

*The Lady.* Forgiveness? A light breaks on me. How my shame blinded me before! Another of his victims—another whom perhaps he owns as wife. Stay! stay!

*As she goes to the door, enter Servant.*

*Servant.* What has happened, ma'am? This strange lady——

*The Lady.* Stay me not! I must see her again.——

*Servant.* Alas, ma'am, she is gone; you are ill—you faint!

*The Lady.* Give me your arm. Jane, you remember me in my merry childhood?

*Servant.* I placed you in your cradle.



*The Lady.* And saw my mother watch beside me?

*Servant.* Dear heart, yes—

*The Lady.* I have no mother now—and yet I am more defenceless. Well, well, Innocence sleeps not so soundly in the cradle, as Sorrow in the grave! [Exeunt.]

---

## SCENE II.

*The Library in DARNLEY'S House.*

*Enter MAINWARING fanning himself with his hat.*

*Main.* Phew! phew! The run on Darnley's house is at fever heat. Well, I've secretly taken all I have in the world to the head clerk. If Darnley's ruined, I'm ruined, and that's a great comfort. So I ought to be! I owe all to him—all that I scraped and saved for my little sister—who I hope is now starving! If she were, I would not give her a farthing, not a loaf, not a crumb. [Pauses and seats himself.] Poor thing! I'd give this right hand to hear her gay voice singing on the stairs. She never sang when she'd done anything to vex me. Confound these fine chairs! There's no sitting in comfort in this house. And that villainous Lady Juliet, out gadding as usual, while her husband struggles against ruin and despair. [Takes out a cigar-case and lights a cigar.] Oho! by the way, this would horrify her dainty ladyship. She swallows the incense of a lover, and swoons at the perfume of a cigar.

*Enter MISS PLACID, speaking to a Servant.*

*Miss P.* If Mr. Fyshe calls, shew him in here. That is, don't announce him—say I expect him in the library. Aha! I will see now in good earnest if I cannot shock him into resigning my alliance, and so sparing me the forfeit. I failed as a fool, perhaps I may succeed as a vixen. Somebody smoking? O dear me, Mr. Mainwaring!

*Main.* Beg pardon. Darnley allows it in the library. A good cigar is as great a comfort to a man as a good cry to a woman.

*Miss P.* To be sure. Never mind me. I like it. [*Aside.*] How astonished he looks! I'll just practise on Mainwaring the part intended for Fyshe. [*Aloud.*] Bless you, when I lived with my poor uncle in Leicestershire, I've smoked a cigar myself, while riding to cover.

*Main.* Riding to cover!

*Miss P.* Don't you know my celebrity at Melton? Did you never hear of my great day at Langley Broom?

*Main.* My poor dear young friend, let me feel your pulse, will you?

*Miss P.* No, it always gallops a little when I think of that great day at Langley Broom. [*Knock at the door.* *Aside.*] There he is! Now for it. [*Aloud.*] That was a day!

“A southerly wind and a cloudy sky  
Proclaim it a hunting morning!”—

Fifteen miles to cover. Uncle rather gouty; so we went in a chaise and four, and sent on the horses. Mounted at Crutch Hollow. The field quite on fire with expectation and scarlet. Here the Duke—his brows knit—hounds don't find. There—just where you stand—Count Scamper [*enter FYSHE*—and there Handsome Tom [*pointing towards FYSHE without seeming to see him*—Suddenly, yap, yap, yap! Hounds find. Horses snort. Freshmen look nervous. Out slips the fox—there, just by the fireplace—Yeo, yeo, yoicks! Tallyho! over the stonewall, up the hill, on through the wood, Handsome Tom leads the way—stops at the fence and goes plump in the ditch on the other side. “Lie still for your life!” and over I go upon Brown Bess—fence, ditch, Tom, and all! Fox takes to the mill—Hounds at fault—all at a stand-still. “Stole away!” cries the Duke. “Yoicks! yoicks!” cries the Huntsman, “there he sneaks the other side of the mill-stream.” “Harkaway! Harkaway!”—Into the stream—dash, dash, splash, splash! Safe on the bank—halt a moment to breathe—drip, drip, pant, pant! To it again! Count Scamper and I, neck and neck. Yap, yap, helter skelter—hurry scurry! Here we are, in at the death! “Mettlesome girl!” cries the Duke. Oh, what a day! Let me light a cigar.

[*Lights a cigar, and throws herself on the sofa upon which MR. FYSHE has sunk in speechless consternation.*]

*Fyshe.* Mad as Bedlam! Lady Juliet's nasty little dog has certainly bit her.

*Miss P.* Oh, Mr. Fyshe, Mr. Fyshe, I'm perfectly shocked.

*Fyshe.* So am I. [To MAINWARING.] What's all this?

*Main.* How should I know? Do you take me for a key to the Family Riddle Book?

*Miss P.* Ah, Mr. Fyshe, I hope I've not lost your good opinion.

*Main.* Oh, she wants his good opinion, does she?—Hark ye, sir. Marry her and be miserable. You were born to be henpecked. [Exit.]

*Fyshe.* Really, Miss Placid, I never knew that your spirits were so remarkably the reverse of low.

*Miss P.* Why, it's useless to continue the disguise. You see, my guardian has so often lectured me for being a little too vehement, and said "Mr. Fyshe is a very polite, sensible man, and likes young ladies to behave pretty and proper," that—ha! ha! so I took you in, did I?

*Fyshe.* Took me in!

*Miss P.* Oh, come now, I dare say you've more fun in you than one would suppose by your looks? Own that you are a little wild now and then. I sha'n't like you the less. And since we must pull together, we'll see which can go fastest.

*Fyshe.* Pull together? go fastest?

*Miss P.* By the by, there's no fun like a tandem. Do you handle the ribbons?

*Fyshe.* Great heavens! all the slang of a groom!

*Miss P.* Oh, you've got the will [snatching it]. Ah, I see. Here is the clause. Quite true. I forfeit half unless you refuse me. When shall it be? Next week? The sooner the better. I want to be my own mistress, and have it all my own way.

*Fyshe.* Really, Miss Placid, you must permit me to observe that hunting and driving and smoking cigars—[aside] I dare say she drinks too [aloud] are qualifications I was scarcely prepared to expect in the female companion of an elegant retirement.

*Miss P.* Oh, I dare say I shall surprise you a great deal more when we're married.

*Fyshe.* [aside.] I feel uncommonly nervous. I wish

she'd refuse me. As to that, ma'am, the authority of a husband——

*Miss P.* Is what I never shall suffer.

*Fyshe.* [*aside.*] What a virago! Let me look at the will. Ah! £30,000 in the three per cents.—I shall be wretched for life!—but, £30,000! I shall hang myself at my bed-post—but £30,000!—If it were a farthing less—Well, Miss Placid, I suppose we must name the day.

*Miss P.* [*aside.*] I have failed then! Poor Mainwaring! To lose half the fortune I would bring him! It must be [*aloud*].—No, Mr. Fyshe, I fear I must be content to sacrifice——

*Fyshe.* Go on! go on!—[*aside.*] She refuses me, and pays the forfeit! £15,000 and no wife! Go on, sweet Amelia!

*Enter* LADY JULIET in great agitation.

*Lady J.* [*falls on Amelia's neck.*] Oh! my friend—I—I [*weeps.*]

*Miss P.* Heavens! what has happened? Compose yourself! Sir, you see Lady Juliet is ill. I wish you good morning.

*Fyshe.* Yes, she seems very ill. Still, as you were saying——

[LADY JULIET goes to the table and writes.

*Miss P.* [*calling to the servant.*] Mr. Fyshe's carriage. Sir, if you don't go this moment, I'll——

*Fyshe.* Yes, you'll——

*Miss P.* Accept you!

*Fyshe.* Miss Amelia, your most obedient. [*Exit.*

[LADY JULIET seals her letter and rings the bell.

*Enter* Servant.

*Lady J.* Mr. Darnley is not returned?

*Servant.* No, my lady. He is still in the city, and——

*Lady J.* Let him have this when he returns. No! send it instantly. Instantly!

*Servant.* Yes, my lady, I will take it myself.

*Lady J.* Do so.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Miss P.* You alarm me. What letter is this? ♡  
have you written?

*Lady J.* What have I written? My intention to part from Mr. Darnley at once and for ever!

[*Exit through the folding doors.*]

*Miss P.* Part! Do I hear aright? Alas! that this brilliant creature should be the slave of every impulse. Hark! Sobs? I must go—and——

Servant announces *MARSDEN, who enters.*

*Mars.* Pardon me, Miss Placid. Where is Lady Juliet? I must see her—I—Surely that is her voice!

[*Goes to the door.*]

*Miss P.* [*arresting him.*] No! no! you cannot see Lady Juliet now!

*Mars.* And why?

*Miss P.* Some vile treachery has been at work to distract her mind and destroy her happiness! In such an hour——

*Mars.* In such an hour, friendship claims the privilege to console.

[*Bows and exit.*]

*Miss P.* Console! Ah, with him to console is to betray! I will not leave her disordered reason to his arts. The grief of woman, woman alone should soothe.

[*Exit after SIR FRANCIS.\**]

### SCENE III.

*DARNLEY'S Counting House.*

*Enter DARNLEY followed by PARSONS.*

*Darn.* And the run strengthens, eh?

*Par.* Sir, the panic swells every moment, the vast sum in our hands last Monday is nearly drained.

*Darn.* [*holding up his watch.*] Is my watch right?

*Par.* Sir, yes—certainly.

*Darn.* Then all is safe. In less than an hour the day's demand will be over—[*Enter MAINWARING.*]—And tomorrow arrive my supplies from Hamburg.

*Par.* And the day after——

*Darn.* And the day after—those shares on which we

\* The conclusion of this scene altered in the Acting Version.

perilled so much shall take such a rise in the market that we could pave Lombard-street with gold; and the next day, if the wind hold, "The Adventurer" will be at the mouth of the Thames; and the next day, return my agents from Rotterdam and Frankfort; and the next day, the crowd around my column at the Exchange shall know that the House of Darnley, recovered from every shock, complete the mightiest loan merchant ever lent to monarch. Go back. We are safe! *[Exit PARSONS.]*

*Main.* But if these resources fail you? If the Hamburg supplies are delayed? If the shares continue to fall instead of rising? If—

*Darn.* Well, the Science of Life is the calculation of Ifs. While you speak, I am counting what else to depend on. Humph! my shares in the Australian Bank can be sold—next week come my remittances from Guiana and Barbadoes—*[looking over his books.]*

*Main.* Your coolness fevers me. Your gigantic speculations have scattered all your resources; and, should the succour that depends upon a thousand accidents not come to the very hour, you are undone!

*Darn.* Undone? we are never undone while the mind is firm and the name is spotless. The spider reweaves her web: the brave man rebuilds his fortunes.

*Main.* Stoic, be human!

*Darn.* I am human. Where Humanity is weakest—in the affections! If I am calm in the midst of the storm, it is because I see at last the sunshine breaking upon my home. Yesterday I found the courage to warn Juliet, and in Marsden's presence. I watched her while I warned, and there was innocence on her cheeks. Henceforth the danger is banished from my house, the jealous agony from my heart. I have saved the wealth that brings the sweetest return, and all meaner treasure seems to have lost the value it had before. Stoic? It is only Fortune that menaces me, and I am a Stoic now.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* *[giving letter.]* From my lady, Sir.

*Darn.* From Juliet! Ah, I was detained so late last night, and have not seen her since I left her with the man I no longer fear. Uneasy at my absence or alarmed

at these reports—Wait without. [*Exit Servant.*] [*Reads.*]—“Sir”—Sir!—“I have long been convinced of the utter dissimilarity in our habits and our tastes. The affront you passed on me yesterday, in implying a doubt which, however disguised, could only reflect upon myself—” upon her!—“has decided me to adopt a resolution”—I will read no more. I am not in my senses! I have not slept for many nights, my eyes deceive me. Did the man say this was from Lady Juliet Darnley?

*Main.* From Lady Juliet—Yes.

*Darn.* I will read on—“a resolution which”—The air is close—heavy—[*MAINWARING opens the window*].—Thank you! It revives me—“to ask your consent to an immediate separation. The details I will leave to you and to my father.”—It is not her writing. Ha, ha! a forgery! Read—read!

*Man.* [*reads.*] O, Darnley, be a Stoic now!

*Darn.* I tell you it is a forgery. Three months since, a poor wretch forged my signature for a handful of dross—and I would not prosecute. But oh what punishment stern enough for one who has thus lyingly—lyingly, look you!—counterfeited the hand of her, who—A forgery! a vile forgery!

*Main.* Not a forgery; but still, perhaps, a delusion. Some one has maddened her to this—Ha! [*calls the Servant.*] Did your lady go out this morning?

*Servant.* Yes, sir.

*Main.* Where?

*Servant.* I don't know, sir.

*Main.* Was no one with her when you left?

*Servant.* Sir Francis Marsden just called as I came away. Any answer, sir?

*Darn.* [*calmly.*] Say I shall be detained from home till to-morrow afternoon, when I will see Lady Juliet. [*Exit Servant.*] Marsden—Marsden—with her! An immediate separation!—it is well—well—

*Enter PARSONS.*

*Par.* Oh, sir! Such tidings! The house at Hamburg, Meyer and Vandervelt, on which you relied for to-morrow, has failed.

*Darn.* Failed? No matter. It will not affect me.

*Par.* [*aside.*] What a man! Nothing daunts him.

[*Exit.*

*Main.* For your child's sake, take courage! Tear this woman from your heart!

*Darn.* I do—I do. I am not base enough to mourn a wanton——

*Main.* Those bills of Marsden's, that you bade me buy up long since,—shall I not sell them? They may bring something: you will want all.

*Darn.* Sell them? not for millions! I will smite him with my wand—my sceptre—my gold—ere it leaves my grasp. Hush! Meyer and Vandervelt fail me. How much did I count on? Reach me that book. I see. And in her love I was so rich! Yes, as you say, heavy bills will be due to-morrow. Where is the list? Pshaw! we can meet these. I must raise money on Elgrove. You know the old willows by the riverside—our favourite walk in the first happy summers. She loved me then, and yet I was not then so rich. Foolish thoughts, these, and at such a time. True, true!

*Main.* Rouse yourself. But just now you defied fortune.

*Darn.* And do still—[*rings.* *Enter* PARSONS.] Send for Mr. Simmonds the Bill-broker, privately.

*Par.* Yes, sir. I beg pardon but here is a draft for £3,000 signed by Lady Juliet—to Mr. Fringe for decorations for Elgrove. Really, we need not pay this. It is not your signature. We cannot spare this sum.

*Darn.* [*taking the cheque.*] This is her hand [*comparing it with the letter.*] Here, Mainwaring, here. These characters differ, eh?

*Main.* For heaven's sake——

*Darn.* No! no! no! it is not a forgery. You know Lady Juliet had my leave to draw upon the house. Pay the cheque.

*Par.* But, indeed, sir——

*Darn.* Begone! [*Exit* PARSONS.] You see I denied her nothing.

*Main.* Hark you, Darnley. To-day you owe a duty to your clients, your name, your child, and your country's commerce. Think of these alone. Any day will suffice to expel the faithless wife from the home to which she brings but ruin and disgrace. Go over these accounts. Prepare



for the morrow. If you lose your self-possession you will be a bankrupt, your child a beggar.

*Darn.* [*writing.*] You are right. You shall not blush for your friend. I have all the evening left—I will gather up all my resources. [*Rings. Enter PARSONS.*] This letter to Messrs. Richmore. This to Sir John Gould. The messenger will wait for answers. Fetch me the iron box with the title deeds of Elgrove. [*Exit PARSONS.*] That paper yonder—[*MAINWARING gives it to him.*] These sums are complicated. There, see my head is clear—I can still compute in a glance what would be a puzzle for Algebra. Why, to-morrow shall find me ready for all. Next week wealth shall roll back like an ocean. Next week—and home—Juliet—that smile—that voice! O God!—my heart is broken!

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.\*

*A Drawing Room in DARNLEY's House.*

*Lady J.* No, I will not deign to proclaim the cause of my resolution. I will not be that pitiable object, a jealous and abandoned wife. I will part as becomes my dignity, my innocence, and my wrongs, without the weakness of reproach. His footstep! I will be firm.

*Enter DARNLEY.*

*Darn.* She cannot conceal her emotion. Even yet it may not be too late. Juliet!

*Lady J.* Mr. Darnley.

*Darn.* "Mr. Darnley?"—It is too late. Lady Juliet Darnley, is this your writing?

*Lady J.* Certainly.

*Darn.* And you persist in the same desire? You would forsake your husband's roof?

*Lady J.* Phrase it as you will. I desire your consent to part.

*Darn.* Madam, you have it.

*Lady J.* How calmly he consents! I am glad my reasons have convinced you.

*Darn.* Reasons? They are not found in this letter. They are written, where I have no longer power to search, in the heart which has abjured its vows. "Uncongenial habits"—Ah, that was not the phrase upon your lips when,—but no matter! "The affront of a doubt," when another man might have . . . But let it pass! I seek no explanation: and I suffer without a murmur—the penalty of a blind trust and a weak indulgence.

*Lady J.* [*ironically.*] May the consciousness of your defects console you for mine. Indulgence, ha! ha!

\* In the acting version this scene is, with obvious propriety, transferred to the house of Lord Fitzhollow.

*Darn.* By heavens, this levity ! But no, you shall not make me forget—all that is left me in misfortune—my indignation and my pride. Indulgence—what! was the word misapplied ? I might have expected to find, even in so high-born and fair a partner, a companion, a friend, the helpmate and the guardian of a home. Can you deny that I have found them not ? But, when did I repine while you were happy ? If, wearied and exhausted, I returned from the cares and anxieties of the day to a solitary hearth, still it soothed me to think that these, my “uncongenial habits,” had saddened not your joyous youth. You were shining elsewhere—delighting others. In your gaiety I was gay ; in your youth I was young again.

*Lady J.* Darnley ! Henry ! [*Aside.*] Ah, shall I tell him all !

*Darn.* Oh ! let man beware of marriage until he thoroughly know the mind of her on whom his future must depend. Woe to him, agony and woe when the wife feels no sympathy with the toil, when she soothes not in the struggle, when her heart is far from that world within, to which her breath gives the life, and her presence is the sun ! How many men in humbler life have fled, from a cheerless hearth, to the haunts of guilt ! How many in the convict’s exile, in the felon’s cell, might have shunned the fall—if woman (whom Heaven meant for our better angel) had allured their steps from the first paths to hell by making a paradise of home ! But by the poor the holy household ties are at least not scorned and trifled with, as by those among whom you were reared. *They* at least do not deem it a mean ambition that contents itself with the duties of wife and mother. Look round the gay world you live in, and when you see the faithless husband wasting health, fortune, honour, in unseemly vices—behold too often the cause of all in the cold eyes and barren heart of the fashionable wife.

*Lady J.* [*aside.*] He seeks to excuse himself ! [*aloud.*] And the fashionable wife is alone to blame if the husband transfer his affections to some tenderer object ?

*Darn.* At least she must share the blame.

*Lady J.* Enough, Mr. Darnley. You will now be released from one whom you judge so severely—who—who—[*bursts into tears.*]

*Darn.* Her heart softens—she weeps! Juliet, Juliet, retract those fatal words!

*Lady J.* Retract? Never! It was a moment's weakness, and is past. [*Rings the bell. Enter Servant.*] Go to my lord and beg him to come here instantly. Now, sir, we shall both be happy.

*Darn.* Happy! May you be so, not in revel and in pomp, in stately equipage, in applauded beauty—least of all in hollow flattery from the lips of guilt. But happy in a good name, in a calm conscience, in prayers that leave no repentance. Oh! ere warning be all in vain, beware, Juliet, beware! You forsake me, but I leave your daughter in my place: and if ever your heart trembles before temptation, go to your child—look into its pure eyes—listen to its innocent voice—and let the mother save the wife!

[*Exit.*

*Lady J.* Beware! save! Vain dissimulation! He knows himself faithless, and counterfeits distrust of me. Oh, Heaven pity me! I am desolate and wretched!

*Enter MARSDEN* [*putting aside a Servant who announces him*].

*Mars.* At last I see you, and alone. I had no opportunity yesterday, while your friend was by, to tell you how truly I share your sorrows, how deeply I feel your wrongs. My cousin—my dear cousin [*attempts to take her hand*].

*Lady J.* Leave me! leave me!

*Mars.* Leave you?—no! Ah, that I had the privilege which Darnley has despised, in joy or in grief to be forever by your side!

*Lady J.* Forever! There is no forever in man's thoughts when he speaks to woman! Betrayed—forsaken—even reproach denied me—O why are women so powerless to avenge?

*Mars.* Powerless? no! What vengeance like the transfer of your love? Ah, need you learn now that I but live for you? How truly, how patiently, how hopelessly, till this hour—I have sighed for the affection which the ingrate has cast away!

[*As he kneels, and JULIET weeps on, unheeding him, DARNLEY, with FANNY in his arms, opens the door—darts forward, then halts, and retires.*

*Lady J.* Rise! rise! This is but cruelty, insult——

*Mars.* Nay, in my love behold, at least, the means of your revenge. Listen to me!

*Lady J.* Speak not to me now! The walls reel before my eyes. I know not what I say, or think, or feel. Am I listening to guilt or shame? [*Enter MAINWARING. LADY JULIET hastening to him.*] Sit down—here—here—sit down! Remain! Thank Heaven there is something present, now, to interpose between crime and madness!

*Mars.* [*aside.*] Mainwaring! 'Sdeath, in the very moment of success!

*Main.* [*looking at them steadily.*] Thank you. Yes, I am very glad to sit down—and feel as if I should not get up for a twelvemonth.

*Mars.* Indeed, Mr. Mainwaring, I appeal to your delicacy. I have something very important to say to my relation, Lady Juliet. Leave us but for a few minutes, I entreat you.

*Main.* Lady Juliet, is it your wish that I should leave you with Sir Francis Marsden?

*Lady J.* No, stay, stay!

*Main.* Then, with your permission, Sir Francis, I'll read the newspaper. Hum! What do you think of affairs in China?

*Mars.* Sir, this trifling——

*Main.* Trifling! Nay, really, Sir Henry Pottinger seems pretty well in earnest.

*Mars.* [*To LADY JULIET*] Grant me one moment! Can I not speak to you elsewhere?

*Main.* Ah, if I disturb you, you'll find Darnley in the next room. Pray, Sir Francis, do you know the precise latitude of the Island of Hong Kong?

*Mars.* Zounds! is it always to be my fate to be made ridiculous? [*Whispering*] Juliet, remember! When we meet again, I will take your answer.

[*LADY JULIET remains as if insensible, her eyes fixed on space.*]

*Main.* [*watching them and then turning to the paper.*] Bless me! a Divorce case. God help the false wife's abandoned children!

*Lady J.* [*starting.*] Ah!

*Mars.* [*muttering.*] Confound him!

[*Exit.*]

*Main.* From this daily oracle comes a voice for every conscience. [*dropping the paper and seizing LADY JULIET'S hand*] Your hand is cold. So be it ever to the clasp of every man, save your noble husband's. Wake yourself, Juliet Darnley! Why are you here? Why listening to that soft-tongued knave, when your post should be by Darnley's side in his hour of reverse and woe. Do you not know that he is on the verge of ruin?

*Lady J.* Ruin!

*Main.* Ruin—and you the cause. Had you been contented to bless the wealth he had acquired, Darnley had not been driven to seek the distraction of absorbing schemes and feverish speculations. To supply your extravagance no enterprize seemed too rash. Sudden reverse—endangered credit—the very splendour that surrounds you but feeding the fears of every claimant—this is the state in which you would desert your husband! And in the hour when he most needs support and solace, his wife forsakes her husband, and listens to her lover!

*Lady J.* Hold, Sir! you presume. But no! your warmth shall not offend me. I knew not, so help me Heaven, I knew not Henry's misfortunes. I thought—I think still, that I have wrongs, deep wrongs. Let them pass. We were to part—I will not leave my husband now—no, not in his care and sorrow—no—not unless he drive me from his hearth.

*Main.* He drive you! he who so loves—

*Lady J.* Loves? We will not speak of love. Tell me more of his affairs.

*Main.* The supplies counted on for to-day have failed; the run continues. Could we but get through the next twelve hours, we may be safe. To-morrow new resources will pour in. But to-day! And Darnley, whose energy alone could sustain and avert the danger, for the first time flies from the storm—sinks beneath his fate, crushed by the grief that you have heaped upon his heart. But I waste time. This is the hour to seek friends. As if friends were not like mammoths and iguanodons—a species of monsters that never survive a deluge. A month ago a quarter of a million would not so have served the great House of Darnley as twenty, nay ten, thousand pounds would to-day.

*Lady J.* How! Are you serious? Twenty thousand pounds——

*Main.* Ay, or ten.

*Lady J.* Joy, joy, oh, joy! Wait here, one instant! Wait——

[*Exit.*]

*Main.* Certainly, the more I consider, the more I'm convinced that a woman is a kind of quicksilver. She is here and there, come and gone, lost and found, vaporizes at a common temperature, and only becomes solid when she's below zero. But, properly confined, and nailed up in the parlour, she's a capital weather-glass; for she falls with every cloud, and rises with every sunbeam.

*Re-enter LADY JULIET.*

*Lady J.* Here, Mr. Mainwaring These diamonds were my mother's. They are mine to give, for they made my only dowry. These, too, were Henry's wedding gift. Ah, happy days! These too—these—these, take them all. They will raise more than you say that he requires. Haste! quick! quick! But mind, one condition—one promise—not a word to Henry! Pledge me your honour.

*Main.* Pshaw? Why?

*Lady J.* Why? because you know his pride. Because, in our present relation towards each other, he would refuse them, and it would be mean in me to seem as if I would buy back his love.

*Main.* Well, for the present you may be right. I don't scruple to accept the relief. It may save him yet.

*Lady J.* Save him? Fly!

*Main.* But are you sure you will not repent? Jewels that belonged to your ancestors; can even money replace them?

*Lady J.* Money, no! If you would replace them, bring me back my husband's heart.

[*Exit.*]

*Main.* This would be a very happy marriage if Darnley could be ruined every day of his life. I'm half afraid I'm beginning to fall in love with her myself. Hang her!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Library.*

DARNLEY and FANNY.

DARNLEY *seated; his hands before his eyes.* FANNY *attempts to withdraw them.*

Fan. Papa! speak to me, papa!

Darn. Child! child!

Fan. Don't call me child, Nurse calls me 'child' when she's angry. Call me Fanny, your own Fanny. You are sad. Stay, I will bring mamma.

Darn. [*starting up and putting aside the child*] O the happy hour when I first taught these lips to lisp the mother's name! [*Pauses, and opens his arms*] Do you love me? do you love me? Say you love me, O my child!

Fan. Fanny loves you with her whole heart, papa.

*Enter Servant announcing* LORD FITZHOLLOW.

Lord F. My dear Darnley, do you know you alarm me terribly? Juliet sends for me: I come: and now she is in her room, too ill to see even me. You are disturbed. Can these dreadful reports be true?

Darn. I have much to say to you [*puts down the child who goes into a corner of the room and amuses herself with building a house of cards*].

Lord F. I listen.

Darn. Why did you choose me for your daughter's husband?

Lord F. Why? My dear Darnley, that's a strange question! Though a merchant, you were of noble family: you were rising, already rich, and an irreproachable public character—of my own politics. I knew you would do credit to me as a connexion.

Darn. But did you consider whether I should make your daughter happy as a husband?

Lord F. Why not? Your house is admirably appointed. She has the best box at the opera; no one is more thoroughly the mode. I don't think there's a woman in London more to be envied than Lady Juliet Darnley.



*Darn.* It was to my wealth, then, that you looked, when you thought of your daughter's happiness?

*Lord F.* My dear Darnley, we don't live in Arcadia; and of course, as a man of some birth and station, I could not have consented to Juliet's marriage with any man who could not give her an establishment suitable to the daughter of Lord Fitzhollow.

*Darn.* I understand you. My wealth is gone. With it, my power of conferring happiness. Take back your daughter.

*Lord F.* Sir!

*Darn.* By her settlements an ample income is secured to Lady Juliet. Whatever may chance to me, that income I surrender. I took her poor. I return her rich. Are you contented?

*Lord F.* Mr. Darnley, you speak bluntly. But still, if your affairs are, as you seem to fear, it would be unpleasant for me to think my daughter involved in misfortunes that might lower her dignity,—and my own. In short, till your affairs are retrieved, a separation would be a very proper proceeding—if Juliet can be induced to consent.

*Darn.* It is her own wish.

*Lord F.* Indeed? Ah, she was brought up with a proper sense of her station.

*Darn.* To-morrow (if you will do me the honour to attend), my Lawyer shall be prepared with the deed of separation.

*Lord F.* It is a very sad business, and we must make the best of it to the world. You have no fault to find with Lady Juliet?

*Darn.* No one is more thoroughly the mode.

*Lord F.* Um! Sarcastic! Of course you leave her daughter to her care?

*Darn.* No. An hour ago I had intended that cruel sacrifice. I have changed my mind. One victim is enough.

*Lord F.* But——

*Darn.* On this head, I am immoveable.

*Lord F.* Well, I cannot dictate to you; the law is on your side. But for my grandchild's future prospects, her entrance into society, her ensurance of a suitable alliance in point of fortune,—my house, and the experience of Lady Fitzhollow, present unequalled advantages.

*Darn.* What education did you give your daughters?

*Lord F.* The very best. Bochsa for the harp, and Hertz for the piano. My daughters speak seven languages; and are universally admitted to be most highly accomplished.

*Darn.* And these are the walls of tinsel which are to fortify the human conscience in the hour of trial! Unguided the temper that should bless a home, unstrengthened the principles that should subdue the world. O, yes, you taught your daughters all that could feed the vanity, and starve the heart; all that could make them turn from the holy tranquillity of the household altar, to crave the applause that contaminates, and the excitement that consumes!

*Lord F.* Opinions on education differ. Still, I have the consolation of thinking that everyone says my daughters reflect great credit on myself.

*Darn.* "Credit on yourself!" How this egotism pervades the world, and poisons the fountains of the holiest affections! Our children are educated, that their accomplishments may pander to our vanity; and married, that their alliance may gratify our pride. And we only regard their destiny as an investment that is to yield an usurer's interest to our prudent selves.

*Lord F.* [*aside.*] I have always observed that when a man becomes poor he loses a great deal of his good breeding. [*Aloud.*] Well, Mr. Darnley, you'll excuse me if I don't reply to your homilies. Nothing, in my opinion, is more *mauvais ton* than family recriminations. At two to-morrow, eh? *Au plaisir!* Oh, by the way, there should be another trustee to this deed of separation. Whom would you suggest? Some quiet, moral, sensible, worthy man—not over-curious about the affairs of other people.

*Darn.* Why not Mr. Fyshe? He is, openly, what you all are in disguise.

*Lord F.* How d'ye mean?

*Darn.* A quiet, sensible, moral, worthy man—not over-curious about other people's affairs.

*Lord F.* Mr. Fyshe? I never heard anything against Mr. Fyshe. Mr. Fyshe let it be. [*Exit.*

*Fan.* Papa, come and see what a nice house I have built [*claps her hands*]. Ah, it is down now!

Darn. Grieve not. Thy father's house is as frail as thine.

*Enter MAINWARING.*

Main. Give me your hand, Darnley! Huzza! a timely aid has enabled us to pay off the last demands of the day. The panic is subsiding. The shares in the great Gas Company (on which you so wisely counted to repair all losses) are rising. What, dumb? I say you are saved.

Darn. [*helping the child with the card-house.*] It is too late. Pretty one, see! we cannot build up the house again.

Main. [*whispering.*] Juliet retracts—repents. She loves you!

Darn. Hush! hush!—[*opens the door and puts out the child.*] Play there, my Fanny! [*coming back*] Breathe not the mother's name before the sinless child.

Main. Pshaw! Lady Juliet has her faults—her errors. But, remember her youth, her training, the corruption of this damnable great world. She shall ask your pardon.

Darn. Heaven can pardon all sins. There are wrongs which man cannot forgive.

Main. Darnley, I have never pleaded for your wife before. I plead for her now. She loves you. Be patient! This Marsden—

Darn. [*fiercely.*] I saw him at her feet! saw it, and was patient—[*After a pause*] Yes, but a few minutes before, we parted, my heart relented; I said to myself, "My words failed to move her, she shall hear her better angel speak from her child's lips." I came to place her child in her arms and say, "Blind one, behold thy guide, and let it lead thee from the abyss!" I came, and saw—her lover at her feet. I sprang forward in man's natural instinct of just revenge—and my eyes fell upon my child. The mother vanished from my soul: the child alone remained upon the earth. Should the world hiss in my daughter's ear, "Thy mother was an adulteress, and the blood of her paramour is on thy father's hands?" And so,—darkness fell on me, and I knew no more, till small rosy fingers plucked my hands from my face, and before me smiled innocent, unconscious eyes, and—I thanked Heaven that I *had* been patient!

\**fain.* Darnley, take comfort! What you have seen

is no proof of guilt. Nay, rather can I prove to you that at this very hour your wife's heart is with you; your wife's—

*Darn.* Cease. All confidence is gone—all excuse too late. Wedded faith is too solemn to be blown to and fro by every wind.

*Enter JULIET who stands by the door timidly.*

*Lady J.* Henry! He hears me not. My voice fails me!

*Main.* Listen to me—one word——

*Darn.* Not one! I am weary of this woman! My sole happiness is in the thought that seas and lands shall divide us evermore. Let her face, as she will, the storms of the noisy world. I fly for refuge from mankind to the shelter of the only heart that is left me to cherish. [*going towards the room where he has left FANNY.*]

*Lady J.* What do I hear? Henry!—Mercy, mercy!

*Main.* Now look at her——

[*DARNLEY turns round as LADY JULIET clasps her hands, and looks for a moment.*]

*Main.* And relent! [*DARNLEY turns, and Exit.*]

*Lady J.* "Weary of this woman?"—"The only heart left to him to cherish?" Tell him I obey. Tell him I am content to part—tell him—O lost! lost to me for evermore!

[*Falls as MAINWARING supports her.*]

## NOTE.

---

The text of the four preceding acts is printed from the second of two rough drafts of them found amongst my father's manuscripts. The drafts do not materially differ from each other. In both, the *dramatis personæ* have the same names and characters, with the exception of Selfby Fyshe; who, in the first draft, is sometimes named Fyshe, but more frequently Languid. The author, when writing the first draft, was apparently undecided which of the two names he should finally adopt for this character. Of the fifth act I have been able to find amongst my father's papers no trace beyond some fragments of scenes apparently belonging to it, and such slight indication of its main incidents as may be gathered from the following synopsis of the whole play.

### ACT I.

- SCENE I.—Stand as now,—with alteration of MARSDEN's character.  
,, II.—MAINWARING and DARNLEY.  
,, III.—LADY JULIET and SIR FRANCIS. Sentimental.  
,, IV.—MAINWARING and DARNLEY. To aid DARNLEY in his plot.

### ACT II.

LADY JULIET and MARSDEN. Sentimental and dangerous. Enter DARNLEY. Strong situation. Enter MAINWARING. Excites her jealousy. She goes out. DARNLEY re-enters. To him LANGUID; who has taken a villa from MARSDEN, and lets it again to DARNLEY. Act to end with comedy between MAINWARING and MISS PLACID.

### ACT III.

- SCENE I.—MISS PLACID and LANGUID. Asks him to let her off. He won't.  
,, II.—LADY JULIET and Miss PLACID. LADY JULIET's jealousy. Writes to her husband that she will separate.  
,, III.—DARNLEY. First his equanimity, then his despair.

## ACT IV.

LANGUID and Miss PLACID. He is led to suppose her fortune gone. Not as now. Altered.

## ACT V.

MARSDEN and LANGUID. The joy of the former at separation. Has been invited as a relative to sign final arrangements. Room in D.'s house. DARNLEY and MARSDEN. Final scene. Discovery and reconciliation.

It will be seen at once that the second draft, which has been selected for the text of this Edition, differs in some important particulars from the above synopsis as regards the sequence and arrangement of incidents. Both the drafts and the synopsis also contain internal evidence of the author's intention to make further alterations in the structure of the plot, and especially in the situations which serve to explain and develop the character of Marsden. This character, as at present sketched, is the most artificial and least intelligible feature of the play. Yet of all its *dramatis personæ* Marsden is dramatically the most important, since the main plot of the play grows directly out of his action. It is essential to the effect of the whole play that the action of this character should be dramatically justified. And the method of its dramatic justification (which Mr. Coghlan seems to have thought unnecessary or impossible) appears to me sufficiently indicated by the author of the play even in his unaltered sketch of Marsden's character. Neither dramatically nor morally is Marsden a villain. His character should be so presented as to enable us to perceive that, although without principle, he is not altogether without heart. From the moment he appears upon the stage, the audience is meant, and should be made, to understand that, in the life of frivolity and excitement he is leading, he has no other interest or object than distraction from some painful memory. "Poor Susan!" he says, "if she had not left me, I had been perhaps another man." He adds, "But she deserted me, and I am

free;" and then, with a curse on late hours and shaken nerves, he calls for the laudanum drops. He is selfish, not like Fyshe, upon principle, but from recklessness. And he is reckless, because the wreck of something serious in his life has left him without any serious interest or purpose. There is nothing serious in his pursuit of Lady Juliet. The *dénouement* contemplated by the author of the play would be impossible if Marsden were seriously in love with Juliet; and, were the audience led to suppose him seriously in love with her, the artificiality of his sentiments and language would have been a grave defect in the treatment of those scenes wherein he makes love to her. As it is, the artistic truth of the whole play would be grievously injured by any attempt to render the part of Marsden, in these scenes, more natural. The author has taken care to let us know that Marsden is not in love with Juliet. Rightly, therefore, he has made him woo her as an actor, not as a lover. In retouching this character the author, I doubt not, would have slightly strengthened the sympathetic side of it, and softened some of its more repulsive features. But, of course, he would have reserved for the fifth act the solution of the problem which requires that, till then, the dramatic motive of the character should remain somewhat enigmatical.

I shall here venture to suggest what I believe to be the explanation of Marsden's character, and the right *dénouement* of the plot so far as it depends upon this character.

Marsden may be supposed to have begun life with expensive tastes, small means, and good expectations dependent on the will of some relation (father or uncle), who would be deeply offended by a *mésalliance*, or even an imprudent marriage, on his part. Abroad, he has become acquainted with Susan, the sister of Mainwaring. She is younger than he; of humble station though gently born; penniless and entirely

dependent on the exertions of her only brother, whose name is not then Mainwaring. That brother has been summoned to England by the illness of the kinsman whose name and fortune he afterwards inherits. The girl is alone, and motherless. Marsden's acquaintance with her may have been brought about by some act of generosity or compassion on his part; an act which has protected her from insult, or extricated her from some distressing difficulty; and which, from the nature and conditions of it, draws them closely together. On his part compassion, warmed by admiration of her beauty, on hers gratitude idealised, in a girl's imagination, by the fascinations of an apparition from some world more brilliant than her own, ripen into a passionate attachment. That attachment is on both sides innocent and pure. In Marsden's love for Susan, there is no thought of seduction or betrayal; but his union with her, if known, would be fatal to his prospects. He persuades her to a secret marriage; and, in order to ensure its secrecy, he contracts it under an assumed name. I apprehend that the assumed name would not *per se* invalidate the contract, if it were valid in all other respects, and its validity undisputed by either party to it. But at any rate it is to be assumed that Marsden had strong and reasonable ground for believing that the circumstances which induced him to conceal his marriage would be of the briefest possible duration, and that he would be in a position to repair an irregularity not committed with any fraudulent intention before it could jeopardise the legitimacy of his offspring. But the occasion he had reckoned on calls him suddenly away from Susan; and in his absence some accident reveals to her the unexplained deception, from which she draws the worst conclusions. Reared in veneration of the proud and stern honesty embodied in the character of her brother, and overwhelmed by the horror and humiliation of this discovery, she flies from the house of her supposed seducer.



Thenceforth her predominant instinct is to hide herself from all who have known her. Marsden, now free to declare his marriage, returns from England. The life before him is a vision of virtuous joys, and beneficent activities. He is elated by the prospect of sharing wealth, station, and, perhaps, future eminence, with a woman in whose affection he has concentrated all the romance of a boy's first love, all the incentives to youth's vague ambition, and all the felicities of an honest home. That home he finds deserted. The wife he was impatient to rejoin has left there only a farewell letter filled with reproaches. His search for her proves fruitless. And then, what is his position in life? what his relations to the world around him? Those of a man in the freshest prime of youth and health, with passions unappeased, warm affections unsatisfied, hope blighted, memory embittered. Married, yet wifeless, childless, homeless. Single, yet not free. Bound by a broken tie; and forbidden to replace it by any new one that is not illicit. Equally out of unison with himself and the world around him, he cannot rest in the unrevealed affliction which is all that remains to him of the past; yet in the present he has no peace, and in the future no escape from it. The apparent artificiality of his character springs from the profound unreality of his position. This position is made up of false appearances from which it is not in his power to escape. It imposes on him a character which, though fictitious, is fixed to him by circumstance as firmly as was the iron mask to its unwilling wearer. The fathers and mothers of society see in him a man who, from every point of view independent of his character or conduct, is an eligible husband for their marriageable daughters. Yet his relations with women must necessarily be confined to the already married. With an ardent temperament capable of keen enjoyment and vigorous activity, he stands upon the threshold of life prematurely purpose-

less : or, at least, with no other purpose than to escape from recollection in the pursuit of excitement. To such temperaments life offers only two strong excitements : pleasure and politics. The acquisition of influence either over women or over men. But a political career is exciting only to ambition or enthusiasm ; and the majority of men are neither ambitious nor enthusiastic. Possessing, at the outset of life, a fortune which tempts to pleasure and exempts from toil, Marsden is under no compulsion to work for bread. Wifeless and childless, in the future as well as the present, he has no motive to work for fame. It is not power, or public influence, that he misses and craves to recover : for these he has never known. It is affection : and what the loss of this leaves vacant in his life he seeks to fill by those emotions which are, at least, the imitations of it. It is the heart, not the head, that, in his case, craves occupation. Thus, his need of excitement has made him a man of pleasure ; and his disdain of excitements that fail to fill the void in his affections has made him a heartless man of pleasure. In this secret of his life lies the explanation of his character and conduct. And it is an explanation which, if given, with passion and dignity, by himself, at the close of the drama, to the woman he has never ceased to love, and never voluntarily injured, would assuredly contain all the conditions of a powerful and affecting situation.

But, by the dramatic Calvinism of Mr. Coghlan's merciless fifth Act, Marsden is made to seduce Susan Mainwaring in a manner peculiarly infamous. Accused by her, in the presence of Lady Juliet, not only of having betrayed and abandoned his victim, but also of having deliberately left her to starve, or do worse, he carelessly, almost cheerfully, admits the truth of this atrocious accusation ; making his final exit with the inane remark, that it is hard upon a man to be scolded by two women at once. Could anything be more re-

volting? And, notwithstanding Susan's plain avowal that she is 'an abandoned woman' in every sense of the word, Mainwaring, inconsistently with his whole character throughout the four previous acts, is, in this act, persuaded by Miss Placid to 'go and embrace his sister.'

In one of the wittiest scenes ever written by Congreve, when Sir Harry Wildare places his guineas on the mantelpiece of the young lady whose character and situation are misconceived by him, she exclaims in astonishment, 'What, Sir Harry, is that all your wit and manners?' To which he replies, 'Pon my soul, my dear, 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at present.' I am persuaded that this barbarous *dénouement* can be no fair specimen of Mr. Coghlan's dramatic wit and manners. But all the wit and manners he had about him when he wrote it imply a strange misconception of the situation and characters with which he was dealing.

Indications of the right *dénouement* are not wanting in the four acts to which this note is appended. But they are conclusive in what remains to be added here from the author's rough drafts and notes. Thus, in a fragment of my father's manuscript which would seem to be part of some cancelled sketch of the first act, Mainwaring says of his sister, "I loved her more than a father loves his first-born. She fell ill. I gave up all other undertakings, broke off the engagements on which my chance of easier fortune was then depending, to accompany and attend her abroad. Was suddenly summoned home. Left her at Tours for a few weeks. And in the meanwhile she was gone. Eloped with some villain. Gone! and from that day not one word. Ah, she did well to be silent." So again, in the same draft of the first scene of the play, Marsden, shaking off the recollection of Susan, exclaims, "What is life? a barren future, an irrevocable past. Let us clutch the present moment ere it fleets, and enjoy it,—if we can!"

But the strongest confirmation of the view here taken of the character assigned by the author to the relations between Marsden and Susan, is to be found in some cancelled passages of the original manuscript of the scene at the villa with which my father has opened his third act. From his acting version of the play, Mr. Coghlan has omitted this scene altogether. And not injudiciously. For acting purposes, it obviously requires considerable development and alteration. Such a task could scarcely be accomplished with success by any writer not in the secret of the author's intentions : and there is evidence that by the author himself it was felt to be a task of considerable delicacy, which he reserved for careful consideration after the completion of the fifth act, or in connection with it. In real life it would be almost impossible, and certainly incredible, that this scene should take place between Lady Juliet and her supposed rival without putting an end to the misunderstanding, which, in the play, it is designed to augment. This, I think, would be strongly felt by the spectators of the scene, if it were acted just as it now stands : and such a feeling would be seriously prejudicial to the dramatic effect of the whole play. To the prolongation of misunderstanding between Lady Juliet and her husband, the audience, after witnessing an uninterrupted interview between the wife and the supposed mistress on the subject of these misunderstandings, would scarcely be reconciled by the incidents of the scene as it is sketched in the unfinished manuscript. And, indeed this scene, is more blotted, crossed, and underlined than any other part of the manuscript : a fact which suggests and justifies the conclusion that the author was not satisfied with it in its present form. The passages cancelled by his own pen are omitted from the text of this edition. But in one of them the Lady of the Villa exclaims—"If you know my secret, you know also how I was deceived : how I listened only to vows which had all the eloquence

of sincerity; how I was misled, not to the conscious commission of a false act, but into innocent reliance on the truth of a false name; how I yielded only to a union invested with every evidence of virtue, and sealed by every sanction of honour; how I believed myself a wife, till I found myself an outcast." And, when Lady Juliet observes that, whatever his errors, 'he' (meaning Darnley) is incapable of the villainy implied by this story of the false name and the sham marriage, the Lady of the Villa (in this cancelled passage) replies, "I meant not to accuse him. Alas, what right have I to accuse my betrayer, when I myself have betrayed an affection truer than his? I who, beguiled by a blind passion, have irreparably wronged the tenderest, the noblest of human hearts! I who, if my secret were revealed, might have upon my soul the burden of a brother's curse, the stain perhaps of a brother's blood!"

It is evident from all this that Susan Mainwaring has consented to a secret, but not to a false, marriage. It is evident that she did not leave her brother to become the mistress of Marsden, that she never was the mistress of Marsden, and that the wrong done by her to Mainwaring was limited to her unexplained flight, and the temporary concealment of a marriage which she believed to be valid and honourable. It is equally evident that Marsden has not seduced Susan Mainwaring, and that he never desired, intended, or attempted to seduce her. He has deceived her by marrying her under a false name, but in the full, and not erroneous, belief that their marriage is still a valid one, and with every intention of "setting matters right" as soon as he can do so without forfeiting the fortune he expects. He is not a good character, and still less is he a fine one. Unscrupulous he certainly is, inconsiderate, self-indulgent, somewhat selfish, lax in his morals, but neither a villain nor a blackguard. In another cancelled passage of this scene the Lady of the

Villa explains to her servant that Darnley has advised her to frequent the park and all places of public amusement, with a view to the recognition of her supposed betrayer. And, since Darnley is known to pay for her carriage and establishment, her fulfilment of this injunction would, of course, tend to strengthen the impression made on Fyshe and others that she is Darnley's mistress—a mistress moreover of the most ordinary type. Evidently Darnley is not cognizant of the real facts of the case, and supposes it to be worse than it is. In yet another part of the scene as originally sketched, which has also been struck out by the author, the following incident occurs. Immediately after the departure of Lady Juliet, the servant hurriedly enters, conjuring the Lady of the Villa, to hasten with her to the window of the next room, and look through it, at the gentleman who is talking to her late visitor in the street. 'What do you mean?' exclaims the Lady of the Villa: and the scene ends thus:—

[*Servant.* I think it is Mr. Swynford. I'm sure it is he. On horseback. By the carriage of the lady who has just gone.

*Lady.* Swynford? Ah, heaven! one look, one glance, and then—  
(*Exit with servant.*)]

From this it is obvious that Swynford is the name under which Marsden has married Susan. I do not pretend even to suggest how my father, had he completed this play, or prepared it for the stage, would have worked out the *dénouement* of it on the lines thus indicated. I know not how Susan Mainwaring's discovery that she had been married under a false name would have been reconciled by him with her obvious ignorance of Marsden's real name. And there are many other details in which the construction of the plot must for ever remain incomplete. The wand of Prospero is buried in the deep; and with it all the secrets of his art. But, in order to justify both her

brother's forgiveness, and the sympathy her situation is intended to elicit, it is essential that Mainwaring's sister should not have deliberately left her brother's house for the purpose of living with Marsden as his mistress; and to her ultimate reconciliation with Marsden himself, the validity of the marriage she contracted without any doubt of its honesty, is no less indispensable. Of the dramatic importance of this condition in its relation to the character of Mainwaring, further illustration will be found in the following fragment of a scene found amongst the author's notes for his fifth act.

[ACT V.—SCENE I.

DARNLEY'S Library. DARNLEY and MAINWARING seated.

*Darn.* I tell you, Mainwaring, I have not been to the firm to-day. I care not what befall. Henceforth, wealth and poverty are the same to me. Enough of this, and of myself. Before I leave England, there is one matter in which I still feel an interest. I must turn from my sorrows to your own. What if I had tidings of your sister?

*Main.* (at first eagerly) My sister! Is she safe? is she well? (in altered voice) Has she still the right to call me brother?

*Darn.* Can that right ever be forfeited? My friend, give your kind heart its natural vent.

*Main.* Only say that she bears a husband's name! Only say that she is—she is—the word strangles me—Darnley, is she honest?

*Darn.* Recall her youth, her innocence, her beauty. What if she had been deceived, betrayed? her virtue ensnared, her—

*Main.* Hold! Enough! I renounce her. Let her reap in sorrow what she has sowed in shame.

*Darn.* But—

*Main.* Name her not! name her not!

*Darn.* Well, then, when I quit these shores, let your sister . . . who shall protect her if . . . Ah, Mainwaring, see her. Listen to her once. Hear her own tale.

*Main.* I will not see her, for I will not spurn my—]

Here the scene breaks off unfinished.

And now, as to the *dénouement* of the whole play. Two plots are involved in it—a sentimental and a

comic plot. It appears to me suggested by sound principles of dramatic construction, *firstly*, that the action of the lighter plot should be directly conducive to the development and *dénouement* of the more serious plot; *secondly*, that the House of Darnley should be saved in that *dénouement*—not (as in Mr. Coghlan's acting version) by Darnley's ward, Miss Placid, who has no direct connection with the cause of its impending ruin—but by his wife Lady Juliet, whose relation to the plot is the meeting point of those forces and influences which affect her husband's fortunes through his feelings; connecting the house, with the home, and giving to the whole drama its moral significance. That all this was intended by the author of the drama, may be confidently assumed, both from the structure of its four first acts, and from the two remaining fragments of scenes written by him for the fifth act of it, which I now subjoin.

## [ACT V.—SCENE .

MISS PLACID and FYSHE.

*Fyshe.* What do I hear? you deceive me!

*Miss P.* Upon my honour it is true. But with £15,000 and your own patrimony, we can still drive a tandem, and hunt twice a week.

*Fyshe.* S'death! This is a blow. Deranges all my calculations. Hunting, driving, smoking, on *one* side, and £30,000 on the *other*, was a very near balance of items. Subtract £15,000 from the one account, and add Kissing Dick Mainwaring to the other, and, faith! it's a devilish bad book. I should like to hedge.

*Miss P.* You are silent? I can't bear silent people. Talk! laugh! rattle! Hang money, and drown care! (*She sings.*)

*Fyshe (aside).* The creature exhausts me. Takes away all my oxygen. I feel like a mouse in an air-pump!

Enter SERVANT.

*Servant.* Lady Juliet wishes to see you, ma'am.

*Miss P.* Mr. Fyshe, excuse me. If you wait for Lord Fitzhollow in the little parlour next to the library, you will see a portfolio. My last caricatures.

*Fyshe.* So, she draws caricatures, too!

*Miss P.* A little likeness of yourself. Will divert you. You've no



idea how all your friends have enjoyed it. Ah, you don't know half my accomplishments.

*Fyshe.* Not yet, thank heaven! (*Aside.*) I see the accomplishments increase in an inverse rate to the money. Not a farthing less than £30,000 could compensate for the misery of a life, and only half her accomplishments. Shooting, hunting, driving, smoking, kissing, caricaturing. . . . It is too much! That is, the *quid pro quo* is too little. (*Aloud.*) I release you. I see that we shall not be happy. I will write—

*Miss P.* Release me! What, you won't marry me?

*Fyshe.* I'd sooner marry the chimpanzee. I'll write the release—while I look at my caricature. (*Aside.*) Good heavens, what frisky obstreperous children she would have had! (*Exit.*)

*Miss P.* Ha! ha! I have won the victory for myself. Now then, I must bring up my forces to aid my friend.]

It was probably intended that the half of Miss Placid's fortune should appear to have been lost in the bankruptcy which is averted by the sale of Lady Juliet's jewels. On the eve of Darnley's departure from England, Mainwaring, who not being in Miss Placid's plot, believes in the reality of her alleged loss, urges her to accept from him the home which Darnley can no longer give her. And hence a scene between them, concluded by an embrace in which Fyshe has surprised them. The manuscript of Darnley includes another version of this scene, through which the author has drawn his pen. But the cancelled scene contains a situation which throws some light on the *dénouement* of the play. It is thus sketched.

[*Enter SERVANT (followed by a lady, veiled.)*]

*Servant.* A lady wishes to see you, ma'am.

*Miss P.* Me? Be seated, madam. Mr. Fyshe, excuse me.

*Fyshe.* Good heavens! what is this? Darnley's mistress, Miss Placid's friend? In her own house? Lord have mercy on us! "Birds of a feather" indeed! What an escape I have had! What an escape! What frisky obstreperous children she would have had! (*Exit.*)]

This last fragment completes the number of indications left in my father's handwriting, of his general intentions respecting the act he had left unwritten. I

have thought it expedient to collect them all, with some explanatory observations, in this edition of "Darnley"; and although they are few in number, and faint in outline, they will, I think, suffice to enable the readers of the play, as here printed, to form a fairly correct notion of its intended *dénouement*.

LYTTON.

KNEBWORTH, *May 16th*, 1882.

THE END.



# Messrs. George Routledge & Sons'

## NEW BOOKS & NEW EDITIONS.

PRICE.

£7 7s. THE KNEBWORTH EDITION OF LORD LYTTON'S WRITINGS. In 39 Volumes, crown 8vo, half-roan, gilt tops.

### ÉDITION DE LUXE.

s. d. *Uniform with the India Proof Edition of BIRKET FOSTER'S PICTURES OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.*

ENGLISH RUSTIC PICTURES. Drawn by the late FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A., and the late G. J. PINWELL, Engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. (Only 250 copies printed.)

- 10 6 THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPERE. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. A New Large-Type Edition, with full-page Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. In Three Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth. (*Routledge's Standard Library.*)
- 7 6 PAN PIPES. Newly arranged, with Accompaniments by THEO. MARZIALS; set to Pictures by WALTER CRANE, Engraved and Printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS
- 7 6 RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S "GRAPHIC" PICTURES. A Collection of Mr. CALDECOTT's Contributions to *The Graphic*. Printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS.
- 7 6 SIR JOHN GILBERT'S SHAKESPEARE. Edited by HOWARD STAUNTON. With Portrait and 511 Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. 680 pp., medium 4to, cloth, gilt tops. (And in boards, cloth back, 6s.)
- 7 6 THE MICROSCOPE: Its History, Construction, and Application. By Jabez HOGG, F.L.S., F.R.M.S. With more than 500 Engravings and Coloured Illustrations. A New and Revised Edition.
- 6 0 ROUTLEDGE'S EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL for 1883. Edited by EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations, and Twelve full-page Coloured Plates. (*Twenty-first Year of Publication.*)
- 6 0 ROUTLEDGE'S EVERY GIRL'S ANNUAL for 1883. Edited by ALICIA AMY LEITH. With Illustrations, and Twelve full-page Plates printed in colours. (*Fifth Year of Publication.*)
- 6 0 LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE for 1883. By MRS. SALE BARKER. With 132 Coloured Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS, M. KERN, F. A. FRASER, F. BARRAUD, GORDON BROWNE, CHARLOTTE WEEKES, L. HOPKINS, and A. C. CORBOULD. Cloth, gilt edges. (And in boards, 4s. 6d.)
- 6 0 WARRIOR KINGS, from CHARLEMAGNE to FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Lady LAMB. With numerous Woodcuts and full-page Plates.
- 5 0 KATE GREENAWAY'S NEW BOOK—LITTLE ANN. With 64 pages of Illustrations by KATE GREENAWAY, printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS.

**PRICE.**

*s. d.*

- 5 0 **NAOMI.** By Mrs. WEBB. New and Cheaper Edition, with Woodcuts, and Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
- 5 0 **SCIENCE IN SPORT MADE PHILOSOPHY IN EARNEST.** Edited by ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, B.Sc., F.C.S., Author of "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century." New and Cheaper Edition.
- 5 0 **THE PLAYFELLOW.** A Series of Tales. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. With New and Original Illustrations, printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS.
- 5 0 **SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA.** By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With 180 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition.
- 5 0 **FERDINAND'S ADVENTURE.** A New Volume of Fairy Tales by the Right Hon. E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN (Lord BRABOURNE). With 24 full-page Illustrations by ERNEST GRISET.
- 5 0 **HISTORY OF THE BASTILE, AND ITS PRINCIPAL CAPTIVES.** By R. A. DAVENPORT. With Illustrations printed in Colours by KRONHEIM & Co.
- 5 0 **JUMBO'S PICTURE BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.** With 32 large full-page Illustrations by F. SPECHT, printed on highly-finished Plate Paper by DALZIEL Bros. (And in boards, 3s. 6d.)
- 5 0 **CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE.** By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. With Illustrations by F. BARNARD, R. BARNES, M. E. EDWARDS, M. KERNS, C. O. MURRAY, and other Artists. New and Cheaper Edition. (And in boards, 3s.)
- 5 0 **WIT AND WISDOM OF LORD LYTTON.** Select Passages from his various Works and Speeches.
- 3 6 **SONG-LAND.** A Series of Ditties for Small Folks, selected, arranged, and composed by WILLIAM M. HUTCHINSON. With Illustrations by A. W. COOPER, MIRIAM KERNS, and others.
- 3 6 **THE BOYS AND I; A Child's Story for Children.** By Mrs. MOLESWORTH, Author of "Hoodie," "Hermie," &c. With 12 Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS.
- 3 6 **IN THE HARBOUR.** A Posthumous Volume of Copyright Poems by H. W. LONGFELLOW.
- 3 6 **FRANK WILDMAN'S ADVENTURES.** By FREDERICK GERSTAEKER.
- 3 6 **JEANNETTE: A Story of the Huguenots.** By the Author of "The Rose Garden," "Through the Waters," &c. With Six Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.
- 3 6 **DINGLEFIELD.** By Mrs. O'REILLY, Author of "Girls of the Square." With Six Illustrations by A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.
- 3 6 **THE NEW HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.** By Mrs. WILLOUGHBY LUXTON. With Six Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS.
- 3 6 **TRAVELLERS' TALES: A Book of Marvels.** By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. With 12 Illustrations by A. W. COOPER.
- 3 6 **TALES OF THE CIVIL WARS.** By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. With full-page Illustrations.
- 3 6 **THE MUTINY AND PIRATICAL SEIZURE OF H.M.S. "BOUNTY."** By J. BARROW, F.R.S. With Woodcuts and Steel Plates.

PRICE.

s. d.

- 3 6 RASSELAS, PAUL AND VIRGINIA, and the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, in One Volume. With Illustrations.
- 3 6 THE FABLES OF ÆSOP. With 114 Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR.
- 3 6 THE WITS AND BEAUX OF SOCIETY. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. With 16 full-page Illustrations.
- 3 6 THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. With 16 full-page Illustrations.
- 3 6 DRAWING-ROOM AMUSEMENTS AND EVENING-PARTY ENTERTAINMENTS. By Professor HOFFMANN, Author of "Modern Magic." With numerous Woodcuts. New and Cheaper Edition.
- 3 6 THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE'S KINGDOM, AND OTHER STORIES. By the Right Hon. E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN (Lord BRABOURNE). With Illustrations by ERNEST GRISET.
- 3 6 LORD BRABOURNE'S (E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN) STORIES FOR CHILDREN. New and Cheaper Editions, with the Original Illustrations.
- QUEER FOLK. Seven Stories.
- CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS.
- 3 6 GASPAR, THE GAUCHO. By Captain MAYNE REID. With 24 full-page Illustrations.
- 3 6 EVENINGS AT HOME. By Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BARBAULD. A New Edition, with 100 Illustrations and Coloured Plates.
- 3 6 GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. An Entirely New Edition, with about 60 Illustrations by E. H. WEHNERT, and Six Coloured Plates.
- 3 6 NINE LITTLE GOSLINGS. By SUSAN COOLIDGE, Author of "Mischiefs Thanksgiving." With Eight Illustrations.
- 3 6 THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. New Revised Edition. With Red Lines and Steel Portrait. (3s. 6d. Poets.)
- 3 6 CHEVREUL ON COLOURS. New and Cheaper Edition, with Eight Coloured Plates and Diagrams. (*Routledge's Standard Library.*)
- 3 6 HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA AND IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. By W. F. P. NAPIER, C.B., Colonel h.p. 43rd Regiment. With Maps and Plans. 1812-1814. The Third Volume, completing the Work. (*Routledge's Standard Library.*)
- 3 6 A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF SONG. Selected and Edited by CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. (*Routledge's Standard Library.*)
- 3 6 HAWKER'S POOR MAN'S DAILY PORTION. Crown 8vo, cloth. (*Routledge's Standard Library.*)
- 3 6 ROMAINE'S LIFE, WALK, AND TRIUMPH OF FAITH. Crown 8vo, cloth. (*Routledge's Standard Library.*)
- 3 6 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. A Biographical Sketch by F. H. UNDERWOOD. With Illustrations.

4      **MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS**

PRICE.

s. d.

- 3 6 STANLEY BRERETON. By HARRISON AINSWORTH.  
With Illustrations by F. GILBERT. New and Cheaper Edition.
- 3 6 SOME OF MY FEATHERED AND FOUR-FOOTED  
FRIENDS. By Mrs. SALE BARKER. With 24 full-page Plates by  
J. B. ZWECKER, printed in Colours. (And in boards, 2s. 6d.)
- 3 6 UNCLE REMUS : Legends of the Old Plantation. By JOEL  
CHANDLER HARRIS. With 50 Original Illustrations by A. T. ELWES.
- 3 6 THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF LORD LYTTON.  
Volume II. (*Knebworth Edition*). Completing the Edition.
- 3 6 THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST. By Mrs. RAD-  
CLIFFE. With Illustrations.
- 3 6 THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO. By Mrs. RADCLIFFE,  
With Illustrations.
- 3 6 THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY. By K. M. ROCHE.  
With full-page Illustrations.
- 3 6 GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES, ANDERSEN'S FAIRY  
TALES, and THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. In One Volume. With  
158 Illustrations by E. H. WEHNERT, and Others. Demy 4to, cloth.  
(And in boards, 2s. 6d.)
- 3 6 ROBINSON CRUSOE, THE SWISS FAMILY ROBIN-  
SON, and SANDFORD AND MERTON. In One Volume. With  
150 Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., J. D. WATSON, and  
Others. Demy 4to, cloth. (And in boards, 2s. 6d.)
- 3 6 DON QUIXOTE, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, and  
CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. In One Vol. With more than 100  
Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., TONY JOHANNOT, and  
Others. Demy 4to, cloth. (And in boards, 2s. 6d.)
- 2 6 ONLY A LITTLE CHILD. By Mrs. SALE BARKER. With  
30 Illustrations by LAURA BLOOD.
- 2 6 THE CHILD'S PICTURE FABLE BOOK. With 60  
full-page Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Fancy Boards.
- 2 6 THE CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK OF ANIMAL  
SAGACITY. With 60 full-page Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR.  
Fancy Boards.
- 2 6 MY FRIENDS : A NOVEL BIRTHDAY BOOK. By MAY  
CROMMELIN. Cloth, gilt edges. (And in cloth limp, 1s. 6d.)

**ROUTLEDGE'S HALF-CROWN JUVENILE BOOKS.**

**New Volumes.**

- 2 6 HEROINES OF HISTORY.  
HEROINES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.  
THE FOUR SEASONS. By FOUQUÉ.  
THE MAGIC RING. By FOUQUÉ.  
MINSTREL LOVE. By FOUQUÉ.  
ROMANTIC FICTION. By FOUQUÉ.  
THIODOLF, THE ICELANDER. By FOUQUÉ.  
WILD LOVE. By FOUQUÉ.

**ROUTLEDGE'S TWO-SHILLING JUVENILE BOOKS.**

PRICE,

s. d.

**New Volumes.**

- 2 0 ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.  
THE SUNSHINE OF HOME. By JOSEPH J. HART.  
THE BOY CAVALIERS. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.  
FRIEND OR FOE? By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.  
BUDGE AND TODDIE. By the Author of "Helen's  
Babies."

---

**ROUTLEDGE'S EXCELSIOR SERIES.—New Volumes.**

- 2 0 SANDFORD AND MERTON. 60 Illustrations.  
THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. With 60  
Illustrations.  
TODD'S STUDENT'S MANUAL.  
HAWKER'S MORNING PORTION.  
HAWKER'S EVENING PORTION.  
HOLMES'S POETICAL WORKS.  
EVENINGS AT HOME. 60 Illustrations.

---

**"MASTER JACK" SERIES.—New Volumes.**

- 1 6 LITTLE LAYS FOR LITTLE FOLK. With 200 Illus-  
trations.  
THOSE BOYS. By Mrs. SALE BARKER. With 40 page  
Illustrations.  
THOSE GIRLS. By Mrs. SALE BARKER. With 40 page  
Illustrations.  
CHARLES H. ROSS'S MERRY CONCEITS. Printed  
in Colours by EDMUND EVANS.  
Cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. each; and in boards, 1s.

---

**ROUTLEDGE'S EIGHTEENPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS**

**New Volumes.**

- 1 6 WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.  
THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.  
RASSELAS; OR, THE HAPPY VALLEY  
THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

---

**EVERY BOYS LIBRARY.—New Volume.**

- 1 6 THE BOY'S BOOK ABOUT INDIANS. And in paper  
cover, 1s.  
1 0 KATE GREENAWAY'S ALMANACK FOR 1883. Printed  
in Colours by EDMUND EVANS.



**CALDECOTT'S TOY BOOKS.—New Volumes.**

PRICE.

*s. d.*

- 1 0 THE MILKMAID.  
1 0 HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE, THE CAT AND THE  
FIDDLE, and BABY BUNTING.
- 

**ROUTLEDGE'S LARGE-SIZE JUVENILE BOOKS.**

**New Volumes.**

- 1 0 WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.  
1 0 THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.
- 

**ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY SERIES.—New Volumes.**

- 0 6 OLIVER TWIST. By CHARLES DICKENS.  
DON QUIXOTE.  
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.  
CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES.  
PAUL AND VIRGINIA.  
LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.  
ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.  
SIR JOHN GILBERT'S SHAKESPEARE. In Ten  
Divisions.
- 

**THE DAY DAWN LIBRARY.—New Volumes.**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>0 6 BABY'S MORNING.<br/>YOUR TURN.<br/>ALWAYS HAPPY.<br/>THE LITTLE MUSI-<br/>CIAN.<br/>BEPPPO.</p> | <p>0 6 WHITE CAPS.<br/>SNOWDROP.<br/>SUNNY DAYS.<br/>HAPPY DAYS.<br/>MEG'S TALES.</p> |
|--|---|
- 

**ROUTLEDGE'S LARGE-SIZE SIXPENNY NOVELS.**

**New Volumes.**

- 0 6 THE INNOCENTS ABROAD. By MARK TWAIN.  
THE TOWER OF LONDON. By W. HARRISON  
AINSWORTH.  
THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS. By W. M.  
THACKERAY.  
POE'S TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINA-  
TION.  
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By CHARLES  
DICKENS.  
THE BRIGAND. By G. P. R. JAMES.

Uniform with the "Knebworth" Edition of Lord Lytton's Works

The "Harry Lorrequer" Edition  
OF  
CHARLES LEVER'S NOVELS.

*Price 3s. 6d. each Volume, with Illustrations.*

---

LIST OF THE SERIES.

HARRY LORREQUER.  
JACK HINTON.  
CHARLES O'MALLEY. 2 vols.  
ARTHUR O'LEARY.  
TOM BURKE. 2 vols.  
THE O'DONOGHUE.  
THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. 2 vols.  
ROLAND CASHEL. 2 vols.  
THE DALTONS. 2 vols.  
THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD. 2 vols.  
SIR JASPER CAREW.  
MAURICE TIERNAY.  
CON CREGAN.  
THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.  
DAVENPORT DUNN. 2 vols.  
THE MARTINS O' CRO MARTIN. 2 vols.  
ONE OF THEM.  
BARRINGTON.  
A DAY'S RIDE.  
LUTTRELL OF ARRAN.  
TONY BUTLER.  
SIR BROOKE FOSBROOKE.  
THE BRAMLEIGHS.  
THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.  
LORD KILGOBBIN.  
HORACE TEMPLETON.

---

LONDON & NEW YORK: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

# LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.

**KNEBWORTH EDITION.**

*In crown 8vo, cloth, with frontispiece, price 3s. 6d. each Volume.*

EUGENE ARAM.	THE CAXTONS.
NIGHT AND MORNING.	DEVEREUX.
PELHAM.	THE DISOWNED.
MY NOVEL. VOL. I.	GODOLPHIN.
" " VOL. II.	A STRANGE STORY.
ERNEST MALTRAVERS.	WHAT WILL HE DO WITH
ALICE.	IT? VOL. I.
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.	Do. VOL. II.
HAROLD.	LEILA; AND THE PILGRIMS
THE COMING RACE.	OF THE RHINE.
ZANONI.	KENELM CHILLINGLY.
PAUL CLIFFORD.	THE PARISIANS. VOL. I.
RIENZI.	" " VOL. II.
THE LAST OF THE BARONS.	FALKLAND AND ZICCI.
LUCRETIA.	PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN.

*The Complete Set, in 28 vols., £4 18s. od.*

---

*Also, uniform with the above,*

# LORD LYTTON'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

**KNEBWORTH EDITION.**

ENGLAND & THE ENGLISH.	SCHILLER AND HORACE.
ATHENS: ITS RISE AND FALL.	KING ARTHUR.
THE STUDENT; AND ASMO- DEUS AT LARGE.	THE NEW TIMON, ST. STE- PHEN'S, AND THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.
CAXTONIANA.	DRAMATIC WORKS. VOL. I.
QUARTERLY ESSAYS.	" " VOL. II.
PAMPHLETS & SKETCHES.	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

LONDON & NEW YORK: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.







